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AN INDICTMENT OF INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETICS

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I

INTERCOLLEGIATE athletics provide a costly, injurious, and excessive régime of physical training for a few students, especially those who need it least, instead of inexpensive, healthful, and moderate exercise for all students, especially those who need it most.

Athletics are conducted either for education or for business. The old distinction between amateur and professional athletics is of little use. The real problems of college athletics loom large beside the considerations that define our use of the terms 'professional' and 'amateur.' The aims of athletics reveal the fact that the important distinctions are between athletics conducted for educational purposes and athletics conducted for business purposes.

When athletics are conducted for education the aims are (1) to develop all the students and faculty physically and to maintain health; (2) to promote moderate recreation, in the spirit of joy, as a preparation for study rather than as a substitute for study; and (3) to form habits and inculcate ideals of right living. When athletics are conducted for business, the aims are (1) to win games — to defeat another person or group being the chief end; (2) to

make money — as it is impossible otherwise to carry on athletics as business; (3) to attain individual or group fame and notoriety. These three — which are the controlling aims of intercollegiate athletics — are also the aims of horse-racing, prize-fighting, and professional baseball.

These two sets of aims are in sharp and almost complete conflict. Roughly speaking, success in attaining the aims of athletics as education is inversely proportional to success in attaining the aims of athletics as business. Intercollegiate athletics to-day are for business. The question is pertinent whether schools and colleges should promote athletics as business.

Nearly all that may be said on this subject about colleges applies to secondary schools. The lower schools as a rule tend to imitate the worst features of intercollegiate athletics, much as the young people of fraternities, in their 'social functions,' tend to imitate the empty lives of their elders that fill the weary society columns of the newspapers.

If the objection arises that intercollegiate athletics have educational value, there is no one to deny it. 'Athletics for education' and 'athletics for business' are general terms, used throughout this discussion as already

defined. Exceptions there may be: only the main tendencies are here set forth. The whole discussion is based on my personal observations at no less than one hundred universities and colleges in thirty-eight states during the past five years.

The most obvious fact is that our system of intercollegiate athletics, after unbounded opportunity to show what it can do for the health, recreation, and character of *all* our students, has proved a failure. The ideal of the coach is excessive training of the few: he best attains the business ends for which he is hired by the neglect of those students in greatest need of physical training. Our present system encourages most students to take their athletics by proxy. When we quote with approval the remark of the Duke of Wellington that Waterloo was won on the playing grounds of Eton, we should observe that he did not maintain that Waterloo was won on the grandstands of Eton.

What athletics may achieve without the hindrance of intercollegiate games and business motives is suggested by the experience of Reed College. There the policy of athletics for everybody was adopted five years ago before there were any teachers, students, alumni, or traditions. Last year all but six of the students took part in athletics in the spirit of sport for the sake of health, recreation, and development. Sixty per cent of the men of the college, including the faculty, took part in a schedule of sixteen baseball games. Nearly all the students, men and women alike, played games at least twice a week. There were series of contests in football, baseball, track, tennis, volley-ball, basket-ball, and other out-of-door sports. All of this, according to the report of the athletic association, cost the students an average of sixteen cents apiece. No money for coaches

and trainers; no money for badges, banners, cups, and other trinkets; no money for training-tables and railroad fares; no money for grandstands, rallies, brass bands, and advertising. Fortunately, it is the unnecessary expenses that heap up the burdens — the cost of athletics as business. The economical policy is athletics for everybody — athletics for education.

II

Opposed to the three educational aims are the aims of athletics as business — winning games, making money, and getting advertised.

Almost invariably the arguments of students in favor of intercollegiate games stress the business aims and ignore all others. Win games! Increase the gate-receipts! Advertise the college! These are the usual slogans. Thus the editors of one college paper reprimand the faculty for even hesitating to approve a trip of fifteen hundred miles for a single game of football: —

‘Contrary to the expectations of the students, the matter of the Occidental football game for next fall has not been acted upon as yet. That such an important matter as this has not received attention so far from the Faculty is unfortunate. While it is generally believed that the Faculty will act favorably in regard to letting the game be scheduled, it is understood that some opposition has developed on the ground that such a long trip would keep the football men away from their classes too long a time.

‘From every point of view, there seems no reason why the game should not be played. To state any of the arguments in favor of the offer is unnecessary. Every one knows what it would mean to football next fall, the greater interest it would mean to the game, the incentive it would prove to every foot-

ball man to work to become one of the seventeen men to take the trip, the advertising it would give to the college, and, perhaps most important, the drawing card it would be to bring new athletes to the college in the fall. These points and others are too well known to need pointing out and too evident to need proof.'

This is a typical football argument. It attempts to prove the necessity of the proposed trip by showing that it would tend to perpetuate the thing the value of which is under dispute.

In like vein the students of Cornell complain because the faculty did not grant an additional holiday in connection with the Pennsylvania football game. It is the familiar cry, 'Support the team! Win games! Advertise the college!'

'Our friends, the professors, will perforce hold forth in their accustomed cells from eight till one of that fair morning. The benches, no doubt, will derive great benefit therefrom. . . .

'We want the football team to have as much support as possible. The faculty should want the football team to have as much support as possible. The faculty should foster true Cornell spirit whenever it can honestly do so, and intercollegiate athletics is the greatest single thing that unites the different colleges into Cornell University. A victory over Penn would mean a lot for Cornell.'

After all, how important is this end for which such sacrifices are made? To hear the yelling of twenty thousand spectators, one might suppose this aim to be the only one of great importance in the life of the university. Yet who wins, who loses, is a matter of but momentary concern to any except a score or two of participants; whereas, if there is one thing that should characterize a university, it is its cheerful sacrifice of temporary for permanent gains, — in

Dr. Eliot's fine phrase, its devotion to the durable satisfactions of life.

The making of money, through intercollegiate athletics, continues a curse, not only to institutions, but as well to individual players. Only childlike innocence or willful blindness need prevent American colleges from seeing that the rules which aim to maintain athletics on what is called an 'amateur' basis, by forbidding players to receive pay in money, are worse than useless because, while failing to prevent men from playing for pay, they breed deceit and hypocrisy. There are many ways of paying players for their services. Only one of these, and that the most honorable, is condemned.

There are many subterranean passages leading to every preparatory school notable for its athletes. By such routes, coaches, over-zealous alumni, and other 'friends' of a college, reach the schoolboy athlete with offers beyond the scope of eligibility rules. Sometimes payments are made expressly for services as half-back, or short-stop, or hurdler, and no receipts taken, the pay continuing as long as the player helps to win games. Sometimes payments take a more insidious and more demoralizing form. The star athlete is appointed steward of a college clubhouse on ample pay, his duties being to sign checks once a month. Or his college expenses are paid in return for the labor of opening the chapel door, or ringing the bell, or turning out the lights.

Athletes may be paid for their services in other ways that escape the notice of the most conscientious faculties and athletic associations. But there are hundreds of boys who know that they are paid to win games and keep silent; they are hired both as athletes and as hypocrites.

The sporting editor of one of the leading daily papers said recently, 'It is

well known that the Northwest colleges are at present simply outbidding one another in their desire to get the best athletes. Money is used like water. It is a mystery where they get it, but they do.'

So common is the practice of paying athletes that they sometimes apply to various colleges for bids. While I was acting as Registrar of Bowdoin College, I received a letter from a man asking how much we would guarantee to pay him for pitching on the college nine. I found out later that he had registered at one college, pitched a game for his class team, left his trunk at a second college awaiting their terms, and finally accepted the offer of a third college, where he played 'amateur' baseball for four years before joining one of the big league professional teams.

At the athletic rallies of a New England college, a loyal alumnus is often cheered for bringing so many star athletes to the college. Officially, the college does not know that he hires men to play on the college teams. And what is to prevent a graduate of the college or any other person from hiring athletes? All but futile are the rules governing professionalism. Is it not a worthy act to enable a boy to go to college? And shall he be denied such aid because he happens to be an athlete? No eligibility committee knows of all these benefactors or even has the right to question their motives. But the objectionable motives themselves can be eliminated by one act — the abolition of intercollegiate athletics. With the subordination of winning games as the chief end in athletics, falls also the money-making aim and its attendant evils.

All the serious evils of college athletics centre about the gate-receipts, the grandstand, and the paid coach. Yet the aim of nearly every college appears to be to fasten these evils upon the in-

stitution by means of a costly concrete stadium or bowl, and by means of more and more money for coaches. When the alumni come forward to 'support their team,' they usually make matters worse. Typical of their attitude is a letter signed in Philadelphia last fall by some thirty graduates of a small college: —

'The team has just closed the most disastrous season in its history. . . . The alumni will coöperate cheerfully with the undergraduates in increasing the football levy. It only remains, then, to initiate a campaign for procuring the money. . . . We must depart from our time-worn precedents and give *more money for the coaches!* Alumni are tired of reading the accounts of useless defeats!'

The extent to which interest in athletics is deadened by paid coaches was shown last spring, when a track team from one university, after traveling over two hundred and fifty miles — at the expense of the student body — to compete with the team of another institution, took off their running shoes and went home because the *coaches* could not agree on the number of men who should participate in the games. Could there be a more abject sacrifice of the educational purposes of athletics? Consider the spectacle. A glorious afternoon in spring, a perfect playground, complete equipment in readiness, two score of eager youth in need of the health and recreation that come from sport pursued in the fine spirit of sport. Could anything keep them from playing? Nothing but the spirit of modern American intercollegiate athletics and the embodiment of that spirit, the paid coach, who knows that there is but one crime that he can commit — that of losing a contest.

The athletic policy of many an institution is determined by a commercial aim, the supposed needs of advertising,

much as the utterances of many a newspaper are dictated by the business manager. But does the advertising gained through intercollegiate athletics injure or aid a college? At one railroad station I was greeted by a real-estate agent who offered to sell me 'on easy terms a lot in the most beautiful and rapidly growing city in America.' (Thus do I safely cover its identity.) Among the attractions, he mentioned the local college. He was proud of it; he said it had the best baseball team in the state. Apart from that he had not an intelligent idea about the institution, or any desire for ideas. The only building he had visited was the grandstand. He could not name a member of the faculty or a course of instruction. College advertising which gets no further than this is paid for at exorbitant rates.

The people of Tacoma discovered recently that college athletics conducted as a business are too costly. They brought college students 1400 miles to play a football game at Tacoma on Thanksgiving Day for the benefit of the Belgian refugees. The charitable object of the game was widely advertised and there was a large attendance. After they had paid the expenses of the 'amateur' teams, the coaches, and the advertising, they announced that there was nothing left for the Belgians.

A writer in the *North American Review* tries to justify the time spent by college boys in managing athletic teams on the plea that it is good training for business. He gives testimony to this effect from a graduate of two years' standing 'engaged in the wholesale coal business in one of the large New York towns.' Following the usual custom, this young graduate returns to his college and gives the admiring undergraduates the benefit of his wisdom, lest they be corrupted by the quaint notions of impractical professors. He has them guess

what part of his college work has proved of greatest use; then he assures them that his best training came as manager of the baseball team. Such is the mature judgment of the coal-dealer. And such is the advice of alumni that makes undergraduates resolve anew not to allow their studies to interfere with their college education. But some people raise the question why a boy should be maintained in college for four years, at a great cost to society and to his parents, in order that he may gain a little business experience when he could gain so much more by earning his living.

The conflicts frequently arising between faculties and students over questions of intercollegiate athletics are the natural outcome of the independent control of a powerful agency with three chief aims — winning games, making money, and getting advertised — which are antagonistic to the chief legitimate ambitions of a university faculty. No self-respecting head of a department of psychology would tolerate the presence in the university of persons working in his field, in no way subject to him and with aims subversive of those of the department. No professor of physical education should tolerate a similar condition in his department. It is one of the hopeful signs in America that several of the men best qualified to conduct athletics as education have declined to consider university positions, unless they could have control of students, teams, coaches, alumni committees, grandstands, fields, finances, and everything else necessary to rescue athletics from the clutches of commercialism.

I have read a letter from one of the ablest teachers in America, declining to accept a certain university position under the usual conditions, but outlining a plan whereby, as the real head of the department of physical education,

he might begin a new chapter in the history of American athletics. His plan was rejected, not because it had any defects as a system of education, but solely because it would cause a probable decline in victories, gate-receipts, and newspaper space. That university continued the traditional dual contest of coaches and physical directors with their conflicting ideals. Recently I received a letter from the professor of physical education who *did* accept the position, himself one of the ablest athletes among its graduates, declaring that he would no longer attempt the impossible, in an institution that deliberately prostituted athletics for commercial ends.

We hear much about the value of intercollegiate games for the 'tired business man' who needs to get out of doors and watch a sport that will make him forget his troubles. It is true that for him a game of baseball may be a therapeutic spectacle. The question is whether institutions of learning should conduct their athletics — or any other department — for the benefit of spectators. Doubtless university courses in history could provide recreation for the general public and make money, if instruction were given wholly by means of motion-pictures. But such courses would hardly satisfy the needs of all students. Is it less important that departments of physical education should be conducted primarily for all students rather than for spectators? We do not insist that banks, railroads, factories, department stores, and legislatures jeopardize their main functions in order to provide recreation for the tired business man. Universities are institutions of equal importance to society, in so far as they attend to their main purposes. Athletics for the benefit of the grandstand must be conducted as business; athletics for the benefit of students must be conducted as education.

III

It is when we rightly estimate the possibilities of athletics as education that the present tyranny of athletics as business becomes intolerable. Is it not an anomaly that those in charge of higher institutions of learning should leave athletic activities, which are of such great potential educational value for *all* students, chiefly under the control of students, alumni, coaches, newspapers, and spectators? Usually the coach is engaged by the students, paid for by the students, and responsible only to them. He is not a member of the faculty or responsible to the faculty. The faculty have charge of the college as an educational institution; athletics is for business and therefore separately controlled. Why not abandon faculty direction of Latin? Students, alumni, and newspapers are as well qualified to elect a professor of Latin and administer the department in the interests of education, as they are to elect coaches and administer athletics in the interests of education.

A few of the more notable coaches of the country are aware of the possibilities of athletics controlled by the faculty for educational purposes. Mr. Courtney, the Cornell coach, spoke to the point when he said, —

'If athletics are not a good thing, they ought to be abolished. If they are a good thing for the boys, it would seem to me wise for the university to take over and control absolutely every branch of sport; do away with this boy management; stop this foolish squandering of money, and see that the athletics of the University are run in a rational way.'

Next to the physical development and the maintenance of the health of all the students and teachers of an institution, the main purpose of athletics as education is to provide recrea-

tion as a preparation for study rather than as a substitute for study. But, intercollegiate athletics having won and retained unquestioned supremacy in our colleges, students do not tolerate the idea of a conflicting interest.

Even the nights preceding the great contests must be free from the interference of intellectual concerns. An editorial in one of our college weeklies makes this point clear. If a member of the faculty ventured to put the matter so extremely, he would be charged with exaggeration. But in this paper the students naively present their conviction that even the most signal opportunities for enjoying literature must be sacrificed by the entire student body in order that they may get together and yell in preparation for their function of sitting in the grandstand. In this case the conflicting interest appeared in no less a person than Alfred Noyes. For a geographically isolated community to hear the poet was an opportunity of a college lifetime. Yet the students wrote as follows: —

‘THE RALLY vs. NOYES.

‘Returning alumni this year were somewhat surprised to find the Hall used for a lecture on the eve of our great gridiron struggle, and some were very much disappointed. The student body was only partially reconciled to the situation and was represented in great part by Freshmen [who were required to attend].’

The relative importance of intercollegiate athletics and other college affairs, in the minds of students, is indicated by student publications. There is no more tangible scale for measuring the interests of college youth than the papers they edit for their own satisfaction, unrestrained by the faculty.

Let us take two of the worthiest colleges as examples. The Bowdoin Col-

lege *Orient*, a weekly publication, is typical. For the first nine weeks of the academic year 1914–15, the *Orient* gave 450 inches to intercollegiate athletics. For the same period, it devoted six inches to art, ten inches to social service, thirteen inches to music, and twelve inches to debating. Judging from this free expression, the students rate the interests of intercollegiate athletics nearly three times as high as the combined interests of art, music, religion, philosophy, social service, literature, debating, the curriculum and the faculty. Second in importance to intercollegiate athletics, valued at 450 inches, are dances and fraternities, valued at 78 inches.

Another possible measure of the student's interest is found in *Harvard of Today from an Undergraduate Point of View*, published in 1913 by the Harvard Federation of Territorial Clubs. The book gives to athletics ten pages; to the clubs, six pages; to debating, five lines, — and that student activity requires sustained thinking and is most closely correlated with the curriculum. The faculty escapes without mention. ‘From an undergraduate point of view’ the faculty appears to be an incumbrance upon the joys of college life.

These publications appear to be fair representatives of their class. It is probable, furthermore, that the relative attention given by the student papers to intellectual interests is a criterion of the conversation of students.

Not long ago, I spent some time with the graduate students at an Eastern university. Their conversation at dinner gave no evidence of common intellectual interests. They appeared to talk of little but football games.

On a visit to a Southern state university, I found the women's dormitory in confusion. The matron excused the noise and disorder on the ground

that a big football game was pending and it seemed impossible for the girls to think of anything else.

'The big game comes to-morrow?' I asked.

'Oh, no, next week,' she said.

Last spring, at a large university on the Pacific Coast, I met one young woman of the freshman class who had already been to thirty-one dances that year. At a state university of the Middle West, I found that the students had decided to have their big football game on Friday instead of Saturday, in order to wrench one more day from the loose grip of the curriculum. When the faculty protested, the students painted on the walks, 'Friday is a holiday' — and it was.

Intellectual enthusiasm is rare in American colleges, and likely to be rarer still if social and athletic affairs continue to overshadow all other interests. Their dominance has given many a college faculty its characteristic attitude in matters of government. They assume that boys and girls will come to college for anything but studies. They tell new students just how many lectures in each course they may escape. A penalty of unsatisfactory work is the obligation to attend all the meetings on their schedule, and the usual reward for faithful conduct is the privilege of 'cutting' more lectures without a summons from the dean. Always the aim of students appears to be to escape as much as possible of the college life provided by the faculty, in order to indulge in more of the college life provided by themselves. Their inventive powers are marvelous; they bring forth an endless procession of devices for evading the opportunities for the sake of which (according to old-fashioned notions) students seek admission to college. The complacent acceptance of this condition by college faculties — the pervasive assumption that students have

no genuine intellectual enthusiasm — tends to stagnation. In the realm of thought some appear to have discovered the secret of petrified motion.

The pronounced tendencies in higher education aggravate the disease. Feeble palliatives are used from time to time, — the baseball schedule in one college, after six hours of debate by the faculty, was cut down from twenty-four games to twenty-two, — but the bold and necessary surgeon seldom gets in his good work. When he does operate, he is hung in effigy or elected President of the United States.

Concerning the policy of no intercollegiate games at Clark College, President Sanford says: 'Our experience with this plan has been absolutely satisfactory and no change of policy would be considered. Doubtless some of the less intellectually serious among the students might like to see intercollegiate sports introduced. It is generally understood that in a three-year college there is not time for such extras.' The faculty appear to be unanimously in favor of no intercollegiate games, since the course at Clark College takes only three years. Intercollegiate contests appear to be ruled out chiefly on the ground that, in a three-year course, students cannot afford to waste time. But why is it worse for a young man to waste parts of three years of his student life than to waste parts of four years of it?

The educational effect of our exaggerated emphasis on intercollegiate athletics is shown in the attitude of alumni. It is difficult to arouse the interest of a large proportion of graduates in anything else. At one of the best of our small colleges, in the Mississippi valley, I saw a massive concrete grandstand. This valiant emulation of the Harvard stadium seemed to me to typify the indifference of alumni to the crying needs of their alma mater. For

these graduates who contributed costly concrete seats, to be used by the student body in lieu of exercise, showed no concern over the fact that the college was worrying along with scientific laboratories inferior to those of the majority of modern high schools. 'What could I do?' the president asked. 'They would give the stadium, and they would not give the laboratories.'

IV

There have been numerous attempts to prove that intercollegiate athletics are not detrimental to scholarship by showing that athletes receive higher marks than other students. Such arguments are beside the point. Though we take no account of the weak-kneed indulgence to athletes in institutions where winning games is the dominant interest, and of the special coaching in their studies provided them because they are on the teams, we must take account of the fact that wherever the student body regards playing on intercollegiate teams as the supreme expression of loyalty, the men of greatest physical and mental strength are more likely than the others to go out for the teams, and these are the very men of whom we rightly expect greatest proficiency in scholarship. That they do not as a group show notable leadership in intellectual activities seems due to the excessive physical training which, at certain seasons, they substitute for study.

But this is not the main point. A large college might be willing to sacrifice the scholarship of a score of students, if that were all. The chief charge against intercollegiate athletics is their demoralizing effect on the scholarship of the entire institution. The weaklings who have not grit enough to stand up on the gridiron and be tackled talk interminably about the latest game and

the chances of winning the next one. They spend their hours in cheering the football hero, and their money in betting on him. The man of highest achievement in scholarship they either ignore or condemn with unpleasant epithets.

Further hindrances to scholarship are the periodic absences of the teams. It is said that athletes are required to make up the work they miss during their trips, but is not this one of the naïve ways wherein faculties deceive themselves? They are faced with this dilemma. Either the work of a given week in their courses is so substantial, and their own contribution to the work so great, that students cannot possibly miss it, and 'make it up' while meeting the equally great demands of the following week, or else the work of all the students is so easy that the athletes on a week's absence do not miss much. What actually happens, year in and year out, is that the standards of scholarship of the entire institution are lowered to meet the exigencies of intercollegiate athletics.

To what an illogical position we are driven by our fetish worship of college 'amateur athletics'! We especially provide the summer vacation as a period for play and recreation, and as a time when a majority of students must earn a part of the expenses of the college year. For these purposes we suspend all classes. Yet the student who uses this vacation to play ball and thereby earn some money must either lie about it or be condemned to outer darkness. There are no intercollegiate athletics for him; he has become a 'professional.' It matters not how fine his ideals of sport may be, how strong his character, or how high his scholarship. These considerations are ignored. The honors all go to the athlete who neglects his studies in order to make games his supreme interest during that part of the twelve

months which is specifically set apart for studies.

Far more sensible would be an arrangement whereby, if we must have intercollegiate athletics at all, the games could be scheduled in vacation periods, and a part of the gate-receipts, if we must have them at all, could be used for the necessary living expenses of worthy students instead of being squandered, as much of that money is squandered to-day. That this will seem a preposterous plan to those who are caught in the maelstrom of the present collegiate system need not surprise us. An accurate record of the history of intercollegiate athletics shows that, year in and year out, the arrangements desired by students are those that interfere most seriously with study during the days especially intended for study.

The maelstrom of college athletics! That would not seem too strong a term if we could view the age in which we live in right perspective, an age so unbalanced nervously that it demands perpetual excitement. We have fallen into a vicious circle: the excesses of excitement create a pathological nervous condition which craves greater excesses. The advertisement of a head-on collision of two locomotives is said to have drawn the largest crowd in the history of modern 'sport'; next in attractiveness is an intercollegiate football game. It is unfortunate that our universities, which should serve as balancing forces, — which should inculcate the ideal of sport as a counterpoise to an overwrought civilization, — are actually making conditions worse through cultivating, by means of athletics as a business, that passion for excitement which makes sustained thinking impossible and which is elsewhere kept at fever heat by prize-fights, bull-fights, and blood-curdling motion pictures.

v

But even if intercollegiate games are detrimental to the interests of scholarship, is not the college spirit they create worth all they cost? Perhaps so. A university is more than a curriculum and a campus. It is more than the most elaborate student annual can depict. Even in Carlyle's day, it was more than he called it: a true university was never a mere 'collection of books.' It is the spirit that giveth life, and 'college spirit' is certainly a name to conjure with. The first question is what we mean by college spirit. A student may throw his hat in the air, grab a megaphone, give 'three long rahs,' go through the gymnastics of a cheerleader, — putting the most ingenious mechanical toys to shame, — and yet leave some doubt whether he has adequately defined college spirit.

What is this college spirit that hovers over the paid coach and his grandstand — this 'indefinable something,' as one writer calls it, 'which is fanned into a bright flame by intercollegiate athletics'? Shall we judge the spirit by its manifestations in an institution famed above all else for its winning teams and its college spirit? In such an institution, not long ago, every student was cudgeled or cajoled into 'supporting the team,' and many a callow youth acted as though he thought he had reached the heights of self-sacrifice when he sat for hours on the grandstand, watching practice, puffing innumerable cigarettes, and laying up a stock of canned enthusiasm for the big game. A student who would not support his team by betting on it was regarded as deficient in spirit. Every intercollegiate game was the occasion of general neglect of college courses. If the game was at a neighboring city, the classrooms were half empty for two days; but the bar-rooms of that city were not empty,

and worse places regularly doubled their rates on the night of a big game. Some of the most enthusiastic supporters of the team went to jail for disturbing the peace. If the contest took place at home, returning alumni filled the fraternity houses and celebrated with general drunkenness. 'An indefinable something' — consisting of college property and that of private citizens — was 'fanned into a bright flame' in celebration of the victory. Following this came the spectacle of young men parading the streets in nightshirts. For residents of the town who did not enjoy this particular kind of spirit, the night was made hideous by the noises of revelry. All this and much more was tolerated for years on the assumption that students, imbued with college spirit, should not be subjected to the laws of decent living that govern those members of civilized communities who have not had the advantages of a higher education. The most serious difficulties between faculties and students and between students and the police, the country over, for the past twenty years, have arisen in connection with displays of 'college spirit' after the 'big game.' Any college and any community might cheerfully sacrifice this kind of college spirit.

But some men mean by college spirit something finer than lawlessness, dissipation, and rowdiness. They mean the loyalty to an institution which makes a student guard its good name by being manly and courteous in conduct at all times and in all places. They mean the sense of responsibility which aids a student in forming habits of temperance and industry. They mean that eagerness to make a grateful use of his opportunities which leads a student to keep his own body fit, through moderate athletics, and a physical training that knows no season — is never broken. By college spirit some men mean

this and far more: they mean that loyalty to a college which rivets a man to the severest tasks of scholarship, through which he gains intellectual power and enthusiasm, without which no graduate is an entire credit to any college; and finally they mean that vision of an ideal life beyond commencement which shows a man that only through the rigid subordination of transient and trivial pleasures can he hope to become the only great victory a university ever wins — a trained, devoted, and inspired alumnus, working for the welfare of mankind. There is no evidence that the intercollegiate athletics of to-day inculcate in many men this kind of college spirit.

Have I exaggerated the evils of intercollegiate athletics? Possibly I have. Exceptions should be cited here and there. But I am convinced that college faculties agree with me in my main contentions. My impression is that at least three fourths of the teachers I have met the country over believe that the American college would better serve its highest purposes, if intercollegiate athletics were no more. At a recent dinner of ten deans and presidents, they declared, one by one, in confidence that they would abolish intercollegiate athletics if they could withstand the pressure of students and alumni.

Is it therefore necessary for all institutions to give up intercollegiate athletics permanently? Probably not. Let our colleges first take whatever measures are necessary to make athletics yield their educational values to all students and teachers. If intercollegiate athletics can then be conducted as incidental and contributory to the main purposes of athletics, well and good. But first of all the question must be decisively settled, which aims are to dominate — those of business or those of education. And it will be difficult for a college already in the clutches

of commercialism to retain the system and at the same time cultivate a spirit antagonistic to it. Probably the quicker and surer way would be to suspend all intercollegiate athletics for a college generation by agreement of groups of colleges, — during which period every effort should be made to establish the tradition of athletics for education. If an institution could not survive such a period of transition, it is a fair question whether the institution has any reason for survival.

Typically American though our frantic devotion to intercollegiate athletics may be, we shall not long tolerate a system which provides only a costly, injurious, and excessive régime of physical training for a few students, especially those who need it least. The call today is for inexpensive, healthful, and moderate exercise for all students, especially those who need it most. Colleges must sooner or later heed that call: their athletics must be for education, not for business.

DRINK REFORM IN THE UNITED STATES

BY JOHN KOREN

I

ARE we about to become an alcohol-free nation? Or must the long struggle against intemperance continue until mankind has reached a state of development in which its present weaknesses have been turned into strength? There is no lack of loud trumpeting in anticipation of an early and final victory over the alcohol enemy. The confident predictions impress the uninformed to a point of belief. More cautious observers are perplexed, while others rush into the fight for their own ends. The attitude of a very large portion of the public toward the present stage of drink reform in this country is one of drift, more or less marked by uneasy forebodings. Too many lack the bearings to be gained from the history of the temperance movement in its various stages, without which the present trend of things cannot be understood

nor can any reasonable forecast be made for the future.

Moral suasion was the sole reliance of the temperance reform in its earliest manifestations. To create and sustain a desire for personal abstinence was the great aim. About a century ago enthusiasm for this virtue surged like a wave over much of the land. But when its force seemed about to wane, there crept into the minds of some men the belief that to pillory the drinker was not enough so long as the purveyor of drink remained unscathed. Then arose a demand for force where suasion appeared to fail, and the idea took root of compelling temperance by prohibiting the manufacture and sale of all intoxicants, which found its first full-fledged expression in the State of Maine about 1850. Many advocates of abstinence deprecated this recourse to the 'strong arm of the law'; but they were given a scant and hardly courteous hearing.

And there was need of law, for the saloon, supplanting the old-time tavern, had in many places become a menacing institution. Gradually the battle for temperance shifted from the drinker to the drink-seller and those behind him. Old-style temperance revivals continued for many a year, to be sure, but the suppression of the saloon as the ultimate source of the drink evil became the vital issue. Within the decade of 1850-1860 twelve states followed the example of Maine and enacted prohibition,¹ and in the next twenty years (1860-1880) Kansas and Rhode Island, and by 1890 the Dakotas, were added to those twelve. Thus in the space of forty years no less than seventeen commonwealths embraced the prohibition faith.

During the prohibition campaigns of the earlier periods, as now, the anti-saloon feeling was the mainspring of the agitation. In this detached students of the history of the prohibition movement concur without dissent. The saloon as we know it is distinctly the offspring of rough pioneer conditions, and whether one looked to the large urban centres or to the sparsely settled new states, it had not merely become a centre of inebriety and affiliated vices, but had reached corruptingly into political life. The legal measures for controlling the drink traffic were of the crudest sort — poor makeshifts, the results of political compromise rather than of statesmanship. But in training the heaviest fire so exclusively at the drink-seller, the appeal for personal abstinence became dangerously subordinated in the temperance campaigns. Earnest men and women bewailed this trend but were powerless to stop it. Yet to this blind reliance upon mere law to

effect a moral change in the individual, we may trace the undoing of many a seemingly promising prohibition victory, won at great cost.

Of the seventeen states which between 1850 and 1890 had given their allegiance to prohibition, only three (Maine, Kansas, and North Dakota) have clung to it steadfastly until this day. We need not concern ourselves here with the history of the various enactments and repeals. The short life permitted prohibition in a number of states and their failure to renew the experiment after a test are, however, sufficient evidence that the majorities behind the law were more or less of a fictitious character, or that the benefits promised did not materialize. Two of the states under consideration compromised with their consciences. Iowa grew content to 'mulet' liquor-dealers and Ohio to 'tax' them, — a distinction in terms but not in fact, both methods being in contravention of constitutional law. Meanwhile, the states that continued to uphold prohibition did so largely in name. Spasms of enforcement alternated with periods of open violations of the law.

Yet the struggle of these twenty years had by no means been barren. In spite of obvious failures of prohibition exemplified by repeals of the law, laxity of enforcement, and other troubles, the temperance movement up to this period, aside from any influence on individual lives, had one great achievement to its credit: men began to realize as never before the political as well as social perils of an uncurbed liquor traffic. A return to ante-prohibition conditions was unthinkable. One result of the search for some constructive remedy was the high-license law of Nebraska, enacted in 1881, which automatically reduced the number of licensed places and thus was expected to secure better control. This device was

¹ Illinois, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Vermont, Connecticut, Delaware, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan, Nebraska, New Hampshire, and New York.

eagerly adopted by a certain class of reformers, and, variously expanded, for instance by the statutory limitation of the number of saloons and a host of minor restrictive measures, it has remained the foundation stone of those laborious structures, the modern license laws.

But a far more important and valuable heritage of the earlier temperance movement was the status secured for the principle of local option. While local prohibition was applied both in Europe and the United States prior to the state-wide experiment of Maine, the distinction of legally recognizing the principle that the local community has the right to license or veto the drink traffic belongs to this country.

For more than a decade subsequent to 1890 the usually troubled waters of temperance reform remained comparatively unruffled. The prohibition propaganda had perceptibly weakened, notwithstanding the advent of the prohibitionists as a political party. Meanwhile, a mass of new liquor legislation crept into the statute books, though for the greater part of a trivial nature except as it afforded the local-option principle freer play. There was, however, one notable departure from the routine temperance propaganda. The State of South Carolina established its dispensary system, whereby the state assumed supreme control of drink-selling for public account. In time this experiment, now practically abandoned, became the entering wedge which eventually rent the solidarity of the liquor traffic in the Southern states. The dispensary system was copied locally by Georgia, Alabama, and North Carolina, bidding fair to spread widely. Meanwhile the seemingly dormant prohibition forces had slowly gathered new strength. In the Northern and Western states the responses to their pleas had become fitful and of less promise.

But the South was now ready to lend a willing ear. Several circumstances combined to make it so. The saloons, purveyors of distilled spirits almost exclusively, had grown notoriously lawless; drunkenness was rampant, and behind all loomed the spectre, partly imagined, partly real, of danger from the uncontrolled elements among the Negroes. The dominant religious forces of the South, peculiarly fitted to be a vehicle for temperance propaganda, lent their full strength to the movement against the saloon. Perhaps more important still, there had come into being an organized force, manned by professional temperance reformers, who took command of the fighting line, — namely, the so-called Anti-Saloon League. Victories soon came apace. In the space of a few years Oklahoma, Georgia, Alabama, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Mississippi outlawed the manufacture and sale of intoxicants. Alabama later recanted her faith for a time, but has once more turned to prohibition.

The wash of the rising prohibition wave soon reached beyond the South. There the ground for prohibition had been sedulously prepared by a liberal application of the local-option principle. The *modus operandi* was unconcealed and simple: first, to lay 'dry' as much territory as possible by local veto and then to follow up with state-wide prohibition. This method of working toward state-wide prohibition by means of county-option laws has been pushed vigorously and in some places with notable success.

Long ago national prohibition could be discerned as the ultimate aim of the extreme and commanding element of the temperance forces. But now it has become the issue; it has indeed entered into all the campaigns of the last few years. Still, it would be hasty to declare that this issue was the decisive

factor in the most recent victories for prohibition, which have brought to its ranks the states of Arizona, Colorado, Oregon, Washington, Virginia, and West Virginia.

II

Such, in broad outline, is the history of the temperance movement in the United States so far as it is reflected in legislation. Of its minor manifestations — the campaign for compulsory temperance teaching, the innumerable restrictive enactments whereby it has been sought to curb excesses of the licensed traffic or to enforce prohibition — there is not space to write. When it is asked what has been the actual gain for temperance from the ceaseless agitation, exhortation, and forced legislation, an adequate answer is far from being simple. On turning to the Year Books of the Anti-Saloon League or of the Prohibitionists, we find the case blandly set forth thus: 'So many states brought under prohibition rule; so many square miles of "dry" territory in license states; and so many million inhabitants living in areas from which the saloon has been banished,' and so forth. Such superficial if pretentious evidence is unsatisfactory and hardly merits analysis. One need not rehearse the oft-told sordid tale of persistent, gross violations of prohibition law enduring in some states from one generation to another; nor point to the vast populations nominally living in 'dry' territory but having abundant facilities for obtaining intoxicants when they desire. Over against the extravagant claims that more than half of the population of the United States has for several years experienced the blessings of prohibition in some form, stand the irrefutable official figures of the production of alcoholic liquors. By successive stages the output of spirits, beer, and

wine has risen almost without a halt, and more than kept pace with the growth of population, as shown in the following statement in round numbers:

Years	Spirits withdrawn for consumption (million gallons)	Production of beer (million barrels)
1900	93	39
1905	115	49
1910	126	59
1914	136	66

What the actual *per capita* consumption is in this country no one can tell. To measure it by the total number of inhabitants, with no allowance for non-drinkers, — abstainers, children, rural communities, and so forth, — is not only ignorant but absurd as a test of the status of temperance. There is, however, one undeniable inference which must be drawn from the official statistics: the steady upward movement in the production of intoxicants could not have taken place during these years had both state and local prohibition been truly effective. With more than one half of the people alleged to live in dry territory, one would logically expect consumption to be reduced, or at least to fall behind the growth in population; but the contrary has happened, leaving entirely aside the increase in illicit distillation and the growing use of alcoholic home brews. Common sense, no less than experience, discards the explanation that the unquestioned increase in consumption is attributable to the license states alone. It is even less creditable to blame the influx of immigrants, especially when one recalls that those of recent years belong largely to the abstemious races of Europe.

Fortunately the claims for temperance reform rest on a solid basis than the one commonly vaunted. In the face of the larger and more widely distributed use of alcoholic beverages, particularly of beer, one may confidently assert of our country as a whole: —

(1) That there is a growing tendency toward personal moderation and practical abstinence, partly as a result of a keener appreciation of the evils of alcoholism and partly through the amelioration of social standards and habits.

(2) That the public attitude toward intemperance has undergone profound changes which are reflected in social intercourse, in the demands of transportation and commerce and industries, and more and more in legislation against inebriety.

(3) That the temper of our people as a whole does not support the saloon of to-day as a desirable institution; many who vote against prohibition contend that the saloon must be removed from the country villages and crossroads, and they find support even within the 'trade' itself.

Contrasting these conditions with those of two or three decades ago, we note a measurable progress toward sobriety and cleaner living.

To whom belongs the credit? Doubtless much, very much, is due the general temperance propaganda, which, however, is by no means synonymous with the battle for prohibition. To lay dry so much territory legally is not necessarily to be counted as an achievement for temperance reform when intemperance remains as rampant as under license, and the illicit traffic gains a hold on the community quite as dangerous as that of legalized traffic. To attribute the advance made wholly to a movement which finds its chief expression in denouncing the iniquities of the purveyor of intoxicants and in preaching an ideal nowhere obtained, — an ideal to be gained by force where persuasion fails, — is to deny the potency of other forces making for betterment: religion, education, the demands of industry and commerce, better conditions of living, and so on. And surely these forces are quite as markedly active in

license as in no-license communities. If it be given no man to apportion accurately the effect of the manifold factors that contribute to more sober living, one can at least point out the grievous error of ascribing it entirely to a single factor.

However gratefully improvements must be acknowledged, contentment with the present state of temperance reform were but gross indifference. Usually high planes of living are reached by many a faltering step; but we are told now that temperance will become an inevitable virtue by the simple means of national prohibition. The vociferous clamor for it is a logical outgrowth of the temperance movement under its present generalship, yet it compels the admission openly made by a few of its candid adherents that state-wide prohibition has not fulfilled the rosy expectations of its sponsors. The superficial reasons for this lie at hand. In defiance of 'ironclad' statutes, federal regulations concerning interstate shipments, the limitation of quantities that may be imported for private use, the fidelity in policing, and so forth, intoxicants have always found their way into forbidden territories in sufficient bulk to frustrate the object of prohibition completely, or in greater part, through illicit sales. For confirmation one need but turn to the sinister figures published annually by the United States Commissioner of Internal Revenue, of the persons who pay the federal tax as liquor-dealers in prohibition states — let alone the numbers who avoid such risk — and of the immense growth of illicit distillation which the Federal government seems unable to check.

At times and in places a periodic degree of success attends enforcement. Kansas has recently demonstrated this after failures extending over thirty years. West Virginia just now is mak-

ing its first effort to the same end. One lesson has come home from the bitter warfare, — namely, that liquor-selling can be effectually suppressed in rural districts and small urban communities — and this quite independently of the state-wide law — by means of local option. But even in the happier instances of prohibition the willingness to exclude the saloon is largely conditioned by the opportunity to secure liquor for private use. In truth, nowhere and at no time has absolute prohibition been exemplified in this country. In forecasting the possibilities of absolute prohibition, the committee of the Swedish Medical Society officially deputed to study the question (1912) simply dismisses the American prohibition experiments as wholly inconclusive and therefore valueless as a guidance to other countries. Indeed, impartial and authoritative observers from abroad, like Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell, Professor Axel Holst, and many others, have been impressed throughout their personal investigations chiefly by the extent to which prohibition is being violated and circumvented.

III

Habitually, the venders and makers of intoxicants are blamed for such unwholesome conditions. They are guilty in a degree; and we justly pour out upon them a full measure of wrath. No condemnation too severe can be visited upon men who for the sake of filthy profit defy constitutional and statutory law, spreading corruption and misery wherever they go. Yet that they usually find open markets beckoning them, that otherwise decent citizens become their partners in law-breaking by purchase, argues not so much an irrepressible demand for drink as indifference to the enforcement of prohibition.

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Here is the festering sore spot which prohibition so far has failed to heal. It is caused by the presence of large hostile minorities (sometimes turning into majorities), some of whose members may believe in prohibition to the extent that they frown upon the legalized saloon while demanding a supply of liquor for private use. Unfortunately, prohibition rarely, if ever, as enacted nowadays, is the expression of an untrammelled public conviction. The methods of the ordinary prohibition campaign do not require this. The paid propagandists who have assumed leadership are content to cajole where they do not persuade, through threat of social and trade boycott, or of political extinction, and by a hundred other devices not necessarily calculated to instill conviction but effective in gathering votes. They seldom fail to recruit strength from self-seeking politicians who would ride to preferment and office on the 'water wagon,' although they secretly despise it. This blunt but truthful speech by no means ignores the very many men and women who vote and work for the extinction of the liquor traffic with perfect single-mindedness. We are merely seeking adequately to explain why prohibition victories are usually such short-lived triumphs for temperance.

Everywhere stands out the ugly fact of substantial minorities opposed to prohibition, exclusive of persons whose creed permits them to vote for it without any intention of helping to secure enforcement of the law. Instances of states repealing prohibition after a trial are numerous; but its complete vindication by the voters after a satisfactory trial is still wanting. The State of Maine furnishes an illuminating example. When a few years ago its citizens were called upon to declare for or against the resubmission of the constitutional prohibition amendment, only

a bare majority could be mustered against it; and had not the issue been clouded by political considerations, — above all, had not the illicit traffic, aided by wholesale liquor-dealers outside of the state, rallied to the support of prohibition, — Maine would certainly have shown a popular vote in favor of a license law.

The mere desire to extirpate the saloon, although professed by a majority of voters, does not suffice to uphold prohibition; for it is a question fundamentally involving the attitude of the individual toward the use of intoxicants. Until the mass of men in any state have become convinced (of which there is no evidence) that so far as they are personally concerned the temperate use of liquor is wrong, or are impelled to personal abstinence through solicitude for weaker brethren, prohibition must continue to suffer from what for the present appears to be an insuperable limitation. Human nature will not take seriously a ban upon an indulgence regarded as personally permissible. The drink question is not a plain moral issue; therefore we submit it to popular vote, a thing never done with matters involving inherent rights and wrongs. We do not debate whether various forms of crime and vice shall be suppressed, but only the methods of doing so. No one, for instance, challenges the wisdom of forbidding by legislation the sale of habit-forming drugs except for medical use. But prohibition against drink is in no sense analogous, for it denies the liberty to indulge in things which, if used moderately, are not necessarily open to condemnation.

Were the line of cleavage what absolutists contend, the numberless evasions and violations of the law which otherwise straight-walking persons permit themselves, would be unthinkable. The writer well remembers witnessing a justice of the Supreme Court of the

United States persuading a black railway porter to break a state prohibitory law because he felt, or imagined, the need of something stronger than water, while passing through 'dry' territory. The much perplexed Negro offered this defense: 'What could ah say wen de co't compel me to?' The elevated personage in question is but a type of untold numbers in humbler walks who without compunction break the one law against drink while they implicitly obey others. Patrons of kitchen bars or the more pretentious saloon drug-stores in forbidden places are not guilty alone in this attitude. It is shared commonly by men whose standing no one would challenge. Even the great institutions of learning have been known to make exceptions (perhaps for the sake of obviating a greater evil) when confronted with the question of strictly enforcing liquor legislation within their own domain. This compounding with wrong is facilitated by the law itself, which visits its whole strength upon the vender of the forbidden goods, although he be in fact but their hired custodian, while the purchaser goes scot free.

The common lack of whole-hearted acceptance of the very essence of the principle of prohibition is not merely a firm obstacle to rigid enforcement, but proof that men habitually distinguish between the obligations imposed by prohibition and other laws which the community conscience insists shall be respected. Men who speak and vote for prohibition in Congress or in state legislatures do not lose caste in society because they violate the very statute to which they have subscribed as soon as it happens to inconvenience them. Yet the same persons would be condemned for ordinary criminal acts. The strict moralist cannot justify this attitude. We are here purely concerned with the fact that it exists and that it

accounts for the inherent weakness of the efforts to change habits and points of view by statutory enactment. Perhaps no more disquieting illustration of the point to be driven home can be found than the frequent political contests in prohibition states centring in the question whether the law against drink-selling shall be enforced or not. Governors, state legislatures, and numerous local officials are frequently elected on a platform of non-enforcement. It would be shallow-minded to blame such exhibitions of callousness to the dictates of law solely to the machinations of those pecuniarily interested in drink-selling, or to the degradation of this or that political party. No, it is rooted in the fact that so many differentiate between violation of prohibition and ordinary transgressions. In passing, it may be said that we touch here upon one of the fundamental ills engendered by unenforced prohibition, namely that it focuses political thought and activity of the community, not upon policies for civic advancement, but, *mirabile dictu*, upon the question whether constitutional and statutory enactments shall be respected!¹

There is, then, no real analogy between the violation of prohibition and that of other laws which by common consent have become dead letters. In the course of time we slough off considerable legislation without formal repeal, because we have outgrown it, but the fact does not necessarily argue disrespect for law. On the other hand, there is at least a constant pretense of enforcing prohibition, and it cannot be openly flaunted without the connivance of officials.

To some extent conspicuous evils

¹ A valuable discussion of this problem may be found in the *Atlantic* for July last. It was written by Mayor Baker of Cleveland, who has had large practical experience with the problem.
— THE EDITORS.

accompanying unenforced prohibition, such as the corruption of the police and other officials, the schooling of entire generations in obtaining a livelihood through violation of law, and the constant presence of alcoholism, are admitted even by the sponsors of this method of temperance reform. Naturally, the blame for such lamentable conditions is laid upon the liquor traffic in other states, as ultimately responsible; and there follows the argument: 'Forbid by national law the manufacture and importation for purposes of sale of all intoxicants, break up the legalized liquor traffic, and these ills will disappear; the Federal government has stamped out slavery and polygamy, and will soon put an end to the drug traffic; it can do the same with liquor.' Thus runs the speech, and hardly a day passes without its repetition in some form from the pulpit and platform.

IV

Let us examine a bit closer this ultimate panacea for the drink evil, not in the spirit of belittling its honest advocates, but as those who would sound for possible shoals upon which temperance reform may yet be stranded. The procedure by which national prohibition might become a reality is pretty well known. The Congress must by a two-thirds vote in both its houses submit an amendment to the Constitution forbidding for all time the manufacture and importation for sale of intoxicants of every kind; then the amendment must be accepted by three fourths of the states. Already sixteen states are counted in the prohibition column, and that the twenty others necessary for the required majority can be won over is of course possible.

But let us note that the sixteen prohibition states are mainly agricultural communities, only twenty-seven per

cent of their populations being urban, and that they have outlawed the drink traffic through the rural vote; that is, the areas which under normal conditions would not be encumbered by saloons have held the balance of power. The large cities invariably reject prohibition; thus in recent elections otherwise successful, Seattle, Tacoma, Spokane, Portland, and Denver voted against prohibition. The likelihood of winning over the greater centres of population elsewhere is far less. In short, the more urban a state is, the greater the probability that it will oppose in particular national prohibition. Now comparatively few states contain an overwhelming or preponderating urban population and one somewhat generally distributed. Among them must be counted Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, and California; also the District of Columbia. These states, sixty-eight per cent of whose population is urban, with the District of Columbia, contain more than forty-five million inhabitants, or very nearly one half of the total number in the United States, as against twenty-six million in the avowed prohibition states. Yet, under the rule governing the acceptance of a constitutional amendment dealing with a matter of public morals, these twelve 'sovereign' commonwealths might be coerced to accept prohibition, and that principally by a more or less remote rural vote!

Moreover, it may conservatively be assumed that even in the prohibition states one third of the population is opposed to forced abstinence, and that the same proportion holds good in the twenty states which it is necessary to win over to secure national prohibition. These thirds, added to the number in the states one must antici-

pate as opposed to prohibition, would equal sixty-three millions of the total population. Thus a constitutional amendment might be secured against the expressed will of a large majority of the citizens of the United States. This is by no means a fanciful speculation, but a condition confronting the intelligent voter which should lead him to ask whether such temperance reform by compulsion does not carry the germ of its own destruction.

There are, however, more obvious barriers to the success of national prohibition. Under it the now legal manufacture of liquor for sale would automatically cease. The seal placed upon the distilleries and breweries of to-day by the Federal government would not be broken. Customs inspectors would guard against the illicit importation of liquors through the usual channels. Yet should we thereby overcome the evils for which the legalized liquor traffic is cursed — corruption and political graft, and above all else the scourge of alcoholism?

Other tremendous factors are to be reckoned with in every community that is hostile or even lukewarm to national prohibition. In the first instance there is the ease with which alcohol is produced and the consequent extraordinary temptation to make 'easy money' through its sale. The material for the production of alcohol is well-nigh universal. At the cost of a few cents a gallon of alcohol can be obtained from peat. Nothing is simpler than to make and operate home apparatus for distilling spirits from potatoes or grain. The fruits of the orchard and the inexhaustible supplies of berries of the woods and fields, plus sugar, will yield alcoholic beverages of deadly strength. And let us bear in mind that the home manufacture of alcohol would be legal under the proposed amendment to the Constitution so long as the product is

not placed on sale. The Federal government has already proved its inability to suppress 'moonshining,' especially in the prohibition states; and to assume that, at a time when even fiscal interest in preventing illegal distillation would be lacking, it could close the million avenues through which alcohol in its most noxious forms might find the way to the consumer, requires an optimism born of sheer ignorance. The era of home distillation was the period of the greatest intemperance Sweden ever knew. It was in part to prevent the ever-growing home manufacture of vodka and the consequent appalling drunkenness that Russia undertook the monopoly of the manufacture of this drink, which it has lately abandoned only to find that the illegal production is once more becoming a menace.

The great issue is to prevent alcoholism; and this is not to be accomplished simply by allowing consumption under a different form. The present acquiescence in so-called prohibition in certain states is largely conditioned by the fact that alcohol has always been accessible through private importation, state liquor agencies, patent medicines, and so forth, not to mention illicit selling. Imagine the now legally accessible sources of supply cut off, but with every facility for home production of intoxicants left, and one can easily forecast a disaster to actual temperance reform which could hardly be repaired.

Under national prohibition the illicit sale of alcoholic drinks would be proportioned to the ease with which they are produced. The lure of gain is stronger than fear of an unpopular law. Certainly the Federal government could not employ an army vast enough to prevent illegal selling, even if it had authority to usurp the police power of the local community or state. The local police would prove a vain dependence

in the hundreds of municipalities opposed to the law. They, too, would be set upon by temptation or cease activity in the face of juries hostile to conviction. This is not a fantastic picture of probable conditions, but one drawn from long experience of prohibition under circumstances much more conducive to fair success.

The demand for stimulants is not amenable to a fiat of the law; and whenever demand lags, one can trust the illicit vendor artificially to stimulate it. He will not depend solely upon the cravings of the alcoholic, which — contrary to the popular conception — quickly cease in the absence of what they feed upon. The young and the weak would be found as ready victims to the seductions of alcohol as they are now; and these seductions would reach them under forms far more tempting and dangerous than at present.

Were the habitual or occasional demand of millions for alcoholic stimulants merely fictitious, it could be made to disappear by legal magic and the battle would have been won long ago. But the affair is not so desperately simple. Physiologically as well as psychologically, it is unthinkable that the transition of millions from the habitual consumption of alcohol to sudden abstinence, can be effected without revolutionizing not only social customs but the very mode of life. This is a condition that defies law. There lies in this consideration no plea for the continuance of bad habits, but simply a question as to the means by which they can be abated without inviting greater evils.

Still another uncontrovertible item in the catalogue of 'outs' about national prohibition must be mentioned. The real warfare over it would begin with the efforts at enforcement. We should then witness, on a nation-wide scale, the spectacle that we have al-

ready observed in miniature locally, — the blighting power of avowed disobedience to law dominating political battles. The paralyzing influence that overtakes a community when it condones the violation of fundamental laws, the utter demoralization of public officials, and the corroding of the social conscience, are inevitable evils under prohibition not enforced; and it is for the conscientious voter to weigh how far they offset any measurable gains for temperance.

The contrast to be kept in mind is not between possible shortcomings of prohibition and the outrages of the existing drink traffic, but between unchecked intemperance plus the evils of non-enforcement and the employment of new effective principles of restriction. One can join heartily in the anathemas against the saloon and decry alcoholism as a world-disease, while conscientiously rejecting the proposed cure-all. For this reasonable state of mind the extremists show pitying contempt or even suspicion. And now that the question has become a firebrand in national politics, its consideration upon its actual merits grows increasingly difficult. Daily we observe political fortune-hunters, whose belated conversion to temperance advocacy is not altogether convincing, befogging the real issues at stake. They trade upon the pleasing fiction that the demand for national prohibition springs from the people as a whole because it no longer thirsts; they misconstrue the very real outburst of indignation against the saloon, as if that alone provided a suitable foundation for absolutism.

It is not easy, of course, to differentiate the genuine from the spurious or manufactured sentiment underlying the agitation, since all its motive power is not clean from self-seeking and since its methods in large part have become coercive.

This much is certain: any sudden enthusiasm for reform is apt to lack depth. The alleged ripeness of the country for national prohibition is not the fruition of physiological-statistical teachings about the effects of alcohol. The masses are not moved by scientific conceptions. Happily, sound instruction in principles of hygiene has become a powerful weapon in fighting intemperance; but this fact does not reduce the drink problem to a physiological basis, much less excuse the palpable exaggerations and the confusion of values put out in the name of science. It is a social, not a physiological, question, and to be solved not by sifting the conflicting dicta of scientists, not as a matter of abstract morals, but by a gradual progress backed at each forward step by an enlightened public sentiment. To insist that in a space of years a hostile attitude will become reconciled to national prohibition is to beg the question, for then the mischief to be averted will already have been done — a too frequent experience when legislation outstrips public conviction.

These elementary observations are naturally repudiated by the type of reformer who regards the mere act of supplying intoxicants as immoral, and therefore refuses it legal sanction under any condition. And yet he would permit others to drink; for one sees that the proposed constitutional amendment aims to preserve this 'personal liberty,' as well as the manufacture and importing for private use of the most noxious beverages. Or is this merely a 'joker' intended to make the amendment more palatable, and to be got rid of by subsequent perfecting amendments? The distinctions made in the case are curious. Since at bottom the question is of stopping the sources of intemperance, how can those who brand as immoral the manufacture for sale of all alcoholic drinks consent to

their uncontrolled and unlimited production for home use? The professional temperance agitator must perforce take an extreme stand. Fulminations against the inherent sinfulness of making and selling drink are part of his stock in trade, and for him to admit the possible morality of supplying liquor of any kind under any legal auspices would for self-evident reasons be a disastrous face-about.

There are, of course, other significant aspects of national prohibition which, however, must be passed by as they are not essentially basic, — such as its economic bearings, the eventual compensation to a dispossessed trade which in some lands is accepted as an obligation, and the like.

V

It has been necessary to dwell thus at length upon the prohibition issue because it is the present storm-centre of temperance reform and held by many to be its beginning as well as its consummation. Perhaps, in a far-away future, society will outgrow the menace of alcoholism. Practically universal prohibition may be in store for the world. Meanwhile it behooves us to inquire for a safer, shorter road to the hoped-for millennium than that which cross-

es the pitfalls of national prohibition, and along which men are to be driven when they refuse to go willingly.

It is not true that we have exhausted the means for an effective control of drink-selling and the suppression of alcoholism, and that, therefore, national prohibition is the only alternative. We have merely woven into our statutes a fabric after the crazy-quilt pattern which does not hold together because it lacks a body of sound principles. The need is not for more law, but for a radically different law, the controlling motive of which must not be solely to end the present unholy alliances of the drink traffic and sweep away all the rottenness of the saloon, but gradually to dry up the real sources of intemperance — a law that recognizes an inexorable demand and meets it under conditions leading away from, not to, excesses. We need not become pathfinders in the wilderness of temperance reform in order to establish this; but it is necessary that we should see things as they are, divested of prejudice, and clearly, as in a glass without a wrinkle.

The next article in this series will be on "Drink Reform in Europe." Subsequent papers will deal with principles and methods of effective legislation in the United States.

WAITING

BY AGNES REPPLIER

IN the most esteemed of his advisory poems, Mr. Longfellow recommends his readers to be 'up and doing,' and at the same time to learn 'to labor and to wait.' Having, all of us, imbibed these sentiments in their harmonious setting when we were at school, we have, all of us, for the past six months, been endeavoring to put such conflicting precepts into practice. Mr. Longfellow, it will be remembered, gave precedence to his 'up and doing' line; but this may have been due to the exigencies of verse. We began by waiting, and we waited long. Our deliberation seemed to border on paralysis. But back of this superhuman patience — rewarded by repeated insult and repeated injury — was a toughening resolution which snatched from insult and injury something akin to triumph. We have emerged from the long, troubled summer a sadder and a wiser people, keenly aware of dangers which, in the spring, seemed negligible, fully determined to front such dangers with courage and with understanding.

When Germany struck her first blow at Belgium, the neutral nations silently acquiesced in this breach of good faith. The burning of Louvain, the destruction of the Cathedral of Rheims, were but the first fruits of this sinister silence. The sinking of the *Lusitania* followed in the orderly sequence of events. It was a deliberate expression of defiance and contempt, a gauntlet thrown to the world. The lives it cost, the innocence and helplessness of the drowned passengers, their number and their

nationalities, all combined to make this novelty in warfare exactly what Germany meant it to be.

We Americans had tried (and it had been hard work) to bear tranquilly the misfortunes of others. Now let us apply our philosophy to ourselves. Herr Erich von Salzmänn voiced the sentiments of his countrymen when he said in the Berlin *Lokal Anzeiger* : —

'The *Lusitania* is no more. Only those who have traveled by sea can appreciate the extraordinary impression which this news will make all over the world. . . . The fact that it was we Germans who destroyed this ship must make us proud of ourselves. The *Lusitania* case will obtain for us more respect than a hundred battles won on land.'

The severing of fear from respect is a subtlety which has not penetrated the mind of the Prussian. He recognizes no such distinction, because his doctrine of efficiency embraces the doctrine of frightfulness. His *Kultur* is free from any ethical bias. The fact that we may greatly fear lust, cruelty, and other forms of violence, without in the least respecting these qualities, has no significance for him. He frankly does not care. If he can teach the French, the English, or the Americans to fear him in 1915, as he taught the Chinese to fear him in 1900, and by the same methods, he will be well content.

But was it fear which paralyzed us when we heard that American women and children had been sacrificed as ruthlessly as were the Chinese women

and children fifteen years ago? The fashion in which American gentlemen died on the *Lusitania*, as on the *Titanic*, may well acquit us of any charge of cowardice. Whatever 'respect' ensued from that pitiless massacre was won by the victims, not by the perpetrators thereof. Why then, when the news was brought, did we feverishly urge one another to 'keep calm'? Why did we chatter day after day about 'rocking the boat,' as though unaware that the blow which sent us reeling and quivering was struck by a foreign hand? Why did we let pass the supreme moment of action, and settle down to months of controversy? And what have we gained by delay?

All these questions can be, and have been, well answered. If we had severed diplomatic and commercial relations with Germany, she might have declared war, and we did not want to fight, — not, at least, on such provocation as she had given us. There was a well-founded conviction that no step involving the safety of the nation should be taken impetuously, or under the influence of resentment. There was also a rational hope that Germany might be induced to disavow such slaughter, and promise redress. Much confidence was placed in the unquestioned ability of Mr. Wilson, who, in this great emergency, controlled both himself and the nation; whose silence was as eloquent as his speech; and who had the rare good fortune to be rid of Congress when the blow fell. And always in the background of our minds was a lurking hope that the pen would prove mightier than the sword. The copy-books say that it is mightier, and where shall we look for wisdom, if not to the counsels of the copy-book!

The correspondence which ensued between the Administration in Washington and the Imperial Government in Berlin was so remarkable that it may

well serve as a model for generations yet unborn. If the *Polite Letter-Writer* ever broadens its sphere to embrace diplomatic relations, it could not do better than reprint these admirable specimens of what was thought to be a lost art. The urbanity and firmness of each American note filled us with justifiable pride. Also with a less justifiable elation, which was always dissipated by the arrival of a German note, equally urbane and equally firm. Germany was more than willing to state at length and at leisure her reasons for sinking unarmed, unwarned merchant ships, provided she could safely and uninterruptedly continue the practice. Such warfare, she defined in her note of July 9 as a 'sacred duty.' 'If the Imperial Government were derelict in these duties, it would be guilty before God and history of the violation of those principles of highest humanity which are the foundation of every national existence.'

The German is certainly at home in Zion. If his god be a trifle exacting in the matter of human sacrifices, he is otherwise the most pliant and accommodating of deities. It is one of our many disadvantages that we have no American god. Only the Divinity, whose awful name is, by common consent, omitted from diplomatic correspondence.

When our hopes sank lowest, and our hearts burned hottest, the note of September 1 brought its welcome message of concession. Nothing is less worth while than to analyze the motives which prompted this change of front. The comparative futility of German submarine warfare had in no wise impaired its popularity. Why it should have so endeared itself to the Teuton heart is a problem for psychologists to solve. There is little about it to evoke a generous enthusiasm. It lacks heroic qualities. The singularly loathsome

song which celebrated the sinking of the *Lusitania* is as remote in spirit from such brave verse as 'Admirals All' as those old sea-dogs were remote in spirit from the foul work of Von Tirpitz. No flight of fancy can conceive of Nelson counting up the women and children he had drowned. And because the whole wretched business sickened as well as affronted us, we hailed with unutterable relief any modification of its violence. For the first time in many months our souls were lightened of their load. We felt calm enough to review the summer of suspense, and to ask ourselves sincerely and soberly what were the lessons that it had taught us.

The agitation produced in this country by a terrible — and to us unexpected — European war was intensified last May by the discovery that we were not so immune as we thought ourselves. It dawned slowly on men's minds that the sacrifice of the nation's honor might not after all secure the nation's safety; and this disagreeable doubt impelled us to the still more disagreeable consideration of our inadequate coast defenses. Then and then only were we made aware of the chaotic confusion which reigned in the minds of our vast and unassimilated population. Then and then only did we understand that perils from without — remote and ascertainable — were brought close, and rendered hideously obscure, by shameful coöperation from within.

Ten years ago, two years ago, we should have laughed to scorn the suggestion that any body of American citizens — no matter what their lineage — would be disloyal to the State. A belief in the integrity of citizenship was the first article of our faith. To-day, the German-American openly disavows all pretense of loyalty, and says as plainly and as publicly as he can that he will be betrayed into no con-

flict with his 'mother country,' unless the United States be actually invaded, — by which time the rest of us would feel ourselves a trifle insecure. It is strange that the men who, had they remained in their mother country (a choice which was always open to them), would never have ventured a protest against Germany's aggressive warfare, should here be so stoutly contumacious. What would have happened to Mr. Henry Weismann, president of the New York State German-American Alliance, had he lived in Berlin instead of in Brooklyn, and had he spoken of the Kaiser as he dared to speak of Mr. Wilson! The license which the German (muzzled tightly in Germany) permits himself in the United States is not unlike the license which the newly emancipated slaves in the South mistook for liberty when the Civil War was ended. It takes as many generations to make a freeman as it does to make a gentleman.

The inevitable result of this outspoken disloyalty at home was a determined and very hurtful pressure from abroad. A big, careless, self-confident nation is an easy prey; and while we waited, not very watchfully, Germany seized many chances to hit us below the belt, and hit us hard. The fomenting of strikes and labor agitation; the threatening of German workmen employed in American factories; the misuse of the radio service at Sayville, and the continued sending of code messages; the affidavits of Gustav Stahl before the Federal Grand Jury, and his assisted flight from the authorities; the forged American passports with which German spies wander over England and the continent; the diplomatic indiscretion — to put it mildly — of German and Austrian ambassadors; the mysterious activities of German officials, which we were too inexperienced to understand, — all these things filled

us with anger and alarm. We could not resort to the simple measures of Italians, who in Philadelphia stoned the agents whom they found trying to hold back reservists about to sail for Italy. We bore each fresh affront as though inured to provocation; but we bore it understandingly, and with deep resentment. If ever our temper snaps beneath the strain, the anger so slow to ignite will be equally hard to extinguish.

Playing consciously or unconsciously into the hands of Germany are the pacifists, — a compact body of men and women, visibly strengthened by months of indecision. Their methods may at times be laughable, but we cannot afford to laugh. I do not class under this head any of the so-called 'Neutrality Leagues,' and 'National Peace Councils,' which aim at securing a German victory by withholding munitions from the Allies. Such 'neutrals' are all partisans parading under a borrowed name, which they have rendered meaningless. They have a great deal of money to spend on advertisements, and posters, and mass-meetings. They can any day, in any town, fill a hall with German sympathizers who are all of one mind concerning the duty of non-combatants. Their leaders are well aware that law and usage permit, and have long permitted, to neutral nations the sale of munitions to belligerents. Their followers for the most part know this too. But it seems worth while to profess ignorance. Something can always be accomplished by agitation, were it only a murderous attack on a financier, or the smuggling of dynamite into the hold of a cargo boat.

But in reckoning up our perils, it is the fanatic, not the hypocrite, who must be taken into account. Sincerity is a terrible weapon in the hands of the ill-advised. There can be no contagion of folly, unless that folly be sincere.

And what gives the uncompromising, because uncomprehending, pacifist his dangerous force is the fact that he is psychologically as inevitable as were the Iconoclasts, or the Thebaid anchorites, or any other historic instance of recoil. He is the abnormal product of abnormal conditions. The fury of war has bred this child of peace. The fumes of battle have stupefied him. Aggression and defense, brutality and heroism, the might of conquest and the right of resistance, have for him no separate significance. He is one who cannot master — as every sane man must learn to master — the deadly sickness of his soul.

To call the pacifist a coward is simple, but not enlightening. Cowardice is a natural and pervasive attribute of humanity. Few of us can flatly disavow it. There are women opposed to all war because their sons might be shot. A popular song — now employed to raise the spirits of school-children — expresses this sentiment. There are men opposed to all war, because they might themselves be shot. So far, no music-hall ditty has appealed for them. But this normal human cowardice is not infectious, save in the heat of battle, where, happily, it is seldom displayed. Infectious pacificism is a revolt from war, irrespective of abstract considerations, like justice or injustice, and of personal considerations, like loss or gain.

History is full of similar revolts, and they have always overstepped the limits of sanity. Because the Pagan sensualist tended his body with loathsome solicitude, the Christian ascetic subjected his to loathsome indignities. The excesses of the Roman baths sanctified the uncleanness of the early monasteries. Just as inevitable is the reaction from a ravenous war to non-resistance. Because Germany's armaments are powerful enough to terrorize

Europe, we are bidden to weaken our defenses. Because France and Belgium have been attacked and devastated, we are implored to take no steps for self-protection. The appeal sent out by Quaker citizens of Philadelphia — good men, ready no doubt to die as honorably as they have lived — was at once a confession of faith, and a denial of duty. They asked that the money of the tax-payer should be spent in making 'more homes happy,' and they were content to leave the security of these happy homes to the unassisted care of Providence. To keep our powder dry implied mistrust of God.

That the authorities of Iowa should strip the American flag of a white border neatly stitched around it by the pacifists of Fort Dodge, was perhaps to be expected. The action seems peremptory; but if every society was permitted to trim and patch our national emblem, we should soon have as many flags as we have disputants in the field. The same desire for novelty is at work in Passaic, where the superintendent of schools has composed a new air for our national hymn, 'America,' and a member of the school-board (who is also a member of the German-American Alliance) has strongly recommended that it should be sung by the Passaic school-children, — thus freeing them from any musical obligation to England. If this example be followed, we are likely to have as many hymns as we have aspiring composers and energetic school-boards. The patient post-office officials pass on without a murmur envelopes ornamented with huge stamps, bearing pictures of a cannon partly metamorphosed into a ploughshare, a bloated child, and a pouncing dove; and inscribed with these soul-subduing lines: —

I am in favor of world-wide peace,
Spread this idea, and war will cease.

The decoration of envelopes with strange devices has long afforded a

vent for pent-up feelings. It is to be hoped that the 'peace-stamp' will prove sweetly calming to Prussian militarism (the one insurmountable barrier to 'world-wide' harmony), especially when seconded by the 'peace-pin,' a white enamel dove, carrying the motto, 'World Peace,' and destined, so we are told, to represent 'international morality,' and to prove itself 'one of the greatest factors in eliminating prejudices and division lines.'

Are these puerilities unworthy of consideration and comment? They are not so preposterous as was Mr. Wanamaker's suggestion that we should recompense Germany for the trouble and expense she incurred in seizing Belgium by paying her \$100,000,000,000 for her spoils. They are not so demoralizing as the teaching of American school-children to calculate how many bicycles they could buy for the money spent on the battleship Oregon, or how many tickets to a ball-game could be provided for the cost of the American navy. The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace is to be congratulated on having devised a scheme by which boys and girls can be taught arithmetically to place pleasure above patriotism. If Germans teach their children to deny themselves some portion of their mid-day meal for the needs of Germany, and Americans teach their children to hold ball-games and bicycles more sacred than the needs of America, what chance have the men we rear against men reared to discipline and self-sacrifice!

When an anti-enlistment league can be formed in a country which may possibly be called to war, and anti-enlistment pledges can be signed by young men who promise never to enroll themselves for their nation's defense, we have cause for apprehension. When college students can be found petitioning for peace at any price, we have

cause for wonder. When women who have suffered nothing fling mud at men who have suffered all things, we have cause in plenty for resentment.

Cause, too, for sorrow that such evil words should be so lightly spoken. It was but a dreary laugh that was provoked by Miss Addams's picture of intoxicated regiments bayoneting one another under the stimulating influence of drink. Laughter is hard to come by in these dark days; but Heaven knows we should gladly have foregone the mirth to have been spared a slander so unworthy. The snatching of honor from the soldier in the hour of his utmost trial is possible only to the pacifist, who, sick with pity for pain, has lost all understanding of the things which ennoble pain: of fidelity, and courage, and the love of one's country, which, next to the love of God, is the purest of all emotions which winnow the souls of men.

The mad turmoil of folly and disaffection was temporarily assuaged by the promise of the Imperial Government to sink no more liners without warning, and to consider our just claims for compensation. It was annoying for German-Americans, who had loudly vindicated the destruction of the *Lusitania* and the *Arabic*, to find that in their zeal for disloyalty they had out-Heroded Herod, and that Berlin was inclined to disavow the deeds they so ardently justified. When the 'Friends of Peace' in Chicago cheered the sinking of the *Hesperian*, — an exploit naturally gratifying to peaceful souls, — they were silenced by more acute members of the convention, who bethought themselves that this illustration of good faith might in turn be 'disavowed' and 'regretted.' All that the enthusiasts could do was to praise Germany's 'magnanimity,' to brag of her 'historic friendship' for America (apparently under the impression that

Lafayette was a Prussian officer), to regret the 'hysteria' of Americans over the drowning of their countrymen, and to ascribe the whole war to the machinations of 'Grey, and Asquith, and Delcassé and Poincaré,' — 'demons whom we should hiss and howl into the abyss of hell.'

Throughout this trying period of suspense and agitation Mr. Wilson has retained the confidence of the country. It was hardly worth while for Mr. Wanamaker (whose mind is fertile in suggestions) to propose that a million of American men and women should pledge themselves to support the President in his final decision, — should he ever finally decide. The people who delight in signing such pledges are seldom the people for whose assent a ruler anxiously waits. The state governors, the leading newspapers, and the law-makers have, for the most part, declared themselves in favor of increased armaments and strengthened defenses. The training camps afford agreeable proof that men who fought in the Civil War have left traditions as well as descendants. The naïve demand of various German-American societies, that Mr. Lansing should 'surrender his high post,' failed to flutter the administration. If these months of 'waiting' have given ample opportunity for mischief, they have also inspired some very sober thinking, and some resolutions likely to bear fruit. Only an American can understand the cumulative anger in his countryman's heart, as the slow lapse of time left the *Lusitania's* dead a matter of scornful unconcern to German statesmen, and of indecent mirth in German music-halls.

There was plenty of disaffection in 1776, plenty in 1861; but we fought our two great wars without dishonor. If the Germans, well aware of our unpreparedness and of our internal dissensions, have flouted us unsparingly, it is

because they are, as they have always been, densely incapable of reading the souls of men. Let us not add to our own peril by misreading the soul of Germany. We lack her discipline, we lack her unity, we lack her efficiency, the splendid result of thirty years' devotion to a single purpose. It avails us very little to analyze the 'falling sickness' which has made her so mighty. Dr. Lightner Witmer, in a profoundly thoughtful and dispassionate paper on *The Relation of Intelligence to Efficiency*, diagnoses her disease as 'primitivism,' — 'meaning thereby a reversion in manners, customs, and principles to what is characteristic of a lower level of civilization.' Mr. Owen Wister, who is as poignantly eloquent as Dr. Witmer is chill, reaches in *The Pentecost of Calamity* a somewhat similar conclusion. 'The case of Germany is a hospital case, a case for the alienist; the mania of grandeur complemented by the mania of persecution.' Even Mr. Bryan (always a past-master of infelicitous argument) tells us that a war with Germany is impossible, because it would be like 'challenging an insane asylum,' — as if an insane asylum could be left unrestrained by the world.

It is unwise to minimize our danger on the score of our saner judgment or higher morality. These qualities may win out in the future, but we are living now. Germany is none the less terrible because she is obsessed, and we are not a whit safer because we recognize her obsession. When the first Zeppelin attack was made on the town of Hull, eighteen 'sympathetic' fires were started by German spies. And this on English soil! The German war-maps of Paris, cut into sections and directing which sections were to be burned, are grim warnings to the world. It is disturbing to think how insensitive Paris

was to her peril when those maps were prepared. It is disturbing to think that a fool's paradise is always the most popular playground of humanity. In the *Atlantic Monthly* for August, an Englishman explained lucidly to American readers (the only audience patient enough to hear him) that non-resistance is the road to security. Mr. Russell, 'a mathematician and a philosopher,' is confident that if England would submit passively to invasion, and refuse passively to obey the invader, she would suffer no great wrong. Had he read *Sandford and Merton* when he was a little boy, it might possibly occur to him that Germany would treat the non-resisting strikers as Mr. Barlow treated Tommy, when that misguided child refused to dig and hoe. Had he read the Bryce Report last May, he might feel less sure that English homes and English women would be safe from assault because they lacked protectors.

The same happy confidence in our receptivity and in our limitless good nature is shown by Professor Kraus, who, in the September *Atlantic*, has conveyed to us in the plainest possible language his unfavorable opinion of the Monroe Doctrine and its supporters. No German could be less 'nice' in concealing his contempt than is this ingenuous contributor; and nothing can be better for us than to hear such words spoken at such a time. The threat of a 'general accounting' is not even presented suavely to our ears, but it leaves us no room for doubt.

That two such arguments from two such sources should have enlivened our term of waiting is worthy of note. The Englishman, seeing us beset by irrationalities, added one more fantasy to our load. The German, seeing us beset by alarms, added one more menace to affright us. Our patience is impervious to folly and to intimidation. We have

plenty of both at home. If a summer of painful suspense has wrought no other good, it has shown us where our danger lies. It has bared disloyalty, and has put good citizens on their guard.

Somewhere in the mind of the na-

tion is a saving sanity. Somewhere in the heart of the nation is a saving courage. And these two harmonious qualities may well find expression in the simple words of Cardinal Newman: 'The best prudence is to have no fear.'

NON OMNIS MORIAR

BY CHARLES H. A. WAGER

INTO the fabric of my life
Thy life is twined;
Within my heart's most secret place
Thy heart enshrined;
The thought that strikes along my brain
Is from thy mind.

So shall it be when thou art gone
Into the dark.
Amid the embers of my life
Thy spirit's spark
Shall glow, and I shall hear thy thought,
Listen, and mark.

PROTECTIVE COLORING IN THE EDUCATIONAL WORLD

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

I

NATURALISTS have long noted the way in which various animals merge themselves into the landscape of which they form a part. It takes sharp eyes to distinguish the living thing from its environment. There are butterflies that look like the leaves on which they alight, caterpillars that resemble the bark of the tree they infest. The polar bear is a part of the snow-fields. Even the stripes of the zebra, which make him conspicuous in the circus, are said to be inconspicuous when seen against the arid landscape of South Africa.

All these concealments are useful in the struggle for existence. They form part of the grand strategy of nature. The creature unable to stand in the open against its enemies seeks to escape their prying eyes. It tries to look like something else.

These natural hypocrisies throw light on human conduct. When we call a man a hypocrite we usually assume that he is trying to imitate a higher order of being than that to which he has attained. In this we perhaps do too much credit to his spiritual ambition.

The hypocrisies in nature are not of this kind. The creature does not imitate its betters but its inferiors. The vegetable imitates the mineral; the animal imitates the vegetable. It does not parade its peculiar talents, but modestly slips back in the scale of being. It likes to hide in the already existing.

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The naturalists distinguish between protective coloring of animals — that which they call cryptic coloring — and mimicry. The cryptic coloring aims purely at concealment. In mimicry the hunted creature finds safety in its resemblance to some other creature which is either feared or disliked or despised. Thus a worm that is really good to eat escapes the predatory bird by looking like a worm that is not good to eat. It willingly sacrifices its reputation for gastronomic excellence in order to prolong its existence.

Harmless, good-natured reptiles wriggle along in peace because they superficially resemble venomous snakes with whom interiorly they have nothing in common. Any one who has made the acquaintance of a garden toad knows that he is not nearly so ugly as he looks. After thousands of years of precarious living, these wise amphibians have learned to divest themselves of the fatal gift of beauty. Doubtless the less unprepossessing attracted the attention of envious rivals and were slain, while those whom none could envy survived.

One who takes a sympathetic view of the evolutionary process will make allowance for the many worthy creatures who conceal their virtues for prudential reasons. They are like a richly freighted ship trying to avoid capture. It receives a coat of paint to match the fog, puts out its lights, and makes a run to avoid the enemies' cruisers.

An appreciation of the ways of the hunted would save the ambitious educator from many disappointments. He is engaged in the imparting of knowledge, the holding up of ideals, the development of the higher faculties. Being human, he longs to see the results of his labors. What becomes of the embryo scholars and philosophers and social reformers when they begin to shift for themselves?

Ah, there comes the bitter disappointment. These objects of tremulous care, the moment they are released from tutelage, seem to lose their painfully acquired superiority. Instead of proudly carrying their educational advantages as an oriflamme of progress, they carefully conceal them, and take the color of their present world.

The enthusiastic kindergartner one day visits the primary school to see how her little graduates are following the ideals she has imparted with such loving care. Little George Augustus was the paragon of the kindergarten. With wide-open eyes and eager ears he received the sweet parables of Nature, and with nimble fingers practiced what he had been taught. None in the kindergarten so docile as he. To him education would be no task. With his heart so early attuned to its harmonies he would joyfully play upon it as on an instrument of ten strings.

But alas! in the public school little George Augustus does not stand out as one of the elect infants. The multiplication table has for him no spiritual meaning, and against its literal meaning he hardens his heart. His realistic mind does not in the least mistake work for play. He perceives instantly and resentfully where one begins and the other leaves off. His attitude is that of his fellow conspirators. He will learn his lesson if he has to, but he will not encourage teacher by performing any work of supererogation.

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Has the kindergarten failed? Not ultimately. The effects will doubtless reappear; but they are now in hiding. George Augustus is wise in his generation. Through several weeks of hard experience in his new environment he has learned to appear as one of the un-kindergartened. His newly acquired manners are the protective coloring which enables him to go about unmolested.

A distinguished physiologist has shown by a number of experiments that terror and hate produce the same physiological reactions. In the one case the instinct is to get away from the foe; in the other it is to get at him. In either case there is a demand made on the adrenal glands, which, as a war measure, pour adrenaline into the blood. In the case of little George Augustus, the sudden increase of adrenaline which makes him appear so truculent is produced, not by hate of sound learning, but by a well-founded fear. He is panic-stricken over the possibility of being called 'Teacher's Pet.'

I have in mind a boy who was early taught to love to go to Sunday School and hear the Sabbath bell. At the age of ten he suddenly informed his parents, with the air of a hardened offender, that he intended to cut Sunday School regularly once a month. On inquiry it appeared that the superintendent had arranged an honor list on which were to be inscribed the names of those whose attendance for a month had been faultless.

'Dickey says he got caught that way once.' There was something not to be endured in the thought of standing before his companions as a horrible example of the degrading virtue of punctuality.

The youth who passes from an excellent preparatory school into the university has the same experience. He has an uneasy feeling that he has been

over-educated. The whole of the freshman year is sometimes spent in the successful attempt to conceal the too careful training he has received. Only when he is convinced by the college office that his attainments do not make him conspicuous, does he feel that he may safely continue his education.

The educator who would keep a cheerful courage up must be something of a detective. He must be able to penetrate the disguises which his pupils put on to conceal from him the result of his labors among them. He must remember that these youthful pilgrims are traveling through an unfriendly world. To some of them, the intellectual life is an uncanny thing of which they have heard in the classroom, but of which they are suspicious. It appears to them as the field of psychical research does to the partially convinced. When the conditions are right the phenomena appear. But when they go on the street and talk with the uninitiated, they mention these matters with a tone of indifference. They do not like to appear too credulous.

Moreover, these young people are conscious that their stay in the seats of learning is but temporary. They are aware that the subjects in which the university seeks to interest them are not mentioned in the good society which they aspire to enter. Were they to acquire any unusual ideas, they fear that on their return to their native Philistia they might be interned as alien enemies.

Education depends not only on the consent of those who are being educated but on the consent of those who are paying the bills. The proud father is willing to pay roundly for an education which will make his son like himself. It is hard to make him appreciate an education which aims to produce a salutary unlikeness.

The only institutions which can

openly avow their real ambitions for betterment are those which are endowed and supported for the benefit of confessedly backward races. Carlisle Institute for the Indians does not profess to make its students like their fathers. It boldly admits to the paternal relatives that it sees room for improvement. The student is not to go back to take up the accustomed life in the wigwam. He is to tear down the wigwam and make a civilized home.

But this would not be so easy if the school had to depend for its support on the Indian tribes from which the pupils come. Some self-made savage of the old school would declare that he would have no flummery fit only for mollycoddles. In the interest of efficiency he would endow a chair of practical scalping.

The Indian School is like a system of waterworks fed from a remote and elevated reservoir. All one has to do is to turn the water on and let it flow through the pipes. But the institution of higher education for the more favored classes has no such advantage. It is like the hydraulic ram placed in the bed of the running stream. Most of the water that runs through it escapes downhill, but in doing so sends a very slender stream far above its natural level.

It is the function of the institution of higher learning to educate the public that supports it up to the point of appreciating its real purpose. But while it is being educated up to this point, will the public support it? That is a matter that causes anxious thought.

Athens supported a numerous body of sophists who taught what the Athenians wanted to know. Socrates had a different educational ideal. He endeavored to teach the Athenians that they did n't know a good many things they thought they knew. This method was not so readily appreciated.

II

Have you ever heard a successful business man who is also a real philanthropist address his fellow business man in regard to his pet projects? Does he confess himself as of the tribe of Abou Ben Adhem? Not at all. He gloats over the fact that, whatever else he may be, he is not a philanthropist. He has but one thought in his hard head, and that is, Business is Business. He refers admiringly to brass tacks, and declares that whatsoever is not brass tacks is vanity. He is a confirmed money-getter, and despises anything that does not pay.

After having thus allayed suspicion, he unfolds his plans. He has shrewdly outwitted his employees and doubled their salaries, by which means he expects to treble their efficiency. He intends to invest this unearned increment in various schemes for public health and recreation. By investments of this kind he will make the community so prosperous and optimistic that they just can't help buying his goods. Yes, sir, it pays in dollars and cents to enlarge one's business in this way.

All this is protective coloring. In his heart the public-spirited hypocrite knows that he would do these things whether they paid or not.

The phenomena of protective coloring are seen not only in the way in which the educational world takes on the color of the business or social world that surrounds it; they are seen in the way in which any new interest hides behind some interest or discipline that has already been established. The new idea seldom appears in its true colors. It adopts some prudential disguise. Its motto seems to be Safety First.

One thing which prevents the full realization of the ideal of liberal culture is the difficulty of keeping one branch of study from interfering with

another. Nowhere is it more true that one good custom will corrupt the world. With all the bewildering variety of courses the student is often taught only one way of using his mind. Usually there is one method or discipline that exercises an autocratic power. Everything must take color from that.

There was a time when Theology was the recognized Queen of the Sciences. Education was in the hands of the clergy. Woe unto the teacher of youth who did not theologize — or seem to do so.

The physical sciences had to walk warily and conceal their identity from the prying eyes of the ecclesiastical police. In the gardens of learning, brute facts were not admitted unless held in leash by some sound doctrine. Science pure and simple did not come out in the open and display its miscellaneous assortment of undogmatic actualities. A man could hardly be a professor of such things. But by professing to be something else, he might dispense useful knowledge of selected physical facts.

Paley's *Natural Theology* contained a considerable amount of information about anatomy and physiology. Its initial reference to the watch might furnish a text for one interested in mechanics. Priestley, as a preacher and theologian, — though heterodox, — made valuable discoveries in chemistry. It was to his credit that he discovered oxygen, an element not easily discoverable in meeting-houses.

But the contributions to science were incidental. The approach was furtive. By indirections they found direction out. We are reminded of the text in the Book of Judges: 'In the days of Shamgar the son of Anoth, the highways were deserted and the people walked in byways.' The timid folk who walked in these scientific byways made no display of intellectual wealth. All that they hoped for was to escape notice.

They were fortunate if they could make their favorite studies look like something else. In the days of Hugh Miller, geology disguised itself as a useful commentary on the first chapters of Genesis. It was a branch of hermeneutics, the science of the interpretation of texts. If the testimony of the rocks confirmed the texts — so much the better for the rocks.

Tennyson preserves the memory of the situation: —

Half awake I heard
The parson taking wide and wider sweeps,
Now harping on the Church Commission,
Now hawking at Geology and Schism.

The scientific man had not only to suffer many things from dogmatic theologians, but he was also in bondage to literary taskmasters.

When the educational world was ruled by those whose interests were primarily literary and classical, he had a hard time of it. For literary values and scientific values do not coincide. Literature is concerned with certain proprieties and congruities and dramatic unities. A story need not be literally true, but it must be well told. An idea, to be received in good society, must be clothed and in its right mind.

In the Dame School of Literature, facts are not received simply as facts. They must mind their manners. They must wipe their feet on the mat, and learn how to come into the room. If they do not come in properly, the Dame sends them out to try it again.

There was something pathetic in the way in which the scientifically minded tried to conform to these requirements of polite learning. In the darkest recesses of old bookstores you will find shelves full of semi-scientific, semi-sentimental volumes published in the early nineteenth century. They are intended to insinuate knowledge of the physical world under all sorts of literary disguises. The theory is that the reader

will not mind fact if it is presented as if it were not a fact.

Here is a novel of *Alonzo and Melissa* by a long-forgotten Connecticut writer, who in the preface ventures a timid hope that the story may serve to increase our knowledge of nature while at the same time pointing a useful moral to the young.

Alonzo and Melissa are making love as they sit on the shores of Long Island Sound. As Alonzo is proposing to Melissa, they are aware that they should pay attention to natural phenomena. So they endeavor to cultivate observation and improve their minds in this fashion.

Melissa. See that ship. How she plows through the white foam, while the breeze flutters the sails, varying the beams of the sun.

Alonzo. Yes, it is almost down.

Melissa. What is almost down?

Alonzo. The sun. Was not you speaking of the sun, madam?

Melissa. Your mind is absent, Alonzo. I was speaking of yonder ship.

Alonzo. I beg pardon, madam. Oh, yes, the ship. See how it bounds with rapid motion over the waves.

In some such absent-minded fashion did the Melissas and Alonzos study what was called natural philosophy. It allowed plenty of time in which to think of something else.

It is interesting to remember that Charles Darwin was the grandson of Dr. Erasmus Darwin, who was also a man of scientific attainments. But when, in 1789, Dr. Darwin sought to express his ideas on botany, he did it in such a way as not to alarm the Melissas and Alonzos. He sought to introduce botany into the most select circles of the world of polite learning in an elaborate poem called 'The Loves of the Plants.' He sought to insinuate the Linnæan system through the romantic adventures of gnomes and sylphs and nereids and

other well-known classical characters. More detailed botanical information was given in the notes.

Miss Anna Seward, known as the Swan of Litchfield, and a very great literary lady of her day, says of Dr. Darwin's poem, —

'The genuine charm of his muse must endure as long as the English language shall exist. Should that perish, translation would preserve the Botanic Garden as one of its gems. . . . Can anything be finer than the description of the signs of the zodiac? Or that passage describing the calcining of the phlogistic ores which is termed the marriage of Ether with the mine. The passage is most poetic though purely chemical.'

Miss Seward followed with unabated admiration the wooing of the various flowers, under which pleasant disguise the most abstruse botanical information was conveyed. 'The pictures of the various flowers arise in the page in botanic discrimination and all the hues of poetry.' In the description of the love-making of the flax, Miss Seward says, 'We are presented with the exactest description, not only of the growth of flax, but the weaving of linen. Sir Richard Arkwright's apparatus at Matlock is described.' Other machinery is described.

'We have in sweet versification the whole process of this admirable invention. It is an encouragement to science that this bard throws over them all the splendid robe of descriptive poetry.' In treating the transformation of the vine into a bacchanalian female, Dr. Darwin introduces the subject of temperance. Says Miss Seward, 'The many disorders of the liver caused by ebriety are nobly allegorized.'

Not only the more romantic flowers, but vegetable growths of lowlier order are allegorized nobly. Miss Seward is enraptured by a delightful pas-

sage concerning truffles. 'The Truffle, a well-known fungus, now meets our attention as a fine lady. She is married to a gnome in a grand subterranean palace, soothed by the music of æolian strings, which make love to the tender echoes in the circumjacent caves, while cupids hover around and shake celestial day from their bright lamps.'

In such disguises did the grandfather of Charles Darwin introduce natural science to the polite world of his generation.

III

All this belongs to the past. The physical sciences have won their place in the sun. Having won their independence, they now aspire to imperial rule. The scientific method is everywhere being rigidly enforced.

Our sympathies with the under-dog lead us to inquire into the state of the older forms of culture which are now passing under a foreign yoke.

Literature, philosophy, ethics, and the fine arts existed in prescientific days, and flourished mightily. Each had a discipline and method of its own. Each gathered about itself a band of votaries who loved it for its own sake, and were satisfied with its own rewards.

Time was when the philosopher walked in a grove with a group of eager youths who shared his curiosity about the universe. He liked to talk with them about the whence and the whither and the why of everything. They were frankly speculative. They asked questions which they were well aware admitted of no definite and final answer. They disputed with one another for the sheer joy of intellectual conflict. The disputations sharpened their wits, but they 'got no results.' In fact they were not seeking any results that an efficiency expert could recognize. The free use of their minds was joy enough.

Now it is evident that a modern uni-

versity is too serious a place for much of this sort of thing. Life is too short, and business is business, and time is money. Youth must be up and doing, and not lose its opportunities by meditating overmuch on the ultimate reason of things.

Still, it seems to me that in the most efficient university there ought to be room for at least one philosopher, and he should not be compelled to teach philosophy by the 'scientific method.' He should be allowed to practice the philosophic method, which is really an excellent one for its own purpose.

As it is, he, poor man, is in the condition of the Israelites by the rivers of Babylon, when 'they that carried us away captive required of us a song. How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?'

There is something a little pathetic in seeing a real philosopher trying to teach a company of busy undergraduates, who have never learned to meditate. 'May we not say of the philosopher,' asks Plato, 'that he is a lover, not of a part of wisdom, but of the whole?'

The philosopher, finding himself in an intellectual community where the interests are highly specialized, becomes a little uneasy and self-conscious. In order to be in the fashion he must appear to be a specialist also. And so he frequently disguises his real aim by a critical apparatus which imposes on the undiscerning. It is all the more refreshing when we come across a philosopher who is interested in the incomprehensible universe, and who does not care who knows it.

The case of history is complicated by the fact that the historian is greatly indebted to the scientific method, in the arrangement of his materials and in the testing of his sources. There is a sense in which history may be said to be a science. But there is another sense in which it is not and cannot be a science.

Mr. Trevelyan has pointed out the distinctive difference. The man of science is interested in that which can be reduced to a law. He is not interested in an isolated fact, but in facts that are repeated.

Narrative history, on the other hand, deals with facts which are not repeated, at least not in the same order and with the same results. The born historian is interested in things that happened once but will never happen again. He begins his tale with 'Once upon a time.' At another time something else will happen, to another set of people; but that is another story.

Yet when he is about to tell his tale of what happened once, a sudden fear falls upon him lest he be not sufficiently scientific. He must not tell what came to pass, and how the people felt to whom strange things happened. He must expound the general law. So all things that are personal, local, exceptional, dramatic are hustled out of the way. The historic facts are put in uniform and all their individuality is drilled out of them. One age is made to look very much like another. Human history is treated as a part of natural history. We have a number of huge experiments which come out just as every one who understands natural law knows they would come out. Now all this may have an educational value of its own, but it is not the peculiar value of history.

The plight of the teacher of literature is somewhat different. He is not so much afraid of his colleagues in the faculty, as of the undue popularity of his courses among the less industrious undergraduates.

There is a secret which is the source of personal joy but at the same time full of danger to the uninitiated. It must be carefully guarded. The reading of good books, especially if they are written in one's native language, is not

hard work. It is in reality a pleasant pastime. The masterpieces of literature are not difficult reading to any one who approaches them in the right spirit. They are often thrilling, they are sometimes amusing, and they are usually written in such a style that their meaning is easily grasped. First-rate books are written in a more understandable style than third-rate books. All this the teacher of literature well knows, and his secret desire is to lead appreciative youth in the paths of pleasantness which he has discovered.

But alas, if the secret were known his classrooms would be invaded by a host of young Philistines in search of easy courses. 'Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon!'

The pleasant paths must needs be obstructed by barbed-wire entanglements borrowed from the scientific machine shops. Instead of an invitation to read together the few books that are a joy forever, the 'required reading' leads over many a long and rocky road, chosen because it furnishes a good endurance test. It is hoped that the idle fellows will fall by the wayside, and the grapes of Canaan be reserved for those who have crossed the forbidding desert.

Sometimes the teacher of literature wonders whether it is worth while to keep up the stern pretense. Why not

let the cat out of the bag? Reading is a recreation, rather than an enforced discipline. Why should not leisure be left for such recreation even in the strenuous days of youth? The habit will be a great solace in later life.

We are beginning to see that the ideal of a liberal education is too large to be put into four years of a college course. It is the growth of a lifetime spent in contact with the actual world. But it is not too much to ask that in a university the student should be brought in contact with different types of the intellectual life, and that each type should be kept distinct. He should learn that the human mind is a marvelous instrument and that it may be used in more than one way.

Variety in courses of study is less important than variety and individuality of mental action. How does a man of science use his mind? How does an artist feel? What makes a man a jurist, a man of business, a politician, a teacher? How does ethical passion manifest itself? What is the historical sense?

These are not questions to be answered on examination papers. But it is a reasonable hope that a young man in the formative period of his life may learn the answers through personal contacts.

THE REINCARNATION OF MAUNG HKIN

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

I

WHO would have thought there was a woman in the case?

'Who is he, Babu?'

The old man was squatting on the ground behind his tile, looking up at us with a glint of fire in his eyes. He was not like the rest of our tame Bengali jail-birds. Not only was his face different, — wide cheekbones, olive skin, eyes a bit oblique, — but there was a vigorous, breezy air about him: big mountains and forests and precipices in the background. Not one of our flat-footed Delta folk.

'This fellow, sir?' responded the fat-bellied jail superintendent, Babu Hari Kishto Mozumdar, in his fluttering white garments. 'Yes, sir! He is a Burmese! — a prisoner from Burma, sir!' and the Babu gave a wave of his plump brown hand, indicating far-off barbarian strands: 'he is a *daghee*!'

'What is a *daghee*, Babu?'

The Babu colored with pride and pleasure under his brown skin. He loves to instruct the white person.

'A convict, sir! A life-convict! — It comes, I believe, sir, from the Perzyan' — that is how Hari Kishto Babu pronounces *Persian* — 'the Perzyan, *dagh*, a wound. Our predecessors used to brand them, sir!'

'Our predecessors'! — The Babu meant the Moguls.

The old Burman's eyes leaped from my face to the Babu's. He was getting a bit restive, though he sat very still, rather like a frog on a water-lily pad.

'What is his name, Babu?'

'We call him Manmathan, sir!' —

Again the patronizing wave of the hand. Instantly the old fellow was on his feet, with a vigor that made the Babu jump back and turn gray.

'Sahib! My name is Maung Hkin!'

The old chap spoke surprisingly good Bengali.

'The foreign name is difficult for us,' the Babu palliated. 'Therefore we have adapted it, speaking of him as Manmathan.'

'Maung Hkin! My name is Maung Hkin!'

The old man was getting angry.

'Maun Kin!' the Babu attempted, cowed.

'Maung Hkin!'

I tried to follow the sounds exactly. The old man was mollified and smiled.

'They would take even my name, these Bengali —'

I hastened to interrupt. 'A good name! A very good name! What is its significance, Maung Hkin?' And I laid my hand on the old man's shoulder.

He seemed rather to like it and smiled again.

'I was born,' he said, 'at Magwe, on the Great River, on the day of the moon! Therefore I am called Maung Hkin — "he who awakens love"!'

I looked at the old man, — sallow, white-haired, wrinkled, withered, a mat of grizzled hair on his breast. 'He who awakens love'! Then an etymology flashed into my mind.

'Babu! What is the meaning of Manmathan?'

'It is an epithet, sir, of the God of Love!' and the Babu rolled his eyes; 'of Kandarpa, "whose bow is of flowers, with honey-bees composing the string." The name signifies "the one who pounds the heart."' He laid his plump paw just above his stomach, as if he too had suffered wounds.

'There!' I said to the old man. He was by this time considerably pacified. Perhaps the Babu's poetry did it. 'Manmathan is exactly the same as Maung Hkin! One is Sanskrit; the other is Burmese!'

'Sanskrit, Sahib? Not Bengali?' he asked a bit querulously.

'Pure Sanskrit! Kalidasa, is n't it, Babu?'

The Babu beamed and showed his white teeth. Every one likes his quotations recognized.

'Well,' the old fellow accepted it; 'if Manmathan is the God of Love—'

And with that he sat down on his heels again behind the square tile.

'A fiery old person!' Hari Kishto Babu commented; 'a highly irascible old person!'

We left the old Burman and went on down the line. We had a hundred of them, in four rows, squatting in the shadow of two immense peepul trees, a flat tile nine inches square topping a little mound of earth in front of each of them. That is our jail provision for dinner-tables. On each tile, two large flat leaves were laid, by way of dishes.

Presently the two cooks emerged from the cook-house, and came toward us, blinking, through the glare of sunshine. To each man the cooks, who also were prisoners, doled out, from big earthen pans, first a little hill of well-cooked rice, then a heap of curried vegetables and fish.

'Who are your cooks, Babu?'

'They are Khotriys, sir,—men of the Warrior-caste—in jail for felonious assault, sir! Before them, we had

Brahman cooks—much higher caste—but they were released last month.'

Yes! In this heathen land dinner is a rite, even in jail, which only a high-caste man is fitted to administer. I rather fancy the notion.

Behind us, a stir and raised voices. Two or three of the men rose to their feet. Others simply revolved their gleaming dark eyes toward the noise.

I turned quickly on my heel. Our rugged old friend Maung Hkin was the centre of it, drawn to his full gaunt height, wildly brandishing his fist in the face of one of the cooks, who, for a man of the Warrior-caste, looked rather abashed. The Superintendent Babu and I hurried over to them and, I am convinced, just saved the Warrior-cook from getting his head punched.

To the Babu's evident displeasure, I laid my hand on the old man's shoulder. He started and wheeled quick round on his bare heels. His fiery eye met mine; when I smiled, he suddenly quieted down and looked deeply ashamed, blushing a kind of olive brown.

'What is the matter, Maung Hkin?' I asked.

'This Bengali—' he began, flaring up again.

I cut him off. 'Yes, I know! What has the Bengali done?'

'He has stolen my mutton!'

The old man's face was dark with indignation. Hard put to it not to burst out laughing, I turned to the Babu.

'This man is a Buddhist, your honor,' he explained, with a slight Brahmanical sneer, 'and he eats sheep. It is prepared for him each day.—Where is his sheep?' He turned haughtily upon the brow-beaten cook.

'His sheep is in the kitchen. I cannot serve it! It is against my caste!' the Warrior-cook explained.

'Who usually serves it?' I asked.

'We had a Mohammedan boy, Khoda Baksh!' the Babu explained.

'But he is in hospital. He is sick, your honor.'

'Come, Maung Hkin! Come, Babu!' I found a solution. 'We shall get it from the kitchen ourselves!'

We crossed the glaring sunlight, plunged into the redolent darkness of the brick cook-house, and found the mutton stewing in a little earthen pot over charcoal. Maung Hkin stooped to lift it, burned his fingers on the rim of the pot, and laughed happily — until he saw the Babu laughing. Then he laid the little pot down and rushed at the Babu, who precipitately fled.

I grabbed the Burman by the arm; his withered body swung against me. He was trembling with wrath.

'Bengali pig! Bengali pig!' he panted, his eyes on fire.

I held him tight, remonstrating. 'Maung Hkin! Maung Hkin! You would hit a *Bengali*?'

It was as if I had accused him of maltreating a child.

He was quieting down, when Hari Kishto Babu came striding back with two up-country warders armed with batons. At the door, he stepped behind them, pushing them in first. Had I not been there, unpleasantness would have supervened. There was one quick way out of it.

'Babu!' I said, magisterially, 'I have ordered Maung Hkin to solitary confinement, for insubordination! Get the keys of the cells! Maung Hkin, bring your mutton and come!'

The old Burmese followed trustingly, while the Babu hustled off for the keys, his white garb fluttering, in heart exultant over his enemy, — of whom, to tell the truth, he was horribly afraid.

I took the bunch of big, well-oiled keys, opened the cell-door myself, to soften it to the old man, signed to him to go in — and then had an idea.

'Babu,' I said, 'I shall see to this man! Go to the office and get the ac-

counts ready for me! I shall go over them minutely!'

The Babu went off haltingly, with an uneasy mind. He is quite honest, is Hari Kishto Babu, but he has a haunting fear of what might happen if some day the accounts should not come out.

There was a low bench at the back of the cell, which was a quiet, cool little chamber, like a garden-house, well fitted for meditation. I bade Maung Hkin sit down on the bench, followed him into the cell, and pulled the door to, leaving a space of six inches. I watched him eat his mutton, daintily, with his lean finger-tips, which he then carefully polished on his one garment — rather like blue bathing-trunks, with white stripes. Then I sat down beside him on the bench, and pulled out a cigarette case. Maung Hkin's eyes sparkled as he watched me, but he said nothing. In cells, smoking is strictly forbidden. I lit a cigarette, drew in the scented smoke, and puffed it out in a blue cloud in his direction. He sniffed it up gleefully with his big round nostrils, murmuring, 'Ah!'

I met his eyes, — fine, honest old eyes they were, — smiled, laid a hand on his bony knee, and handed him the cigarette, saying, 'It is permitted!'

He smoked it long and lovingly, inhaling and holding the smoke in his lungs, then letting it filter out through his nostrils.

Finally I said, 'Maung Hkin, tell me the story of your coming here!'

At first he hesitated, looking down, his cheeks dull brown. I laid my hand on his.

'That is why,' I said, 'I have brought you here — away from the Bengalis!'

'Yes, Sahib! A light people, like the fluff of the silk-cotton tree! — or like the Bunder monkeys in the jungle.'

'Or like the peacock that cries before the rain?' I suggested.

The old man chuckled, delighted, as

he puffed at my cigarette. Then he fell into a reverie, seeing things far off and long ago. I was careful to keep silent. At last he began to speak, and his voice came over the spaces of the years.

II

‘It was on account of her, my beloved, that I was brought here! — Ma San Nyun, her name was; born like me on the day of the moon; therefore the moon-god drew our hearts together! She was very fair and small and merry, very lovely to the eyes. And I think that, in the beginning, her heart was mine. For I was a fine young fellow in those days, Sahib, worth any girl’s eye, and I had boats upon the great river, in the grain-trade, and all things prospered with me! And I loved her and had it in my heart, when the young moon that drew us should come again, to persuade her, and carry her off with me to the forest. But one of your own people, Sahib, a masterful man and cunning, came between us. He was hunting elephants in our mountains, and he stayed three days at Ma San Nyun’s village. When he departed, she was gone also; and never since then have I set eyes on her or heard of her.

‘My heart was full of thorns and fire. I left my boats there on the river, with the grain in them, to rot, and took to the jungle. We were fifty men, well armed, with good flint guns, and we made the villages along the Great River and through the hills pay tribute to us, or, if they would not, we fought them for it! And, Sahib, in the rush of the fight, when bullets were singing about our ears and men were shouting to each other through the smoke of burning huts, I forgot the face and name of Ma San Nyun, and my heart had peace. But in the evening, as we lay about the camp-fires in our hill fortress, reckoning up our spoils, her

face would come back to me, small and merry and lovely, her eyes like stars, and then the fire broke out again in my heart, and gnawed me like a leopard. Then I wandered out into the night, moaning to myself, and all the time her face was before me, beckoning to me.

‘Just before the red of the dawn she led me to her village; and it came to me, as I lay there looking through the undergrowth, that, if I burned the village, her face would leave me, and I would have rest in my heart. It was the dry season then, at the end of the month of flowers. So I made fire — I had my gun with me — and ran from house to house in the gray of the dawn, setting the red torch to the thatch and the palm-leaf matting of the walls; and as the smoke surged up into the sky, the dogs began to bark, and the whole village broke forth in an uproar, with shrieking and cries, and it brought great quietude to my heart. I could have fled then to the river, and escaped, going back to our band, but the fire held me, for it was burning the pain out of my heart! So I crouched there behind a tree, watching the red tongues licking along the eaves of the thatch, when the dogs found me, and came howling about me. The watchmen ran to the sound. One I shot, and wounded another, hitting him with the butt of my gun — I was a good man, in those days, Sahib! — and would have done for more of them, but a stray bullet caught me, and I fell. But my heart was cooled and solaced by the flames. As the houses burned down to ashes and blackness, so did my pain burn out; and as the village was gone, leaving bare jungle, so her face was burned from my heart, leaving peace. Then I knew I had done well.

‘These Bengalis would not know how killing solaces a man; but, Sahib,

you understand! And then they carried me away in chains, and I was sent hither, but there was laughter in my heart! And here they love me, as one who has fought well, for many times I have told the tale. But of her, of Ma San Nyun, I have not spoken, — never until to-day! Now the Sahib must go, for it is not seemly for the Sahib to remain here with an old *daghee* like Maung Hkin. Do not fear, Sahib! I will do no violence to the Babu! I will sleep and dream.'

'Very well, Maung Hkin,' I replied, as I rose and patted him on the shoulder. 'When the sun sets, I return and open the door. In the meantime, farewell! It was a good tale, such a tale as warms the heart!'

As I left him, the old man was happily chewing what was left of the cigarette.

At sunset I came back and unlocked his cell, having in the meantime harassed the blameless Babu concerning his accounts, which, though irregular in shape, with some vouchers missing, were in substance accurate. Wherefore the Babu was properly subdued when he came with me for the old man, and hung a little behind me, lest the 'irascible old person' might flare up again. But Maung Hkin had had a good nap, and went off quite quietly for his supper.

It must have been about nine that same evening when, after a comfortable dinner, I was sipping my coffee and turning over the pages of a month-old *Graphic*, in the cool stillness of my veranda. The crickets in the trees along the square had ceased their vesper concert, and the mosquitoes, happily, seemed to have gone elsewhere.

Something moved out under the flame-flowered acacia across the grass, and then came toward me through the gloom, emerging into the circle of lamplight as an extraordinary pillar of

vivid green. It was old Maung Hkin, draped in a heavy piece of green baize, that looked as if it had come straight off a billiard table. I admit I was somewhat taken aback.

'But, Maung Hkin!' I expostulated, rising. 'You have no business to be here! You ought to be in jail!'

'It is well known, Sahib. But — I had need to talk with you,' he answered with innocent earnestness.

'That's all very well, Maung Hkin! But how did you get out? And where did you get this?' I twitched the end of his baize shawl. It is not of the kind we furnish to our — guests.

'The Babu was going home, Sahib,' he answered gravely. 'He stood at the gate!' Then a glint of humor lit his honest old eyes. 'He would have delayed me. Therefore I — butted him in the stomach, and — borrowed this! After we have talked, Sahib, I shall return, taking this back to the Babu!'

'Maung Hkin, this is highly irregular. I am afraid I shall have to put you back in cells to-morrow!'

'It is well, Sahib!' The old gentleman grinned. 'I have other stories, of the old days! There was the raid on Bwe, and the fight for the river boats, and the meeting with the elephant herd; many stories, Sahib! But that is for to-morrow, in cells! I have other matter to-night; it cannot be said to a Bengali!'

'All right, Maung Hkin! Go ahead! I am listening!' And I made the old man sit down beside me, where I could watch the play of his fine wrinkled old face in the lamplight.

Maung Hkin's face, sallow, wrinkled, rough-hewn, grew pensive, almost melancholy. No; that does not express it: an unworldly light glowed in the fine old eyes, and he seemed infinitely remote from the earth.

'Sahib!' his deep voice began, after a long pause which I was careful not

to break, 'Sahib, the time has come for me to die! It was revealed to me this afternoon, while I slept!'

I was a bit startled. There was nothing weak or sepulchral in his tones as he brought it out in well-rounded Bengali: —

'Amar morite hoibe! Shomoy achhe!'

He spoke it well, but with an outland tang.

'Nonsense, Maung Hkin!' I finally broke out; 'why on earth should you die?'

'Because my time has come, Sahib. None lives beyond his appointed hour! Karma! — The Sahib knows the law.'

I saw that it was no use protesting. The old man had made up his mind, — and might die of that alone. However he had come to his conviction, he was palpably convinced.

'Your time has come, then, Maung Hkin?'

'Even so, Sahib! The time has come! Therefore my petition is this: — let me not die here among strangers, among these Bengali —'

'Never mind the Bengalis, Maung Hkin! Your petition is —?'

'That I may return to my own land, Sahib. My heart is hungry for the hills. Let me see again the big forests, and the Great River, slipping through the heart of the forests! Let me go back to the village of Ma San Nyun, that I may see it once more, and die in peace!'

The tears gleamed in the old man's eyes, as the bright lamp-light fell on his face. He was too proud, or too unconscious, to wipe them away; but when he laid his hand on mine, it was trembling.

Well, a Deputy Magistrate of the Second Class cannot say to a life-convict, 'Go home to your own village, and die in peace!' however much he might like to say it. I tried to explain that to Maung Hkin, with the reasons

of it; but he persisted in his prayer and his belief. He was so firmly convinced that I finally gave him a half-promise to see what could be done. He was so happy over this that in his gratitude he told me a vigorous tale of his old band, and how, on a raid, they had spitted a fat headman with boarspears; then, after we had sat a while in the darkness, lit only by the circle of the lamp, I bade him good-night and escorted him back under the stars to the gate of the prison. We made up a story to mollify the Babu, who was really very offended about being butted in the stomach, and we gave him back his green baize shawl, of which he is prouder than if it were the finest Cashmere. Only, I think he wishes it was scarlet. Both are fashionable now.

On the next day, with some natural hesitation, I took Maung Hkin's matter up with the Collector Sahib. At first the Collector Sahib was astonished. Then he began to laugh. Finally he said, —

'Oh, I remember the old chap! Nice old person! So he thinks he is going to die? Looked hale and hearty when I saw him!'

I pressed my plea. The old man was perfectly harmless. He had done twenty or thirty years. Perhaps there was really something in premonitions. And this Delta country *was* appallingly flat for a hillman!

Well, the upshot was that the Collector Sahib allowed himself to be talked over, and we made up a most persuasive memorandum to the Lieutenant-Governor, in fact urging him to let a murderous old person loose on society.

In a week or two we received an answer. 'In consideration' and so forth and so forth, Maung Hkin might go free. It being understood, though not baldly expressed, that he must go home to his village and die.

That was just what he wished to do. There was a moving scene of leave-taking in the jail-yard, for he was called 'the father of the prisoners,' and he had spoken the truth when he said they all loved him — in part, I think, because he kept Hari Kishto Babu in bodily fear. But the Babu parted from him without regret.

I drove him over to the junction and bought him an intermediate ticket to Calcutta, — which was extravagant, — also giving him directions to take the steamer thence to Rangoon, and up the Great River among the hills. Poor old chap, I thought, as I drove back through the dust and the sunshine from the junction, there was no 'Burma girl a-waiting' in his case!

The old man haunted my thoughts a while. Then, with the stress of small criminal cases and excise matters, and with the hot weather coming on, I am afraid he dropped into the background and got forgotten.

III

On yet another evening, I sat reading in the cool of the gloaming on my veranda, in the fortunate absence of mosquitoes, — though big moths insisted on battering themselves like wan ghosts against my lamp. A dark apparition flitted across the grass and — my old friend Maung Hkin stood before me, his hands folded, his eyes fixed pathetically on mine. A faint aroma of bazaar tobacco suggested that this was not his ghost.

I looked at him in wonder.

'Why, Maung Hkin! I thought —' I began.

'It is true, Sahib!' the old man said, very apologetically, and with a quaver in his deep, strong voice. 'I tried! I tried hard, for a month, for two! Lying, every evening, on clean straw. But—I am healthier than

ever! Therefore, Sahib, I have returned! I must go back to jail, to Hari Kishto Babu!'

There was the sting! His voice showed that.

'Oh, but, my good old friend, that is impossible! You know we got you pardoned! You have no more business in jail now than I have! Less, indeed, for just at present I am Acting Governor!'

The old man stared. I went over it again and again. It was in his heart that he had been let out to die. He had not succeeded in dying. Obviously, he must go back again! Finally I got him to grasp the idea. He was distressed.

'But, Sahib,' he asked tremulously, 'where shall I go? I cannot die in my village! I cannot go back to the jail. What is to become of me? I must go somewhere, Sahib! You would not have shame put on my head before the Bengalis?'

I interrupted, in the flash of a sudden inspiration.

'Maung Hkin, you are a follower of the Good Law?'

The old man bowed reverently.

'Even so, Sahib! And of the noble Eightfold Path!'

'Good! Then you know what Pun-arjanma is? — Reincarnation — He who dies, shall be born again?'

'Yes, Sahib! In a new body. . . .'

'Not always in a new body, Maung Hkin! — There was Vishvamitra, of the Warrior-caste, who was reborn a Brahman — in the same body! And the sons of Nabhagarishta, who, being of the Merchant-caste, were reborn as Brahmans, and the children of Dhrishta —'

The old man was impressed by my authorities.

'Is it so written in the Scriptures, Sahib?'

'It is so written, Maung Hkin!'

'What, then, is the Sahib's order?'

'This, Maung Hkin! It was revealed to you that your time was up; that you should go to your village and die?'

'Even so, Sahib! It seemed to me that it was so revealed.'

'And the Law of Karma is sure?'

'The Law is sure!'

'Very well, Maung Hkin! This is the order! You must die, and be reborn — in the same body, like Vishvamitra and the rest! And then you must remain with me as my servant!'

The old man blinked. Then he ruminated on it. It gradually began to tickle his fancy. And it suited my book exactly, as our own Punaswami wanted to go home to Madras. Then an idea came to me, suggested by the classic name of the departing butler.

'Your new name is ready for you, Maung Hkin! It is Punaragami — He who comes again. A very auspicious name!'

At first the old man was suspicious.

'Not a Bengali name, Sahib?'

'No! Pure Sanskrit. The tongue the Lord Buddha knew.'

With bowed head, the old man thought it out.

'It shall be even as the Sahib orders. The new name again, Sahib?'

'Punaragami — He who comes again.'

'It is well, Sahib! I, who was Maung Hkin, am now Punaragami, reborn in the same body!' He did not try to quote my precedents, but I could see he had them impressively in mind, feeling that he was one of a highly distinguished gathering.

Presently, he began to laugh softly to himself, evidently greatly relieved. He had not really wanted to go back to jail and Hari Kishto Babu, but, honest old chap that he was, he thought he was in duty bound, since he had not made a success of dying.

So I let him sit awhile, and smoke one of my cigarettes, and gossip of his journey, and then I had him snugly installed in the servants' quarters. The departing Punaswami had been to Mandalay and spoke a little Burmese, which delighted the old man, and they became fast friends. He did not reflect that that tongue now belonged to his past incarnation. I did not remind him.

A week later, the Waldrons were to pass through the station, on their way up to the Hills.

'Colonel Waldron married a native, you know!' gossiped dear old Gilbert Sahib; '*very* pretty woman! Took her home, and taught her English!'

We were knocking the billiard balls about at the Club.

'Any kiddies?' I asked.

'No kiddies! and ever so much better though it's hard on her! That sort of thing often works out all right for the parents. But it's likely to hit the kiddies hard!'

We gave the Waldrons a dinner at the Club. Everybody liked them both. Colonel Waldron, tanned and iron-gray, was fit as a youngster, and told us stories of old-time hunting in the Arakan Hills. Mrs. Waldron had the prettiest manners, and spoke the prettiest English — a little thing, merry, graceful, with just a touch of gray on the temples. Rather becoming, I thought. Not so dark as a Sicilian, and with a touch of Japan in her face, but perfect in all our Western ways.

Old Maung Hkin came with me to the Club dinner, with my knives and forks stuck in his belt, as the custom is, and stood behind my chair.

After the soup, when he should have been supplying me with deliciously flavored, but abominably bony, Gangetic *hilsa*, I noticed that the old man was absent from my elbow, and looked round the room for him. There he

was, in the corner, his eyes riveted on Colonel Waldron's face. His glance flitted to Mrs. Waldron, then back to the Colonel. With sudden misgiving I saw his face darken, and his fingers played restlessly on the ivory handle of the dinner-knife in his belt. Was the old homicidal fury coming on him again? Then the truth flashed into my mind. We were in the very midst of a tragedy!

I called him sharply. The first time, he hardly heard me. I called him again, imperatively. He winced, rubbed his hand across his eyes, and came slowly over to me, dragging one foot after the other.

'That is forgotten!' I said, speaking in his ear. 'It was in a former birth!'

The old man shivered, gave himself a spiritual wrench, and answered in a rather shaken voice, —

'Even so, Sahib! It is of a former birth! It is forgotten!'

Then he went quietly to the kitchen to get me some fish.

He served me sedately, with his wonderful docility, for the rest of the meal. But his eyes were perpetually wandering to Mrs. Waldron's face.

When dinner was over, the old man did a beautiful thing. We were gathered on the Club veranda. Mrs. Waldron was sitting in a low wicker chair, in a bower of young palm trees. I was talking to her about the Alps. Maung Hkin came over and gave me a light for my cigarette. Then, very quietly, he knelt before Mrs. Waldron, took her hand — she had beautiful hands — and brought it to his forehead. It was his forgiveness of Ma San Nyun. And the full grace of it lay in his silence.

ART AND THE WAR

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

MONSIEUR RODIN — probably the greatest living artist — has lately defined art as the pursuit of beauty, and beauty as 'the expression of what there is best in man.' 'Man,' he says, 'needs to express in a perfect form of art all his intuitive longings toward the Unknowable.' His words may serve as warning to those who imagine that the war will loosen one root of the tree of art — a tree which has been growing slowly since first soul came into men's eyes.

This world (as all will admit) is one of the innumerable expressions of an Unknowable Creative Purpose, which

colloquially we call God; that which not every one will admit is that this Creative Purpose works in its fashioning, not only of matter but of what we call spirit, through friction, through the rubbing together of the thoughts and the hearts of men. While the material condition of our planet, the heat or friction within it, remains favorable to human life, there will be, there must needs be, a continual crescendo in the stature of humanity, through the ever-increasing friction of human spirits one with the other; friction supplied by life itself, and next after life, by those transcripts of life, those expressions of hu-

man longing, which we know as art. Art for art's sake — if it meant what it said, which is doubtful — was always a vain and silly cry. As well contend that an artist is not a man. Art was ever the servant as well as the mistress of men, and ever will be. Civilization, which is but the gradual conversion of animal man into human man, has come about through art even more than through religion, law, and science. For the achieved 'expression of man's intuitive longing toward the Unknowable, in more or less perfect . . . forms of art' has ever been the chief influence in broadening men's hearts.

The aim of human life, no doubt, is happiness. But after all, what is happiness? Efficiency, wealth, material comfort? Many by their lives do so affirm; few are cynical enough to say so; and on their deathbeds none will feel so. Not even freedom in itself brings happiness. Happiness lies in breadth of heart. And breadth of heart is that inward freedom which has the power to understand, feel with, and, if need be, help others. In breadth of heart are founded justice, love, sacrifice; without it there would be no special meaning to any of our efforts, and the tale of all human life would be still no more than that of supremely gifted animals, many of whose communities are highly efficient, and have instinctive unity founded on experience of its utility, but none of that conscious altruism which is without perception of future benefit to self, and works from sheer recognition of its own beauty. In sum, human civilization is the outgrowth of conscious altruism; and the directive Moral Purpose in the world nothing but our dim perception, ever growing through spiritual friction, that we are all bound more and more toward the understanding of ourselves and each other, and all that this carries with it. To imagine, then, that an incidental conflagration

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like this war, however vast, will do aught but momentarily retard the crescendo of that understanding, is to miss perception of the whole slow process by which man has become less and less an animal throughout the ages; and to fear that the war will scorch and wither art, that chief agent of understanding, is either to identify one's self with the petty and eclectic views which merely produce æsthetic excrescences, or to be frankly ignorant of what art means.

Recognition of the relativity of art is constantly neglected by those who talk and write about it. For one school the audience does not exist; for another nothing but the audience. Obviously neither view is right. Art may be very naïve and still be art — still be the expression of a childish vision appealing to childish visions, making childish hearts beat. Thus —

Mary had a little lamb,
Its wool was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go,

is art to the child of five, whose heart and fancy it affects. And —

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
Through the forests of the night —
What immortal hand and eye
Framed thy fearful symmetry?

is art to the writer and the reader of these words.

On the other hand, Tolstoï, in limiting art to such of it as might be understood of simple folk, served his purpose of attacking the extravagant dandyisms of æstheticism, but fell lugubriously short of the wide truth. The essence of art is the power of communication between heart and heart — good! But since no one shall say to human nature, 'Be of this or that pattern,' or to the waves of human understanding, 'Thus far and no further,' so no man shall say these things to art.

Anybody can draw a tree, but few

can draw a tree that others can see is like a tree, and not one in a million can convey the essential spirit of Tree. The power of getting over the footlights to some audience or other is clearly necessary before a man can be called an artist by any but himself. But as soon as he has established genuine connection between his creation and the gratified perception of others, he is making art, though it may be, and usually is, very childish art. The point to grasp is this, and again this: Art is rooted in life for its inspiration, and dependent for its existence as art on affecting other human beings, sooner or later. The statue, the picture, or the book which, having been given a proper chance, has failed to move any but one's self, is certainly not art. It does not follow that the artist should consider his public, or try to please others than his own best self; but if, in pleasing his best self, he does not succeed in pleasing others, in the past, the present, or the future, he will certainly not have produced art. Not that the size of his public is proof of an artist's merit. The public of all time is generally but a small public at any given moment. Tolstōi seems to have forgotten that — did he not refuse greatness to the Greek tragedies? — and to have neglected the significance attaching to the quality of a public. For, if the essence of art be its power of bridging between heart and heart (as he admitted), its value may well be greater if it reaches and fertilizes the hearts of other artists rather than those of the generality, for through these other artists it sweeps out again in further circles and ripples of expression. Art is the universal traveler, essentially international in influence. Revealing the spirit of things lying behind parochial surfaces and circumstance, delving down into the common stuff of nature and human nature, and re-creating therefrom, it passes ten thousand miles

of space, ten thousand years of time, and yet appeals to the men it finds on those far shores. It is the one possession of a country which that country's enemies usually still respect and take delight in. War, outcome of the side of man's nature which denies breadth of heart, can for the moment paralyze the outward activities of art, but can it ever chain its spirit, or arrest the inner ferment of the creative instinct? For thousands of generations war has been the normal state of man's existence, yet alongside war has flourished this art, reflecting man's myriad aspirations and longings, and by innumerable expressions of individual vision and sentiment, ever unifying human life, through the common factor of impersonal emotion passing from heart to heart by ways more invisible than the winds travel, carrying the seeds and pollen of herb life. If one could only see those countless tenuous bridges spun by art, a dewy web over the whole lawn of life! If for a moment we could see them, discouragement would cease its uneasy buzzing. What can this war do that a million wars have not? It is bigger, and more bloody — the reaction from it will but be the greater. If every work of art existing in the Western world were obliterated, and every artist killed, would human nature return to the animalism from which art has in a measure raised it? Not so. Art makes good in the human soul all the positions that it conquers.

When the war is over, the world will find that the thing which has changed least is art. Certain withered leaves, warts, dead branches will have sloughed off from the tree; the sap will run at first a little faster for the temporary check, and — that is all. The wind of war reeking with death will neither have warped nor poisoned it. The utility of art, which in these days of blood and agony is mocked at, will be rising again into the view even of the mock-

ers, almost before the thunder of the last shell has died away. 'Beauty is useful,' says Monsieur Rodin. Aye! it is useful!

Even now — in the full whirlwind of this most gigantic struggle — art work is very likely being produced which, in the sum of its ultimate effect on mankind, will outlive and outweigh the total net result of that struggle, just as surely as the work of Euripides, Shakespeare, Leonardo, Beethoven, and Tolstoi outweighed the net result of the Peloponnesian, sixteenth-century, Napoleonic, and Crimean wars. War is so unutterably tragic, because — without it — Nature, given time, would have attained the same ends in other ways. A war is the spasmodic uprising of old savage instincts against the slow and gradual humanizing of the animal called man. It emanates from restless and so-called virile natures fundamentally intolerant of men's progress toward the understanding of each other, — natures that often profess a blasphemous belief in art, a blasphemous alliance with God. It still apparently suffices for a knot of such natures to get together, and play on mass fears and loyalties, to set a continent on fire. And at the end? Those of us — at the rate we are going we may not be many — who are able to look back from thirty years hence on this tornado of death, will conclude with a dreadful laugh that, if it had never come, the state of the world would be very much the same.

It is not the intention of these words to deny the desperate importance of this conflict *now that it has been joined*. Humanism and democracy have been forced into a sudden and spasmodic death-grapple with the mailed hand from above; and the end of that struggle must be brought into conformity with the slow, sure, general progress of mankind. But if, by better fortune, this fearful conflict had not been forced

upon the nations, the same victory would have made good in course of time, by other processes. That is the irony. For, of a surety, wars or no wars, the future is to humanism.

But art has no cause to droop its head, nor artists to be discouraged. They are the servants of the future every bit as much as, and more than, they have been the servants of the past; they are even still the servants of the present, for they must keep their powers in training, and their vision keen against the time when they are once more accounted of. A true picture is a joy that will move hearts some day, for all that it may not sell now; beauty none the less 'the expression of what there is best in man,' because the earth is being soaked with blood.

Monsieur Sologub, the Russian poet, speaking recently on the future of art, has indicated his view that after the war art will move away from the paths of naturalism; and he defines the naturalists as 'people who describe life from the standpoint of material satisfaction.' It is never good to argue about words; but confusion in regard to the meaning of terms describing art activity is such that it is well to sweep them all out of our minds, and, in considering what forms art ought to take, to go deep down to the criterion of communication between heart and heart. The only essential thing is that vision, fancy, feeling, should be given the concrete clothing that shall best make them perceptible by the hearts of others; the simpler, the more direct and clear and elemental the form, the better; and that is all you can say about it. To seek remote, intricate, and 'precious' clothings for the imagination is but to handicap vision, and imperil communication and appeal; the artists who seek them are not usually of much account. The greatness of Blake is the greatness of his simpler work. And in this connec-

tion, it is as much affectation to pretend that men are more childish than they are, as to pretend that they all have the subtlety of a Robert Browning. If the range of an artist's vision, the essential truth of his fancy, and the heat of his feeling be great, then the simpler, not the more mathematical, the more accessible but not the more childish, the form he takes, the wider will be his reach, the deeper the emotion he stirs, the greater the value of his art.

'What is wanted,' says Monsieur Sologub, 'is true art.' Quite so! What is wanted in a work of art is an unforced, natural, adequate correspondence between fancy and form, matter and spirit, so that one shall not be distracted by its naturalism, mysticism, cubism, whatnotism, but shall simply be moved in a deep impersonal way by perception of another's vision. Two instances come into the mind. The first is a picture of Spring by Jean François Millet, in the Louvre, wherein, by simple selection, without any departure whatever from the normal representation of life, the very essence of spring, the brooding and the white flash of it, the suspense and stir, the sense of gathered torrents — in a word that peculiar emotion which, in each spring of the year, is sooner or later felt by every heart — has been stored by the vision and feeling moving the painter's brush, and projected in an undying reminder to other eyes and hearts of a universal human emotion. The second instance is the chapters in that novel of Monsieur Sologub's compatriot, Turgenieff, *Fathers and Children*, which describe with the simplest naturalism the death of Bazarov. There, too, is the heartbeat of emotion as universal as it well can be, rendered so vividly that one is not conscious at all of *how it is rendered*. These are two cases of that complete welding of form

and spirit which is all we need or should ask of art; the rest is a question of the artist's emotional quality and stature.

Art will take all paths after the war just as before; and now and then the artist will fashion that true blend of form and fancy which is the achievement of beauty.

For Monsieur Rodin, beauty is 'the adoration of all that man perceives with his spiritual senses.' Yes. And the task of artists is to kneel before life till they rive the heart from it and with that heart twine their own; out of such marriages come precious offspring, winged messengers.

There is a picture of Francesca's in the Louvre, — some say it is not a Francesca, but if not, then neither are the Francescas in the English National Gallery, and those are not disputed, — a picture of the Virgin, with hands pressed together, before her naked babe, in a landscape of hills and waters. Her kneeling figure has in it I cannot tell what of devotion and beauty, which makes the heart turn over within one. With his spiritual senses the painter has perceived, and in adoration set down what he has seen, mingling with it the longings of his own heart. And they who look on that picture know for evermore what devotion and beauty are. And if they be artists, they go away fortified again to the taking up of a long quest.

This is the utility of art. It plays between men like light, showing the heights and depths of nature, beckoning on, or warning of destruction, and ever through emotion revealing heart to heart. It is the priestess of humanism, confirming to us our future, reassuring our faltering faith in our own approach to the Unknowable; till the tides of the Creative Purpose turn, and our world gets cold; and man, having lived his day to the uttermost, finds gradual sleep.

THE MARRIED WOMAN'S MARGIN

BY ELISABETH WOODBRIDGE

I

'MARRIED women, you know, — there is a sad story against them, in general. They are but too apt to give up music . . . really, when I look round among my acquaintance, I tremble. Selina has entirely given up music — never touches the instrument, though she played sweetly. . . . Upon my word, it is enough to put one in a fright. I used to be quite angry with Selina; but really, I begin now to comprehend that a married woman has many things to call her attention. I believe I was half an hour this morning shut up with my housekeeper.'

When Jane Austen put these words into the mouth of the incomparable Mrs. Elton, she was undoubtedly only using what she had many times heard, with the usual difference, that whereas in her books these opinions are diverting, in real life they are less so.

Mrs. Elton's answer to the married woman's problem has not been the only one. Other temperaments have made other responses, such, for example, as is implied in the obituary tribute to a certain Mistress Abigail, who died here in New England a hundred years ago: —

'Books were to her a never-failing source of delight, and she was an example of the possibility of combining a fondness for elegant literature, for which she never lost her taste, with a faithful discharge of all the relative and domestic duties of a female; and so mingling, without interference or in-

jury, that they heightened and reflected lustre on each other.'

Now in considering the attitude toward life of these two women, one cannot fail to be struck by one thing which they have in common: they both assumed that the leisure of a married woman, after the duties necessarily devolving upon her had been met, was a very narrow margin. Mrs. Elton, indeed, assumed that it was so narrow as to be negligible, and she neglected it accordingly. Mistress Abigail assumed that, though narrow, it was of priceless value, and she valued it accordingly. One is tempted to linger in meditation over the two temperaments and the two points of view, — one leading toward parasitism, as Olive Schreiner has arrestingly pointed out, the other leading toward self-development and service. If some of the women of our own day derive rather obviously from Mrs. Elton, most of them derive from Mistress Abigail.

But what I want to call attention to now is that, with regard to this one point, the theory of women's married life, both for the parasite and the worker, was the same: it allowed a narrow margin and no more.

It was, of course, not theory merely. It grew out of fact, being based on conditions that had existed, almost without interruption, for many centuries.

Several thousand years ago, an enthusiast regarding the possibilities of women took pains to write out a description of his ideal woman. She was, of course, married. She had children.

She ruled a large and complicated household. She controlled it, not only as a home, but as a factory, — a centre for import, manufacture, and export. She was endowed, not merely with the conservative virtues of thrift and discipline, but with the liberal virtues of administration and enterprise. She was an untiring and effective worker, not self-effacing, but dominating, as effective workers must always dominate.

Ever since the last chapter of Proverbs was written, with here and there curious exceptions which are for my present purpose negligible, the conditions and ideals which it sets forth have held good. That is to say, the situation of married women, as such, has laid upon them such requirements that when these were met there was little or no margin left. By the mere fact of being married the lines of their life were laid down for them. Anything done outside these lines was like a flower snatched and cherished by the runner as he runs. That many flowers were so snatched and cherished is but a proof of the unquenchable enterprise of the human spirit.

But at the present time conditions have changed. At least, this is true of what, for lack of a better name, may be called the middle and upper classes, — of the women who do not 'do their own work,' — to use a phrase more full of ironical implications than most of us realize. There may be plenty of work for women to do, but the mere fact of being married does not necessarily lay it upon them with any great degree of urgency; often, indeed, not with any urgency at all. This may have happened before. Our own period is doubtless not unique in the world's history. It may have been paralleled, as some suggest, in Rome, possibly in Babylon, or in Egypt, or in civilizations that faded and crumbled before these arose. But that does not help us much. What

may help us is to look at the present situation squarely and see what it is. In doing this, it will make a good beginning if we stop trying to fit to it the formula of a different situation.

The chapter of Proverbs assumed that for the married woman her tasks were assigned and her ideal set before her. She might do well or badly, but there it was. For our New England housewife, as for the Hebrew, it held good. They did really know what were 'the relative and domestic duties of a female.' This seems very restful, by contrast with the women of to-day, who feel no such certitude. For the women of an earlier time, their duties were not only well-defined, they were unescapable. For us, they are not only rather readily escapable, they are not even defined. This is, indeed, broadly true of all ethics, whose entire emphasis seems to have changed. The older moralists occupied themselves with the difficulty of doing one's duty. The modern ones, if they want to hold our attention, must rather consider the preliminary difficulty of finding out what one's duty is.

And so there are few men, however enthusiastic over women they may be, who could now sit down, serene in their admirations, to rewrite that chapter of Proverbs up to date. Now and then some one, bolder or less well-advised than the rest, makes an attempt, but it is a poor thing. One feels him hesitating, getting nervous, hedging a little here, broadening a little there, that he may, perchance, escape criticism or challenge from this side or that. If a conservative, he flings a sop to progressive opinion; if progressive, he trims a little to avoid rousing the conservatives. The fact is, the demands made by her situation upon the married woman as such, are not necessarily absorbing, nor are they sufficiently uniform to create a type. As the unmar-

ried woman may at any moment become the married woman, this affects her too. Hence there really is a woman problem.

II

There are those who will deny this. They maintain that if the married woman does not encounter absorbing demands, it is her own fault for failing to recognize them. They persist in regarding marriage as a profession, a vocation, which, if it is not absorbing, ought to be.

This particular comparison, of marriage to a profession, will not bear examination. In the first place, all the professions and business callings have this in common: the candidate can at least count on 'making' his profession. The student in the law school, in the hospital, in the school of architecture or of engineering, feels this confidence. He may not become a good lawyer, but he is practically sure to become a lawyer. The minister cannot tell whether he will have a parish of fifty 'souls' or five thousand, but he is certain he can be a minister and preach the Gospel to somebody. But a woman has no such security. If marriage is her profession, she is in the curious situation of preparing herself for a position she may never fill. And even if she fills it for a time, she may, as it were, lose her position through widowhood. Even the most finished civilizations have found it hard to know what to do with widows, and none of their solutions — burning, or immuring, or marrying to the next of kin — has been wholly successful.

But, it may be objected, this uncertainty with regard to the 'making' of one's profession is a situation created by the woman herself. Any woman can marry if she wishes. True. But the difficulty here is that, whereas the man's choice of his profession is revocable, the woman's is not. And this

brings us to the second point of difference. For not only is marriage unlike a profession because it cannot be deliberately chosen: it is unlike a profession also because it cannot be relinquished. A man may leave the law and become a clergyman, he may leave the ministry and go on the stage, without rousing more criticism than is readily bearable; but a woman cannot do this with marriage. A clergyman unsuccessful in one parish may be called to another, but a woman, even though she is quite obviously making a bad muddle of her job with her present husband and children, cannot be 'called' to another more congenial parish, and thus leave the way clear for some one else to take up her work and better it. At least, though such things are done, and there are theories, and even laws, to cover them, they have not yet received the hearty sanction of society. They are contrary to the 'folk-ways.'

The third point of difference is the uncertain element of children. It was largely on account of the children that the institution of marriage grew up at all; and if these are eliminated its character is radically changed. The childless woman is another factor which no earlier civilization has known what to do with. It is clear that, even if marriage followed by children is in some ways comparable to a profession, marriage without them is not. The task of making a home for one man may be all sorts of things — it may range all the varied way from many kinds of heaven to many kinds of hell — but there is nothing of the profession about it. Even in former days it would not, and did not, fill a woman's time. Under present conditions, it does not offer enough to be called anything more than a respectable piece of fancywork.

But even where there are children, this fact does not necessarily make a woman's activity comparable to a

man's professional life. Under some conditions it does keep her very much occupied for a few years; in these cases it might be compared to a rather long period of army service for a man; under other conditions it does not even do this, but engages her emotions and her thoughts rather than her time. In any event, after a period of ten to fifteen years — to make a liberal estimate — the needs of her children are increasingly merged in those of the community, and such service as she gives she gives, not primarily as a mother of her own children, but rather as a woman interested in all children — as a citizen and a member of her society.

This statement will be challenged. It is often said that children take more time when they are big than when they are little. More thought, perhaps, but not more time. Little children's needs are, indeed, simple, but they are exigent. The needs of our older children become less and less physical. They need companionship, advice, sympathy — above all, love. Their problems of education, of life-equipment, have to be met; questions of social taste and social ethics arise, and the complications of friendship and love. All these are of the utmost importance and often of the utmost difficulty; but they are matters in whose solution the father ought to have and often does have as large a share as the mother, and in which the child's own share grows rapidly greater. The 'chaperoning' of the young, their social shepherding, is indeed done by some gifted women so skillfully, so efficiently, that it is put for them into the professional class. It is more than a profession, it is an art. But this is by virtue, not of their motherhood, but of their temperament. For the rest, not so endowed, these more formal duties must be judged as part of the social fabric of our present conventional life, which will be taken up later.

There is one more consideration. If marriage is a woman's profession, in a sense in which it is not a man's, — admitting for the sake of the argument that all women who wish to marry can do so and have children, — then there should be some adequate preparation for it. This is being strongly urged, and it might be a very good plan if we could feel sure of two things, — first, that all married women are enough alike to be treated as a class; and second, that their needs as married women are sufficiently uniform and predictable to be met by preliminary training.

But it is beginning to be recognized that women, even married women, are not a bit alike. Generalizations about them are falling into disrepute, though still made by men in moments of relaxation. Such easy statements as —

The queen upon her throne
And the maiden in her dairy,
They're all alike in this,
They are contra'ry, —

are admitted as pleasantries but not as arguments. It would appear, then, that if women are not all alike it is economically wasteful to force them all into the same groove.

It might, perhaps, be expected that, even though women are not all alike, the choice of a profession would in itself sort them out a little. If it were a real profession it would have this effect. Take any gathering of lawyers, of brokers, of ministers, of doctors, of engineers, of musicians, — there is a certain broad homogeneity about it. But when, as sometimes happens, these men are joined by their wives, only the broadest and tenderest Christian charity can discern even the common humanity that unites them.

The real truth is that, whereas a man chooses his profession because of a certain rough temperamental fitness that he is more or less aware of in himself, a woman does not do this. She does not

choose, as such, the life of a diplomat's wife, or a minister's wife, or an engineer's wife. In fact, the girl who vows that she will never, never marry a minister or a doctor, or whatever she may choose for anathema, is as apt as not to do that very abhorred thing, for reasons which seem to her at the time satisfactory. As a result, we find women bored and wearied in the diplomat's circle, in the doctor's home, in the village parish, in the forester's camp, bungling their duties and missing their opportunities, when a little puss-in-the-corner shifting would better things immensely. Such shifting is, of course, not practicable, but if marriage is to be regarded as a profession it ought to be made practicable.

For these reasons, the much-urged preparation for marriage is not quite what it purports to be, since what constitutes excellent preparation for one kind of marriage, does not constitute even fair preparation for some other kind, and no woman knows beforehand just what kind she is going to need. In the European countries, it is true, where society maintains a different attitude toward the individual, it is much more possible to prepare a girl adequately for her married position, because it is more possible to predict what this will be. The European plan has its advantages as well as its weaknesses, but it is not the American plan.

That these maladjustments in marriage are not more conspicuous than they are must be laid to the elasticity of human nature. Although each woman is naturally fitted to do some one kind of work better than any other, she may be able to do tolerably well a number of other quite different kinds of work, so that often neither she nor any one else is ever aware of the waste that has occurred, in the forcing of the powers she uses and the atrophy of the powers she does not use.

Let us, then, give up this notion that marriage is in itself a profession. Something is always lost when one muddles one's categories. Marriage may once have been comparable to a profession. It is not now. It may once, for a woman, have been comparable to slavery. It is not now. Marriage, in fact, cannot be classed with anything but itself. It is marriage and nothing else, — a wonderful mixture of experiences and duties on many different planes. So far as its spiritual demands go, it may ask of a woman, as of a man, all she has in her, or it may not. So far as its material demands go, it may require everything or nothing. It may of necessity fill her life or leave it empty. To call it a profession is to blur its meaning, for it is much more than this and much less. To say of the home, which marriage ought to create, that it is 'a man's kingdom, a child's paradise, and a woman's world,' is again to blur its meaning. The home is no one's kingdom, no one's paradise, and no one's world. The only kingdom it resembles is the kingdom of heaven, because it is within you. Home is dependent for its reality — and its reality is as deep as anything we know — upon a condition of spirit. It is indeed embodied, or at least shadowed forth, in this or that physical symbol, — the sheltering roof, the fireplace, the common table, — but it is dependent on no one of these. For Omar, the symbol was the loaf, the jug, and the book; for Deirdre and Naisi it was the tent 'as tidy as a beehive or a linnet's nest,' or the open sky 'among the snipe and plover.' Home means love and companionship and mutual dependence, the spirit of common service and of a common loyalty. It may be achieved by a husband and wife, or by a family, or by two friends, or even by a single person who has the home feeling toward the world without. To say it is the woman's task to make the

home, is to miss its most exquisite meaning. No one of the group can make it, though any one can mar it. It must be made by all, for the uses of all. What the physical share of each shall be will depend upon circumstance.

Doubtless, since for us physical circumstance is the vehicle of the spirit, spirit is dependent to some extent upon physical circumstance. Marcus Aurelius admitted, by implication, that living in a palace made it hard to keep a grip on spiritual things. So also, the spiritual thing which is at the heart of the home probably makes itself felt more readily in some circumstances than in others. The extremes of poverty and riches, some think, tend to clog its utterance. It is helped by the companionship of tasks shared; it is made articulate by a common misfortune; it is served by leisure that is not too much leisure; it responds vividly to outside pressure if this is not too great; it is stimulated by the forms of hospitality, though it may also be wearied by them. Sometimes we have an idea, though it may be a wrong idea, that the conditions of to-day, and yet more the conditions that are promised for to-morrow, are not quite so stimulating to the spirit of home as were the conditions of yesterday. Even if this is true, however, we cannot go back to those conditions. For that very reason, we ought, perhaps, to hold ourselves more than ever attentive to their spirit.

III

Now because the physical forms of the home arose in the first place through the needs of children, and because women were more concerned than men in meeting these needs, a woman's physical share in the home came to be very great, — so great that it crowded out everything else; and it was right that it should be so. Her

physical share will probably always be greater than a man's, but it will never again be so great as it has been. For better or worse the physical circumstances of the home have been completely transformed, and women (especially of the class I am speaking of, but to some extent of all classes) find themselves in a new position. With the same devotion to their homes that they have had in the past, with the same ideals and the same loyalty, their material problems are very different from those that confronted their great-grandmothers. In particular, they are possessed of a margin of time and energy so large that the name margin is no longer suitable, and the manner of its employment constitutes a very different issue from any which met the Mrs. Eltons and the Mistress Abigails of the past. Allowing for the more absorbing demands in the early years of marriage, with the gradual release from these in the later years, and insisting that these later years are among the richest, and ought to be among the most productive, in a woman's life, we may say that she has at least half a life — half her mature life — to dispose of in other ways than those directly opened to her through marriage itself. As yet few women realize this. The tradition of Mrs. Elton and Mistress Abigail is still strong; it is still taken for granted that the married woman's margin is a real margin, narrow and precarious, not to be counted upon. And because it is not to be counted upon, it is not really used.

The situation is rather curious. We are caught between an old tradition of married life, which insists that our time is fully occupied, and the new facts of married life, which bely the tradition. If we could forget the tradition and look at the facts, our whole attitude would change. As it is, this large margin of time, continually and increasingly ours, is, as it were, theo-

retically non-existent. It has not yet received official recognition. Therefore, being treated as something contingent and accidental instead of something expected and calculable, it has no dignity, no coherence in its uses. It is like the reading done in a doctor's office while we wait. We are like children who receive frequent but unpredictable gifts of pocket-money, yet are given no stated allowance. The money is spent as it comes—casually, without special plan. It is the rare child who will make such accidental fortune serve any large ends. So it has been with women's time. Having no theoretic leisure and much actual leisure, they have filled it with whatever chances to importune most insistently.

What the things may be which appear most importunate depends upon a woman's environment. In the early 80's, when the stern pressure of war-time conditions was yielding to the growing luxury attendant on 'good business,' and the flood of immigration was transforming domestic conditions, women branched out in many lines. There was a great increase of women's organizations for charitable and social or semi-social ends. There was a keen interest in athletics and in education. In the leisure time still remaining, women did 'artistic' work. The need of making useful and necessary things having abated, women occupied themselves in making useless and unnecessary things, and there followed a flood of 'knickknacks for the home' such as the home, let us hope, will never see again. On this period, the 'Bad Taste Exhibit' held last year in New York was an illuminating comment.

Since the 80's there have been various changes. The eagerness for organization has increased and is showing its results in a thousand ways. Fancywork has drooped; athletics have held their own among the young women and

grown in favor among the older ones. They have been fostered by schools and colleges, and these have also tended to create a keen, if often vague, desire to share in the larger movements of the community.

The result is that the married woman of to-day has plenty to do. She has, in fact, a good deal too much to do. When I say that she has half a life to dispose of, I mean that she could have this if she only believed she had it. She does not really have it now. She is dragged hither and yon, by a multitude of demands posing as duties, until it sometimes seems to her that there will be nothing left of her but shreds and ravelings. Often there actually is nothing left of her but these. The fair garment of her life has been, little by little, covered with trimmings until it is concealed by them, and has quite lost the large and restful lines which should at once express and clothe the body within. The trimmings have become the garment itself. But if she could once rid herself of them, she would never wish them back.

If we look more closely at these trimmings of a woman's life, we shall see that they group themselves mainly as society or as charity. I am tempted to make a third group and say 'shopping'; but shopping, if we consider its genesis, is really not a part of a woman's marginal occupations; it grows out of her share in the home-making. Some of it is necessary and legitimate. And if it has at present acquired such dimensions and such importance that it may properly be classed with the major sports, this is the result of a combination of influences too complex to be discussed here. It does, however, bear upon the problem of a woman's margin, because it is one of the things that threaten to swallow up that margin.

Women's charitable work is often disparaged, and with some reason. It

must be admitted that, partly because it is done in the incidental, casual, uncalculated way that women's theoretic circumstances seem to enforce, some of it reminds one of the little home-made trousers in Beatrice Herford's monologue: 'It's a beautiful spirit — but, really, when you look at 'em, you can't tell which way the child's walking.' Nevertheless, let us insist that it is a beautiful spirit, that it does represent really hard work, that it does do some good. Those of us who are optimistic believe that, with the progressive enlargement of women's civic opportunities, all these disconnected efforts are finding their relation to a larger whole.

Of the other side of women's activity it is harder to judge. With this theoretically narrow margin of their lives, women have somehow created what is called 'society.' Every one knows what it is, although to any one who did not it would be difficult to explain. Men laugh at it, but it is not to be laughed at. With a power as strong as the church, or stronger, it lies about us, impalpable, whimsical, almost irresistible. It may take all a woman has to give, and give little back; or it may give everything it has to give, and demand little. Whether it is woman's highest duty, or her toy, has apparently not been decided. Whether those who give themselves to it most entirely do so in an abandonment of self-indulgence or in a spirit of high sacrifice, one cannot say. The inveterate habit, common to all people, of dressing up whatever they are doing in a cloak of morality, has in this case so confused all the phraseology of social rites that it is impossible to tell what is pleasure and what is crucifixion. Women dress, not because they like to look pretty, but because they 'owe it' to their husbands, or their children, or to society. They make calls and give dinners, not because they like it but because they feel them-

selves obliged to, and they are glad when it is over. They go to parties, not because they expect to have a good time — they profess to be bored by them — but because for various reasons it seems necessary to. For the same reasons they give teas and go to them, give receptions, luncheons, house-parties, and every other form of social function. When closely pressed, the fundamental justification for the whole complicated structure is usually said to be the children. 'We are not in this for ourselves but for our children.' 'If I considered only myself, I should cut the whole thing, but I must think of the young people.' And so we are apparently handing on to the next generation an institution from whose tyranny we should ourselves like to escape. We do not seem to realize that if a thing is not good in itself — good for us — it will probably not be good for our children. If our lives have no justification except that they are forming bridges for the next generation, then we have really nothing to give the next generation, and the bridges are useless because they lead nowhere. We are like a badly built card-house, — each card leaning on the one next it, and the last leaning on nothing but the builder's finger: take the finger away and the whole line falls flat.

Now it may be that society is worth all it costs. It may be that women are right when they speak of it in the language of duty. But it sometimes seems rather the result of this anomalous condition which has overtaken some classes of women, where, met by the fact of leisure without the name of leisure, they have, as it were, with their left hand built up an engine which now it requires both hands to run. In many women's lives society and not marriage occupies the place that a profession occupies in a man's life, and its claims often conflict with those of the home

more than do the claims of many professional callings. This may be a desirable condition, but I doubt if its desirability has been weighed, because I doubt whether the condition itself has been squarely faced. It is indeed true that some women carry out their social activity in a fine spirit of constructive sympathy that makes of it something very wonderful and very helpful, and perhaps in them the whole social fabric can claim its justification. Certainly for them it is justification enough. But there is no human institution that has not its times of flowering, and to point to the single achievements gained under any institution proves only that human life attains greatness under the most diverse conditions. What women have to consider is, whether this particular institution is worth quite all they are giving it; or, perhaps, whether they are not, through this bit of traditionalism in their theorizing, giving it a good deal more than they think they are.

This is no plea for the professionalizing of married women. It is merely a plea that the married woman shall realize what she is doing, and shall decide whether it is what she is obliged to do, and if not, whether it is what she wants to do. It is a plea for the simplification of life. This can be achieved negatively, by elimination; positively, by a more deliberate choice of interests according to our best endowments, and a persistent effort to mass our activities in accordance with this choice. Hard work, as such, is never to be avoided, but scattering work, work that never assembles itself either into a whole, or into definite relation with some larger whole, — such work is always disintegrating in its reaction upon the worker. For this reason, many semi-professional occupations would prove restful and healthfully stimulating, compared with the hodge-podge of

tasks with which most women are now filling their life-margin.

The professionalizing, or semi-professionalizing, of married women is, however, coming. It is coming more slowly to them than it has come to unmarried women, because they have, in general, only half-time to offer, and the community is only beginning to wake up to the value of the half-time worker and the advantages of the half-time job, so that as yet it has very few such jobs to give. If it does come, it will, I believe, not threaten the home nearly so much as 'society' threatens it now.

The change is, however, not going to settle all difficulties. Like every change, it will settle some and create new ones. There is no escaping the fact that for the married woman of the future there is a grave difficulty facing her, in the reconciling of her interests with those of her husband. The growing individualism of women, their insistence on planning their own lives as men plan theirs, necessary and inevitable as this is, is not going to be an altogether comfortable element in married life, — not nearly so comfortable as the old way, though just as interesting. For its effect on the children there is little to fear. Anything which adds to the strength and interest of the mother's life is in the long run good for the children. As for the idea that a woman exerts an influence on a child by hovering over him — there is as nearly nothing in it as there ever can be in any idea. But between the man and the woman, each of whom has an independent life calling for real adjustment and sacrifice, as all work does call, — between them the mutual adjustment and sacrifice that become necessary may seem to present difficulties very grave and very complicated. Upon the way in which these difficulties are met will depend the future of our social structure.

SERVANTS AND SUPER-SERVANTS

BY C. WILLIAM BEEBE

I

It was in the Far East that Aladdin, Gift of God, appeared and asked for a job. I was nailing up a box of specimens — pheasants which I had found in the North — when he walked in, bowed with gentle, melancholy dignity, and informed me that he was A. Deen, best of servants.

I was not inclined to believe this; but his personality defeated every objection. Not that he was prepossessing in appearance. He was small, though young and straight, with brown eyes, a chocolate skin, and an extraordinary moustache, — ragged, with a decided droop at the corners of his mouth. His personality, however, was an independent possession. It was impressive, persuasive. He had an almost theatrical appreciation of this fact. He used no other argument, offered no further evidence.

I needed a good servant. I wanted time in which to estimate him. I asked his name.

He told me, but I did not know then and I do not know now. It might have been Háladdin, yet it was not unlike Jamaldeen. ‘Gentlemen call me A. Deen,’ he added.

I qualified at once, and no doubt acquired caste in his eyes by saying, ‘A. Deen, get me a hammer and nails.’

‘Going, master,’ he said, and bowed so that I was enormously impressed with the seriousness of the service I had demanded.

Such was Aladdin’s personality.

When he returned in a few minutes from some Chinese junk-shop, he brought with him a spike six inches long and a hammerlet which would hardly have driven home the smallest tack. I thanked him. I was well pleased. I was so well pleased that I packed them at once with my pheasants and shipped them home.

A. Deen stood by and assured me that he was indispensable to my trip, or to any trip for that matter. He was quiet about it, but he was firm. He mentioned the salary which he would consider, with assurances that he was a competent person. He insisted on this. So I gave him a pheasant and kept a discreet watch to see how he would deal with it. He made a perfect skin.

‘You are engaged, Deen,’ I said. But I had been saddled with bad servants and I knew what it meant, so I said to myself, ‘A. Deen for politeness — but this is Aladdin, Gift of God.’

And this proved to be far more than an etymological truth. For Aladdin was not only trustworthy, capable, loyal — a super-servant in the fullest sense: he was the living incarnation of all the best points in his people. It was through him that I saw them and learned to know something of the significant things in their lives. One cannot in a short time, or in any length of time, discover the habits, the motives, and the thousands of emotions which govern a community or a tribe of people, but one can gather unlimited information about the particular thoughts,

motives, hatreds, good and evil tendencies, which govern one individual. The chip from the diamond is always a diamond no matter how small the facets or what specialized combination of colors it may chance to throw off in the sunlight.

So Aladdin was worth in many ways the price he had put on his head: a modest enough price for the West, but a somewhat pretentious one for the East.

It was from Aladdin that I learned some of those subtleties and niceties which exist between master and servant. This is a complex relation wherein each person is for a long time on probation. In civilization the difficulties are minimized, but in camp and on long mountain and jungle trips it is a test which involves strength, good temper, tact — all the elements of real diplomacy. It is a bond as intimate as friendship, with strange inequalities and reservations. It has laws, conventions, and mysterious boundaries. These are absolute.

It was Aladdin who showed me the gulf between servants and super-servants. This is a chasm as deep as the racial chasm between two tribes who live side by side, but with two codes of conduct, two sacred standards of government, of morality, of individual faith.

In civilized countries, there are good and bad servants, and this is the end of the matter. But in savage or semi-barbarous countries, there are servants and super-servants, and this is but the beginning of many things. Aladdin, himself, was the exceptional individual who was filled with a desire to separate himself from the laziness and sloth of his people, to break away from them, to see and to learn at any cost. He was moved by that inexplicable leaven which operates in any tribe or community to save one individual from the

monotonous, careless existence which holds so many others chained to one faith, to one narrow, insignificant daily routine. It requires courage for him to put aside his caste, to overthrow his traditions, and humbly and modestly to make himself useful to the first white traveler who will give him something more than money for his service. It is not a brave, adventurous moment when John Perkins, butler at large in London, tenders his recommendations at the servant's door of some plutocratic mansion — he is true to his caste, his training, and his instincts. But it is an eventful hour when Aladdin, Singhalese Malay boy, Mohammedan, presents himself with proper obeisance to a white man from over the seas and asks for a passport to the world.

So Aladdin, servant, was the superior Singhalese of his village. I found there no other person of his clan whose ideals and visions and desires were not well within the circle of his caste. Ancestry had set a high wall around every Singhalese child and man and woman who passed me in the streets. Each one walked as his father and his father's father had walked before him; talked, idled, worked, and played with the mannerisms and mentality of his great grandfather.

They were forever set apart. They were under the heel of some fixed unwritten law. Yet on their very doorstep a goodly share of the Eastern world parades up and down each day at dusk — it is a human tide that rises every time the sun sets along the sea-front of the Galle Face Hotel. The flotsam and jetsam of the East is swept along before it. Beyond, the tropical colors in the western sky are inlaid with bands of gold — and out of the heart of the glow the cool salty breeze sweeps inward from the sea. Big breakers roll in unceasingly, and patient

little bullocks tug forever at big, two-wheeled carts. The drive overflows with rickshaws, carriages, and motors filled with all the peoples of the East. They touch in the crowd, but the barriers of religion and of caste move on invisible feet beside them. Mohammedan women in latticed gharrys peer out discreetly at the chocolate and burnt-umber Tamil and Singhalese girls, at Bengali, Burmese, Javanese, and Chinese folk. A stray Ghurka makes a path for himself at one side. And everywhere, in doorways and on the turf, the Afghan money-lenders keep watch over the tide of life as it rises and falls. No face escapes them; their patience is endless. The costliest rickshaw may come to them on the morrow, the dirtiest Malay vender may return to them within the hour. For money is the axle of the wheel wherever there is a mint; and it is a profitable axle for the Afghans. The interest they charge is eighteen per cent.

It was from such a human ferment that Aladdin saved himself and went asking for a job. It was from this that he gained the courage to cut himself off from his people, to set aside their laws and make himself an outcast in his own land. For the Singhalese do not change, therefore they do not forget and cannot forgive. New blood has poured in from the outside, new laws and new faiths have claimed the driveway by the sea, but the Singhalese give no ground and do not stand aside. They watch and they wait, but they watch with peaceful, untroubled faces, and the tall, circular tortoise-shell comb that frames their head is the comb of their ancestors and is cherished accordingly.

II

It is only when I look back that I realize Aladdin's rightful place among the many servants who worked with

me on my trip. He stands so far in the foreground that I lose sight of those who are in line behind him. This is an unconscious injustice. But it was Aladdin who brought me to a fuller understanding of the men with whom I worked. My conscious mind was with my pheasants; I had little time to search out the individual and racial differences which separated those around me. It was Aladdin's theatrical personality which was the necessary stimulant to set in order the long chain of contrasts which were placed before me daily. I thought of the servants and super-servants who had been with me before, watched those around me, speculated upon the character and kind of those who would go with me to the countries which lay at the last of my trip. I saw them all in the new perspective which Aladdin had supplied.

There was Cookie, whose rightful name was Mutt. He appeared at Kuching, Borneo. It was one evening at dusk when I was sitting on the veranda of the rest-house. The tropical night was cool, and behind me in the bungalow the eccentric China boy was pattering about softly from room to room, while I was circumspectly smiling over the news that a cable had come in from Singapore asking accommodations for seven hundred tourists. If I moved out, Kuching could furnish two rooms for this Caucasian horde — no more.

The air was heavy with the scent of nocturnal flowers, and the sounds that traveled with the light wind were the sounds of the East. The clang of gongs from a Chinese joss-house saluted the twilight; beyond, a noisy and colorful hubbub proclaimed a Malay wedding. A Sikh policeman called at intervals to another in the service and was answered in kind — a deep and resonant exchange of mysterious commonplaces. And far away, from the shadows, sub-

dued, inevitable, minor, came the hollow rhythm of a Dyak tom-tom.

A dark figure moved in the pathway against the darker trees. It was Cookie hastening to salaam at the bungalow steps, to offer himself for faithful service. He said that he was a good cook, and he did not lie. But although he made a free comment on his character and his personal wares, he did not offer a full explanation. It was several days after his enrollment that an important fact appeared in a casual conversation. It seemed that Cookie had a habit of going mad at every full moon. At certain times he had been uncommonly violent and had been put in irons. Cookie's gentle manner and epicurean sauces weighed against this tardy information; also, it was a late hour to find another cook more sane and equally competent. The lunar powers, too, favored him, for nightly no more than a slender crescent of silver showed through the dark branches. So the matter was put by with little comment. Although, as a matter of fact, as the moon waxed full, Cookie began to ail, and on the last few days of the return trip he was hardly able to sit up.

A more faithful servant I have never had; he possessed a kindly, gentlemanly disposition which interfered in no way with his cooking. His chief physical distinction was his carriage. On the platform which served in camp for a table and chairs, he hopped about for all the world like a great awkward hornbill, while his gaudy *sarong* twisted and flapped and fell in folds about him like a striped flag. Mentally, he was forever taken up with two great worries. First, there was my incurable foolishness in paying good money for such useless possessions as dead pheasants, civet-cats, and snakes; second, there was that ever-present task of finding proper eggs. The Dyaks from their love of high game have a habit of sav-

ing, of treasuring, every egg within reach until it becomes a decidedly improper food for a more civilized taste. This troubled Cookie sorely. I believe that he mourned in secrecy over this tremendous tribal degeneration.

Perhaps he felt some of that helpless resignation which assails every alien when he comes unexpectedly upon the demoralizing customs that prevail in a community which is undergoing a moral and spiritual disintegration. It was just before my inland trip that I experienced this. I made a brief sojourn with the Malanos, a nondescript Malay-Dyak tribe, and saw there what corruption untimely contact with civilization may bring about. Their moral unfitness was manifest in the very atmosphere; it was proclaimed loudly in their dress. Bare legs were evidence of the savage Dyak influence; but everywhere the misunderstood canons of European fashion struggled for expression. There was something pitiful, pathetic, unbelievably naïve, in those emerald-green ties, those isolated celluloid collars, and those sleeveless cuffs which made the widest and most fantastic of bracelets: unique links in the first chain forged by a distant civilization. But one must learn tolerance in such matters of morals and apparel, must learn to readjust quickly every standard to meet the new conditions of every new land. This it is not always easy to do.

With the Malanos, as with others, whatever was evil went hand in hand with all that was good. They were generous, hospitable, and my arrival was the signal for them to invent elaborate entertainment to insure my pleasure. The foremost of these events was their remarkable wrestling dance. In this, the partners, or rather opponents, sidle one about the other with the curious, lithe, serpentine glidings of the Malayan dance, until with a sudden

movement they clinch, exerting all their strength in this hold for a fraction of time. The moment one dancer falls the two of them remain absolutely posed, no matter how strained the position, how false the balance. Then, gradually, they move softly, sinuously into the figures which are the prelude to this climax. Such a dance contains the one great dramatic element — surprise. There can be no formula for the tableau which marks the high point of emotion; each time it is a new grouping, a new portrayal of that fighting instinct which underlies every phase of existence. It gives a quality of spontaneity and of truth which a logical sequence of steps and posturings could never achieve. This indicates a keen, natural dramatic sense, but little touched by those laws and conventions which override civilized art.

When the dance was done there was the cock-fight, or rather a century of cock-fights, to be reckoned with. For two hundred of these luckless creatures 'gladiated' bravely, while an appreciative audience held matting up to its chin to keep from being bespattered with blood. Which goes to prove that hospitality is a hydra-headed creature whose spirit is sometimes finer than the faces it wears.

III

It was some time later — at Fort Kapti — that Cookie, but recently departed from such festivities, was fated to encounter a noteworthy rival in his particular art. This usurper was a Chinaman serving a life sentence for poisoning six people. He found no favor in Cookie's eyes; he was too good a cook. Cookie would have preferred to have the emphasis laid on his intrinsic criminality; but we ate his meals and approved his service notwithstanding. It was not necessarily logical that, hav-

ing poisoned six, he should harbor further ambitions.

But it was from this moment that Cookie's superior position suffered. He was submitted to all manner of petty contrasts: new servants came in and obscured him, lessened his influence. Foremost were two Malays, Matélly and Umar. Matélly was chief of one part of the crew, and he carried many minor responsibilities on his shoulders. He made quick decisions, and was unfailingly resourceful. He knew the treacherousness of the rapids and understood the recklessness of the spirit who watched over the river. He was, also, an indispensable member of my interpreting quartette. I spoke English to Hodgart — super-assistant in this early part of the inland trip — who repeated the sentence in Hindustani to Matélly, who in turn notified the Dyak in his own language. After due consideration, the Dyak would, presumably, start his reply in my direction, but when it would reach home *via* Matélly and Hodgart it would usually be so far off key that I would give up in despair and resort to signs and sketches. This was slow work to find out the price of eggs, or the haunt of a pheasant, but the natural intuitions and active imaginations of these savages were admirable substitutes for the common language which was lacking.

Umar, who shared Matélly's prestige, was but one of the thirteen paddlers of the canoe. He differed in no essential from the twelve with whom he worked except that he wore a sarong and the other dozen Dyaks did not. But one day he became a personality of note, achieved a career in one hour. He became a money-lender, a money-lender of magnitude who diminished the glory of the great Afghans in Ceylon. It was all a matter of good Straits dollars, which I had found were as useful as mirrors and scissors for trading. I had

determined to send back to the last post for an extra supply. It was decided that Umar should return for this purpose. He did not want to go, and pointed to the river, which was swollen and running high between the muddy banks. When I insisted, he asked how much money was needed. I thought his curiosity impertinent, and was on the point of using other measures for the situation, when he said quietly, in the vernacular, that he could lend me one hundred silver dollars. And straightway he spread out the small folds of his sarong and poured on the ground a flood of silver. It was his entire worldly wealth. I gave him a signed note, duly technical, legal and binding, which he hid in one of those magical and bottomless folds.

This was the only outward sign of my indebtedness to Umar. But the Straits dollars were the least of the matter. Umar, in suddenly becoming an individual, made each and every paddler a separate personality. Before, I had sometimes been at a loss to tell one from another; they had not been long with me, and it is easier to consider many people as a crowd and to estimate them accordingly, than to set apart each unit and judge it alone. However, through the indirect grace of Umar, it was not long before we became friends. These Dyaks, unlike the Singhalese, showed interest in the work at hand and lent themselves readily to whatever task called for their help. They had no idea what I wanted with pheasants, but they loved the hunt and were eager to put all their knowledge and skill at the service of *Burong-orang*, the bird-man. Science was an abstraction far beyond their experience and imagination, but they speculated among themselves on my motives and the underlying purpose of the trip. They saw the bodies thrown away — plainly food was not the ob-

ject. Some were certain that the feathers and bones were to be used as medicine, or at any rate were to be sold, in time, for some indefinite purpose. Others held, and these were in the majority, that the feathers were to be used for head-dresses. I was tracking head-dresses through the marshes and the jungle, and some day, at some auspicious hour, I would take them back to the white man's land, — for the men to wear. For it goes without saying that such things are not for women.

These Dyaks could build a camp or break it with great speed and thoroughness. When the river bank was muddy, causeways were built in an hour. They were superior woodsmen, and knew the secrets of the jungle. They would follow or they would wait at the signal, and they asked no questions. But they would look wistfully at my gun when game came within sight, and their faces would be troubled and overcast when I elected to watch and not to shoot. At night, about the campfires, they talked about this, rehearsed all that had taken place, expressing a gentle indignation and a profound wonder. A bush would represent the *ruoi* or argus, the *sempidan* or fire-backed pheasant which I had hunted; a blow-pipe, my gun. I would see them sometimes absorbed in this drama. Once, I asked Matélly about it. He told me that it had been decided that I was an unaccountable hunter, but that they respected whatever I chose to do, since it was evident that I, too, was governed by signs and by omens. Doubtless, the shooting of my pheasants was no light matter, and if a white butterfly crossed the sun at the moment the *burong* appeared, then *Tuan* was more than justified in saving his fire. In this tolerance, in this withholding of judgment, I saw what was finest in the Dyak character. What they did not understand they did not therefore condemn.

As for Cookie, he could not conceal his contempt for these foolish superstitions. Eking out his very scanty English with Malay words, he would hold forth at length on the colossal absurdity of an entire village tearing up its houses and moving elsewhere because a certain sunbird alighted on a certain spot at a certain time. Very, very bad, was Cookie's verdict, when all the world knows that the success of house-building depends wholly on the moon — that fatal moon of madness — and that there are, at best, but three proper days in the calendar for moving.

But there was one Dyak in the crew about whom Cookie had little to say. This was Drojak, the gentlest and kindest of all the great savages in Borneo, who worked for the success of the trip with patience, loyalty, and eternal vigilance. It happened one morning that Drojak was attacked by twelve men from a neighboring tribe. When he returned from this encounter, eight heads were hanging from his girdle. He said little about the matter, but from that hour he was no longer Drojak, paddler, but Drojak-no-spear-can-touch-him. He was a quiet, slow-thinking man who liked to sit in silence watching the campfire, where the light played over his dark skin and turned it to bronze, and made two little bright spots of flame when it touched the heavy brass earrings which hung almost to his shoulders. But, at rare intervals, he could be persuaded to reenact the fight which had brought him his new native name. Then, his quickness was marvelous, his hands and his arms moved faster than the eye, every lunge and thrust was the very essence of savagery, until at the last he would give a final whoop and burst into a hearty laugh. At such times, Cookie sat by in silence; the laws and customs and superstitions of the headhunters were no concern of his.

IV

At last, when the pheasant work in Borneo was done, the time had come for the men to go back to their tribes and for Cookie to return to his cock-fights and the ways of his clan. This is one of the big tragedies of a trip. In civilization, friends may come and go and still the thread is not broken, but when the jungle reaches out and reclaims its people, the whole delicate fabric is unraveled and cannot be woven again.

But work does not stop for such personal affairs. So, at Myitkyina, I assembled new servants for the months in Burma that lay ahead. And straightway Aladdin and a usurping Cookie he had discovered by the roadside rose up and claimed the high place of power. Cookie the Second hailed from nowhere. He wore a fez and Aladdin mentioned Mohammedanism for reference; but these were small clues. His face had a murderous expression which did not change by day or night. He would tramp along a muddy road for a half day with a bundle of crossbow loot, and he would squat for hours before his cooking-pots in the heart of camp, but he scowled villainously through it all. However, his waffles were perfect, and neither he nor Aladdin had claimed anything for his character.

But when the Irrawaddy was crossed, Cookie was but one among hundreds and hundreds of strange and baffling personalities. In this territory, every step showed the Caucasian influence yielding ground to the Mongolian. And wherever there is Mongolian control, there is also mystery and secrecy. Hidden motives lie behind the smallest trivialities of the day. Men pass by on the road like shadows, and their faces tell nothing of what is in their hearts.

The whole country was in a state of upheaval and unrest; along the border,

marauding Chinese and bands of hybrid robbers were having things pretty much their own way. Therefore, the English government added a guard of six Ghurkas, or Nepalese, to the small caravan of servants and super-servants which I had gathered together for Burma. These formed an imposing right flank for the expedition; they were well-trained men, natural fighters, and the only mercenaries allowed to wear their native side-arms or kokries — a subtle compliment to their courageous little independent state.

They were keenly interested in one phase of the pheasant work, and on every occasion would ask the loan of my shot-gun, that they might hunt with it. The pheasants they brought in were few, but the excuses they offered were many. Monkeys and various creatures of goodly size were shot down by mistake, or so I was told when each new assignment was duly brought to camp. And every day my guard would mourn over the stolid natives who would not fight. They would have liked a modest battle on the doorstep of each tribe. When my shot-gun would disappear into the underbrush, there was always a gambling chance that a luckless native would be suddenly and surreptitiously adjudged a pheasant. Therefore, I welcomed the monkeys and other such attendant victims.

In many countries there is a sharp line drawn between the master and the servant. Superiority and a corresponding inferiority are automatically established by the relationship itself. In Burma this was not true. Every man in my camp was at my service at any hour of the day or night, but these men were of good caste. They were governed in all that they did by their own subtle, complex laws which no artificial conditions could destroy or overthrow.

The Ghurkas, of course, ate by themselves and from their own dishes. One day I thoughtlessly reached over their pot of rice for a crossbow which my *syce* held. Aladdin, close beside me, whispered, 'Careful of rice, master.' Then I remembered and drew back quickly. All of us laughed together and I went away; but I watched from my tent and saw them throw out the rice, which was polluted by my touch. The pot, itself, was thoroughly cleansed. They would have to wait hours for the new rice to cook, and they were hungry and tired from a long march. But this mattered little when placed side by side with a spiritual scruple.

In this neither offense nor resentment played a part. It was simply the law and the law is sacred. Next day I brought in a sheep and summoned the corporal to kill it in his own way that he and his men might share it. He saluted, smiled, and we became better friends. If superiority and inferiority entered into this, we divided them equally between us.

It was in this camp that I again formed my interpreting quartette. The members were Aladdin, a Burmese, myself, and a native Kachin, or whoever the fourth might chance to be. The results were weird and wonderful.

'Are there pheasants here?' I would ask.

'Snow come sometime,' would be the answer.

With the natives as a whole, there was no such mental quickness as had characterized the Dyaks. Signs, gestures, sketches were nothing to them. It was only by dwelling on the names of animals and pheasants, by repeating them over and over and showing a handful of money, that we could coerce the less stupid into some meagre understanding of what was afoot. I had no help from them as guides and little as collectors.

Mongrel Kachin and Chinese tribes were the worst with whom I had dealings. They were moving inland to escape the punishment which was to be meted out to them for the borderline disturbances, and we were encamped directly in the line of flight. Their appearance was the signal for a minor skirmish. Twice they rolled down rocks on the trail as we were passing, and more than once they hid themselves on the upper hillside and took pot-shots at the camp with poisoned arrows. Some of the arrows would strike the tent and set jangling the native swords which hung at the back. These missiles were long, slender, feathered with a bit of folded frond tissue. The heads were barbed and the necks channeled so that they would break off easily. The poison was aconite or tetanus germs. This is evidence of an uncouth and evil scientific knowledge; the men depend upon cultivated gardens of tetanus and in some way have the infected earth at hand, or already spread upon the arrows, so that their victim not only faces inevitable death, but dies slowly and in terrible agony.

While the Ghurkas kept faith delicately but surely with their secret codes and remembered their caste at all times, the natives showed no such fineness. They did not openly resent our presence and were at times friendly, yet they made no effort to conceal the fact that they placed no trust in the influence we might exert over the spirit world of their region. They openly propitiated their Nats, or evil gods, wherever we unfolded our tents. They would steal up at night and build bamboo rests, that the evil spirits might repose in comfort and be lulled into forgetting their witchcraft. This manoeuvring did not escape the vigilant eyes of our Nepalese sentry, but while he despised these tribes of no-man's land, yet he respected their customs

and discreetly looked the other way. At dawn, I would see these elevated bamboo baskets and awkward racks which had mushroomed in the darkness. But I said nothing. The Nats' rests made good towel-racks, the natives were spiritually at peace, and presumably the Nats themselves reclined nightly to their satisfaction. It was harmony without harmony, but on the surface all was well.

A frowsy-headed boy of Kachin extraction sometimes went with me after pheasants. In fair Burmese he talked freely of his people and their customs. He believed devoutly in the Nats, which I gathered were nature spirits — fairies, goblins, elves, pixies — but all malevolent. The native worshiped them only that he might be let alone. At night, he would empty food and drink on the ground, that the Nats might be well fed and strong to fight out their quarrels among themselves and have no time to go meddling in the affairs of those who would sleep in peace. However, when the sun shone, when no thorn-sores wrought havoc with bare feet, and food fell abundantly from the *sahib's* table, a used bowl was sufficient sacrifice at the shrine, since it symbolized the rice which was both expensive and lacking, and a few feathers implied the flesh of the chicken itself. So worked the native mind. A low order of faith at best.

But at the village of Sin-ma-how whatever was good rose up to take the place of the bad which ran riot through the land. The headman of this village was an old Chinaman, a fine, gentle, dignified old chief who should have worn diplomatic robes in his own country. His wife was no less remarkable than he. She lived in the midst of squalor and filth, surrounded by beast-like people, but she was gracious, tactful, and possessed that rare imagination which is the great gift and is not to be won,

courted, or in any way acquired. It was an honor to have known her, and after her grave farewell which extended to me the courtesy of her gods, I hope that she thought well of me.

When the Burma trip was done and the Ghurkas had returned to their post, I was talking with Aladdin, and spoke of her.

'She was fine woman,' he said.

In the midst of all the confusion, the hurried packing, the tumult that concludes any trip, he, too, had remembered her.

I looked at him bending over a box of specimens with a hammer in one hand and nails in the other, and I was

carried back to the day when he had come asking for work, which meant a passport to the world. And I thought that in spirit he was not unlike the hill-woman whom we could not forget. He, too, revealed the best in his people. I thought of all the servants and super-servants who had worked with me, and I knew that Aladdin had given me the vision to see them in this new perspective. But I mentioned nothing of this.

Instead, I looked up from my packing and said, 'A. Deen, get me a hammer and nails.'

And Aladdin, Gift of God, smiled, and went quickly to do as he was told.

NAMESAKES

BY MARION PUGH READ

I

MARY ANN had never seen her except as a dear old lady lying in bed, her hair almost as white as the snowy folds of her cap, the expression of her face so sweet, especially when she was looking down into Mary Ann's own little upturned face, that sometimes, familiar with it as she was, she would cry out admiringly, 'Grandmother, in thy fresh cap thee's lovely!' Or, stroking her withered cheek softly to prove it, 'Grandmother, thy hands are hard, but thy cheeks are as soft as a gray pussy-willow.'

It was not only because she was born on her grandmother's birthday and had her name, that there was such a depth of affection between them, but that

helped. 'I'm glad we're namesakes!' she would exclaim every now and then; and often when she did not say it, her eyes said it for her. How well she remembered that very first morning of all!

'Cousin Pamela took me in to thee. "What's thee think of thy namesake?" she said. Thee was so surprised! Thee did n't see how it could be. Thee'd heard no commotion in the night, and yet there I was. It must be *me*! "Well, well! Mary Ann, does thee say it's to be? Why did n't she find a pretty name?" Thee pretended thee did n't like it, and then thee was the very first one to call me that. "Dear little Mary Ann!" thee said, just as thee says it now.'

Their love for each other was so

great that though one Mary Ann belonged to her father and mother, and the other to all the valley, they belonged to each other first of all. When Mary Ann was there in the room her grandmother's eyes followed her with delight, and involuntarily, while the little girl was gone, she kept listening for the crescendo of her little step coming up the steep wooden stairs. How often the grandmother's mind went back to one autumn day when Mary Ann came in with a lapful of gay leaves that her mother had been teaching her to name.

'Here, grandmother,' she said, holding one up, 'here's a leaf that fell from a maple tree, and here is one from an oak. And here,' she said softly, holding up a tiny feather, 'here's a leaf that fell from a little bird.'

When she opened her eyes from one of her little 'cat-naps,' it was upon that little figure that she loved to focus her wakening thoughts. And if, as in these latter years, her dreams had taken her back to other days, and had waked up voices long since silent, the little girl was a dear welcome back into a world that without her would have been too lonely. Was it because her grandmother's last conscious thoughts had been of Mary Ann that in these dreams she was so often a little girl herself again, — living over again the forgotten happenings of her childhood, helping her mother in the familiar old kitchen of the house where she was born, listening to the noisy splash of her father's mill-wheel, or taking her happy way through fields and woods that only in her dreams would ever again be as they were?

II

To Mary Ann there was the rest of the house and her grandmother's room. Even the world outside was different as she looked down upon it from there;

the changing seasons told her their story better than they did when she was down in the gardens below, and there was no tree in the world like the great maple tree outside the window. To sit curled up on the window-sill and look out into its green swaying branches was to live for a while in a world of tree-top and sky. When she looked back into the room again, how much of intimate snugness its four walls held!

Mary Ann loved everything in that room, from the great white-curtained bed where her grandmother lay, to her own little stool by the fire. It was a soft coal fire, glowing red behind the black bars of the grate. Long hours at a time, while her grandmother slept, Mary Ann sat before it, forgetting the patchwork pinned to her knee, forgetting everything but the song the fire sang; for it sang, oh, of everything that ever was or would be. It sang of the Valley in the old days, when everything was green still. It sang of the Little Girl in Homespun that her grandmother used to be — that ridiculous little girl who cried because she was *lost* once, right where this house stood now. It sang of funny things and pretty things. Of apple trees all pink with blossom, of bluebirds and bees; of ferns in the shady woods, and mint by the streams; of pebble-bordered paths that led through gardens rich with bloom; of morning-glories in the sun, and roses wet with dew; of butterflies, of rainbows, of cobwebs in the grass, of frost on the window-panes, and icicles from the roof.

Sometimes the ticking of the old clock in the corner would break in upon the song, and Mary Ann would step over softly to open the door and peep down at the swaying weights, and wonder again how it ever came to be, for it seemed like something alive, especially when she looked up at the ruddy face of the Man in the Moon jovially peep-

ing down at her over the edge of the dial.

Often it was the Robin on the Vase who interrupted the song. He was sitting up on the mantelpiece beside the Shell. The Shell was lovely, with its pearly spirals rising to the dome, and the funny thing about it was that she could look up and listen and listen, and not hear a thing, but when she climbed on a chair and held it up against her ear she could hear the waves break, and see the white foam spreading on the shore. But the Robin sang to her clear across the room. He was sitting on a twig of cherry-blossoms, his red breast as plump as a robin's could be, his head cocked on one side, looking at her.

'When thee watches his bright little eyes can't thee just hear his chirp?' her grandmother would say sometimes. Of all the birds that gladdened her life, the robin was her favorite. But the Robin on the Vase was the best of all, for he did not go when the other robins did, but stayed on to cheer them through the snow and the cold, and the long winter days. 'And no matter when it is he sings,' she would say, as Mary Ann stood by the bed looking over to him with her, 'there is something in his cheery song that reminds thee of soft spring evenings, when the grass is turning green again, and the apple trees are pink.'

'Oh, grandmother! he's realer than a *real* robin!' Mary Ann would cry.

But Mary Ann had other things to do in that room than listen to the Robin and the Clock and the Fire. Of all the household she knew she was the only one her grandmother liked to have wait on her. To every one else it was, 'Now what did thee bother with that for?' But to Mary Ann herself it was, 'Thy little feet must be my feet. Run to the window and tell me what thee sees.' Or, 'Thy two eyes must be my

glass. Tell me, does my cap set straight?'

'Mother comes in handy for some things,' Mary Ann admitted generously. 'But there is n't much we can't manage, is there?'

All without being told she would pull down the blind to shut out the ray of light that shone in her grandmother's eyes; would find the little shawl and put it about her shoulders; would slip the little pillow under her back, or take it out and warm it by the fire; or, if it had no 'life,' take it and shake it till it all fluffed out again.

'Now has it?' she would ask, her cheeks red with the effort.

Best of all she liked to go to the cupboard for things. The very idea of the cupboard pleased her, with its door that was just like any other door, and yet led to so much. 'Everything thee wants, but does n't want *around*,' she would say sometimes, stopping for another look before she shut the door again upon its riches. Last of all, she would find her soft little cloth and dust the daguerreotype of her grandfather on the little cherry stand by the bed.

'I never saw him,' she would muse sometimes regretfully. 'But thee was well acquainted with him, was n't thee?'

If her grandmother seemed restless she would get up from her little stool with a worried look. 'Grandmother,' she would say, 'does thee feel a draught?' She was always trying to think up things that would help. One day when a dose of 'pepper-tea' had brought relief, she turned, half-way down the stairs with the empty cup, to fly back.

'Grandmother,' she cried, 'if thee just *lived* on pepper-tea would n't thee soon be well?'

On the opposite wall, looking over to her grandmother as she lay in bed, was the Good Shepherd leading his flock.

His face was kind, as kind as her grandmother's, and his heart was kind too, for one little lamb, too weak to follow, He carried all the way in his arms. It was her grandmother's greatest treasure. Oftener than she looked at the Robin or the Shell her eyes sought the face of the Good Shepherd, and rested there. Mary Ann liked to look at Him too. Standing by the bedside, her hand in her grandmother's, she learned to repeat with her the words of her favorite Psalm, 'The Lord is my shepherd. I shall not want.' And the words of the Psalm so blended themselves with the picture before her that all her life long the sight of nibbling sheep had a biblical savor to her eyes.

Often, when her grandmother was asleep, and no one else was in the room, she would go over and talk to Him.

'I'm glad thee does n't go to sleep,' she would say. 'Does n't thee care about anything but just lambs? Does n't thee love little calves and chickens?' 'Perhaps the little calves were all having a drink from their mother when thee started off,' she decided. 'And the little colts were all tagging the buggy, and the little chickens were having fun scratching up worms, but the little lambs did n't have anything to do *but* come. I'm glad *they* came!'

Mary Ann loved the Good Shepherd, but better still she loved that little lamb He carried in his arms, that little lamb too young to follow. Sometimes she would put her hand up softly to stroke it. Then she would look up till her eyes met those of the Good Shepherd.

'Thee's like me,' she would whisper. 'Thee loves that littlest sheep best.'

One day her grandmother said, 'Look at the picture of the Good Shepherd for me. I cannot see it well across the room, but thee can see it for me. And when the time comes that thee does n't need to see it for me any longer, then it

shall be thine, and when thy eyes rest on it thee'll always think of thy old grandmother who could n't stay with thee any longer, because the Good Shepherd had called her to Him.'

Mary Ann came over to the bedside. 'Is thee going away?' she asked in startled surprise. 'Won't thee always be here in bed?'

'Not always. Some day I must leave thee.'

'No, no,' Mary Ann reassured her. 'When thee goes I'll go with thee. Was I ever there?'

'Sometimes I think thee came from there. But thee can't come now. Thee's not ready yet.'

'If old Hannah came to help in the kitchen could n't mother get me ready?'

'Thee can't come yet because the Good Shepherd has n't called thee. Thee does n't see yet — thee does n't need to; but some day thee will.'

'Won't He call us together?'

'No; 't is not often He calls two at once. Sometimes when He calls a young mother He lets the little one come too, that it may not cry for her in vain. Sometimes when He calls a little baby he bids the mother follow where her heart is, but only those two does He often call together. Some day when I fall asleep He will come to me in a dream and bid me follow Him, and when I awake I shall be with Him. Sometimes,' she murmured to herself, 'I almost long to be at rest.'

'Thee longs sometimes to be at rest!' Mary Ann echoed, with a humorous little twinkle. 'Well, grandmother! What's thee doing but *resting* now?'

Her grandmother never spoke any more of going away, and the idea became remote with Mary Ann, but it did n't quite leave her mind. Sometimes when she was looking up at the Good Shepherd's face she remembered that some day He was to call her, and then a vision would rise in her mind of

her grandmother's starting off on a long, long journey. One day toward the end of summer, she happened to think of it.

'I must finish the quilt before she goes,' she thought.

Ever since she had first learned to hold a needle in her hand she had been sewing patches for a quilt for her grandmother, and now what a great space they would cover! She waited till her grandmother had fallen asleep, then she brought them from the cupboard and spread them out to see; but they only made two little rows up and down the hearthrug. When she looked over to the great expanse of the big four-poster, two big tears gathered in her eyes. What she had done was nothing! But by the time her grandmother had waked she had had a happy thought.

'Grandmother,' she said, 'if that quilt covered *thee* all up, would thee mind if it did n't cover the rest of the bed?'

With her grandmother's answer she was content, though something in the voice arrested her.

'Grandmother,' she said, 'thy voice shakes to-day, just like thy hands. Is it because thee's cold, like the little birds in the snow? When thee has my quilt over thee, thee'll never be cold any more, will thee?'

Her grandmother only bent over and kissed her. Her lips were shaking too. 'Would thee like a bit of sugar with lavender on it?' she said.

III

Every one knew that Mary Ann's grandmother was failing, every one but Mary Ann. Nowadays it wearied her when her old friends came in to see her; she only half followed their tales of neighborhood doings, and forgot them when told. Sometimes she even forgot to ask for those who were sick. Other

children tired her. She loved to see the babies they brought in, but it was evident that it wearied her to watch them. Sometimes when the others had all gone out she would look over at Mary Ann, so happy and so busy, and gradually the rested look would come back to her face. 'Mary Ann,' she would say, calling her nearer, 'I'm glad thee's just as thee is.'

Only on her worst days she had them keep Mary Ann outside. When she said, 'Thee can tell Mary Ann to play outside a little while,' it was an admission of suffering that nothing else could have wrung from her. And when, after a while, she would look around, half querulously, half forgetfully, to ask, 'What's thee done with Mary Ann?' then they knew that the worst was over.

Summer was just giving place to autumn when Mary Ann was ready for the quilting. The grapes were purple on the vine, and one branch of the great maple tree outside the window was red like a scarlet plume. It was a perfect autumn, of abundant harvests and warm bright days, just such a season as her grandmother had always loved. Something of its warm sunny peace seemed to come in through the open windows, clear to the bedside. All through the room there was a quiet like that of the still woods, or the harvested fields lying warm in the sun.

To one another they all spoke softly, but to her grandmother they raised their voices. Even Mary Ann by her side would have to speak twice. 'Hear that cricket!' she would exclaim; but her grandmother had not even heard her voice. Often when Mary Ann looked in she was sleeping. When she opened her eyes and caught sight of Mary Ann with her question all ready, she smiled as though she had heard, but 'Dear little Mary Ann!' was all her answer.

On the morning of her eightieth birthday, not at crack of dawn, as Mary Ann had begged, but later on, when the sun was high in the sky, they called the little girl to come in, for her grandmother had wakened from a long stupor. Her eyes seemed unconsciously to search the room for something that was not there, nor was anything they offered what she meant. After a while she became conscious herself what it was, and then with great difficulty, in words they had to bend over to catch, she gave voice to the old plaint, 'What's-thee-done-with-Mary-Ann?'

Mary Ann was too excited to notice that every one else was sad, or to remember that she was to be very quiet. Proud and happy, she came running in with the quilt in her arms, and spread it out on the bed in all its variegated length.

'Look, grandmother!' she cried.

But her grandmother did n't seem to understand at once. When she spoke, her voice was thick and strange, like a voice from far away.

'Why, it's little Mary Ann! Can't thee come nearer? What's that thee's got?'

'It's thy quilt!' Mary Ann cried delightedly. 'This is thy birthday. Did thee forget?'

'Well, well! And so thee made it for me with thy two little hands! Dear-little-Mary-Ann!'

'Thee was n't skimped on the cotton, either! Feel! Thee'd never guess how many pennies' worth.'

'No, warm and thick. Cover me up with it, so. Now I'll sleep. Thank thee, dear little Mary Ann!'

Once again, after her eyes were closed, she whispered, smiling to herself, 'Dear-little-Mary-Ann,' and fell asleep with the smile still on her lips, and Mary Ann's hand in hers.

Only once again did she open her

eyes. It was long after Mary Ann had been taken away to play out of doors. They thought she was still asleep when she looked up and seemed to be about to speak; but when Mary Ann's mother bent over to listen, the words refused to come. She could only touch the quilt with her hand, and make her desire known with her eyes.

That night Mary Ann's mother was still watching by the bedside, but Mary Ann was not lonely, for two or three relatives who had been there all day had decided to stay on over the night too. Mary Ann was to leave her own little bed and sleep in the spare room with Cousin Pamela Walton, whom she loved most of all.

'Long as I've lived in this house,' she confided, hurrying out of her clothes, 'I've never once slept in this bed!'

When Mary Ann woke up in the morning she was all alone in the bed. She had a dim consciousness of having been roused once, not at midnight by the flash of a candle in the dark, but by the closing of a door behind some one in the gray light of dawn. Quickly she jumped up out of bed. She wanted to be the very first one to wish all the relatives good morning, but most of all she wanted to run in and see how her grandmother had slept with the new quilt over her. But just as she was about to open her grandmother's door, Cousin Pamela took her hand.

'Thee must n't go in there,' she said, and led her into the room across the hall.

The other relatives were there, and some of the neighbors too; but they were not talking as usual, and at the sight of Mary Ann the tears came into their eyes. Mary Ann forgot the happy greetings she had ready for them. Something she read in their faces filled her with a strange foreboding, so that she was afraid without knowing just

what it was she was afraid of. She only knew where it was she wanted to take refuge.

'I want to go to grandmother,' she said. 'Can't I just sit in there quiet till she wakes?'

Cousin Pamela took her in her lap. She did n't answer for a moment. Then, 'Thy grandmother's gone to take her last sleep,' she said. 'Does thee know what that means? She'll never wake up any more.'

She would have held her up close in her arms, but Mary Ann drew away from her in forlorn distrust.

'Thee does n't know about things here,' she said. 'Thee's only an outsider. *Where's mother?*'

It was the third day since her grandmother had fallen asleep, and still Mary Ann was waiting for her to wake up. All through the still house everyone else was waiting. The fire on the hearth was waiting, and the clock, and the chairs, and all the inanimate things her eye lighted on.

'Mother,' she said that first night, before she would go to bed, 'if she wakes in the night, will thee call me?'

'She won't wake, dear.'

'But will thee if she does?'

She could n't believe it. She knew there was such a thing as death, but she did n't know that it was inevitable. She never thought of it as happening to any one in the family. Every now and then she would look in at the door. If any one else was there she would slip away again, but if her grandmother was lying all alone, she would go in.

'Grandmother,' she would say softly, after a bit, 'I'm here. Does n't thee see me? Grandmother, if thee's not able to talk, won't thee turn over and listen? Won't thee just open thy eyes and *look?*'

It always seemed as though in another moment the eyes would open and the old smile come back to her face,

while she said, 'Dear little Mary Ann! What's thee brought me now?'

But after a while something in the silence frightened her, and she did not go back any more. She watched the faces of those coming out from the room, but no one said, 'Thy grandmother's asking for thee.'

'T is the old Mary Ann!' they all said softly. The Mary Ann who used to come to their houses, the Mary Ann they all looked for when any one was sick or in trouble; for she was clad again in the old gray silk they all remembered, with a fichu of blond around the neck, and there was no weariness on her face now to change its sweet expression. The lines of pain were gone, and in her smile there was all the old benevolence.

There was a smile with their tears, as though something precious had come back to them; but what wakened the dearest recollections for them made the only strange note for little Mary Ann. She had never seen her with a dress on before, but always as an invalid lying in bed.

After the others had all set off on foot for the little graveyard by the meeting-house, Mary Ann went up with her mother to take a last look at her grandmother's face. Why was it that now she was not waiting any more? How was it that she knew as she stood there that the eyes would never open again, or the lips move in speech? Her mother's gentle face was almost as calm as the sleeping one.

'See how sweetly she sleeps. Thee would n't wake her if thee could, would thee?'

Mary Ann knew she would never be cold, for together they spread the little quilt over her, and in that narrow bed it was big enough to wrap her all around.

After they had been home a little while they missed Mary Ann. She did

not come when they called. At last they found her, crying away by herself.

'What did thee do it for? What did thee do it for?' she sobbed. 'What did thee put her down in the ground for, even if she won't wake up? Why can't she have her own bed to lie on and be dead?'

IV

In the lonely days that followed no one could comfort Mary Ann. Perplexity was mingled with her sadness, for she knew not whether to believe that her grandmother was deep down in the earth under the old oak trees by the meeting-house, where she had seen her laid; or up in the sky, whither they told her she had gone; or whether she had started off at last on that long journey where Mary Ann in fancy had seen her vanish, down the blue canal, through the locks, and past the dam, and on into a dim distance too far off for Mary Ann's thoughts to follow.

One thing only she knew: her grandmother was no longer in her room. Sometimes, half expecting to find her there in spite of all, she would slip into the darkened room; but she had not come back, not even when Mary Ann had gone to the woods and brought in bittersweet, or great bunches of her favorite life everlasting. The empty bed looked big and gaunt, and she would steal out again with an ache in her heart that no one could cure.

But one day, when she had been there longer than usual, she sat down on the floor by the bed, where she used to stand and talk to her grandmother. Nothing in the room had been changed; then why was it all so different? Away in the depths of one of the dim corners the Clock still ticked, not sociably as it used to, but slowly, hesitatingly, breaking the silence with an odd little echo after each tick that was never there before. One of the shutters had

blown open and a shaft of bright sunshine struck into the room. It shone on the worn back of the old leather Testament on the stand by the bed, and brought out the faded gilt lettering of the title. It made a blur on the face in the daguerreotype, but it caught the ruddy cheek of the Man in the Moon. It struck the peak of the spiraled Shell, and changed it to a dome of live pearl, as though it were back beside the sea with the wet sands sparkling around it. But it was on the Robin on the Vase that the light shone brightest. He cocked his head and chirped away so cheerily that Mary Ann forgot for just a minute. 'Listen, grandmother!' she was going to say, and then she remembered.

'I wish she had the Robin on the Vase along!' she sobbed. Of all the things she loved she had n't taken one. And the Good Shepherd, — wherever she was she must be missing Him. As Mary Ann lifted her eyes to Him dim memories came back that He was to have called her grandmother to Him. Oh, if He only had called while she was there to hear! It would n't be any use if He did call now, for how could she ever hear, down in the ground, or up in the sky, or away off on the lonely road?

'Why did n't thee call her?' she cried. But the Good Shepherd looked so kind, so reassuring — and she had the quilt along — perhaps, perhaps, she hardly knew what, but through her tears she kept seeing the kind face of the Good Shepherd.

Presently, without her seeing just how it happened, the picture grew bigger. The fields stretched out to meet some little low hills in the distance that closed them round to make a valley, a valley all green, as in the old days. The Good Shepherd and all the lambs had turned around and were watching for some one who was coming away off over

the fields. Mary Ann watched with them, and as the figure drew nearer she saw that it was her grandmother! She was walking along briskly, well and strong, as she said she would be. She carried a great bundle in her arms. All the little lambs ran up to meet her, and the Good Shepherd held out his hand.

'How's thee resting to-day, Mary Ann?' He said, just like the neighbors who used to come in.

But almost before she waited to answer his greeting, she unrolled the bundle to show Him. It was Mary Ann's quilt! He could hardly believe his eyes.

'Is this what she was doing all those days when she sat on the little stool and sewed? How tired she must have grown!'

'It is n't tired thee gets when thee sits and sews — it's too much *rested*,' she said. 'That's worse.'

'Was it as much for her to do as for thee to stand on a stool that time in the old kitchen, and make bread for thy mother?'

'Oh, more, far more! That did n't prick my fingers.'

The Good Shepherd felt it approvingly. 'Thee was n't skimped on the cotton,' He assured her.

'No! A whole bale, all bought by the penny's worth at Benny Tucker's, away down at the very *end* of the street.'

'So far to carry it!' He exclaimed appreciatively; but her grandmother shook her head.

'Past all the shops,' she explained. 'Thirteen barley kisses she could have had, or six sticks of peppermint, and six of clove, and one of the white with the red and yellow stripe.'

The Good Shepherd marveled. 'And

the licorice-root man on the corner, did she pass him by too?'

Every time they ceased to speak there was such a joyous chirping of robins you would have said there must be twenty around, but it all came from one plump robin redbreast, hopping along over the grass. Mary Ann soon saw it was the Robin on the Vase, for whenever he stopped to rest he was perched as of old on a twig of cherry-blossoms, watching them as pertly as ever with his black, beady eyes.

'I've seen bigger quilts,' the Good Shepherd was saying tentatively.

'They were made to cover the bed, I guess. This was made to cover *me* —'

'Dear little Mary Ann!' He murmured.

After a while, when Mary Ann could no longer hear them talking, she got up and went over to the picture, but her grandmother had already gone on, perhaps to show the quilt to the neighbors. The Robin had gone too. The lambs were in their place again, and the Good Shepherd stood facing her, just as He used to, but it seemed to her that He had never looked down upon her so kindly before.

'Dear little Mary Ann!' He seemed to say, over and over again. 'Is thee any less *rested* now?'

Mary Ann was comforted. Her loneliness was gone, and all her bewilderment, for her grandmother was here safe and happy, in the green fields with the Good Shepherd and his flock. He had called, and she had heard, and Mary Ann was glad. And if some time that littlest lamb of all should be cold, like the one that was lost on the hills, Mary Ann knew what it was they would wrap it up in to make it all warm once more.

BLACK SHEEP

II. THE MAIL FROM THE NEW CLEARING

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

LOLODORF, KAMERUN, WEST AFRICA,
October 2.

LOLODORF STATION is to move four miles to the west; this will bring us nearer home, but there are other primary objects to be served by the move. The present site is unwholesome and too small. It is impossible either to feed or to employ our schoolboys on our limited ground.

We have bought two hundred and fifty acres of land, comprising three villages, some gardens, and a tract of forest. The villages show a handful of huts, the gardens are clusters of plantains shaking out their banners in little clearings, but we own a world of forest.

On Saturday of last week the headmen came to be paid. They had served us to all sorts of African dalliance, and we thought that the payment, in trade goods, was to be of a piece with the bargaining; but not so. When the three headmen arrived, followed by their henchmen and women, they played an unexpected part. In less than an hour, and with no more palaver than you might hear over the purchase of a basket of food, they were paid.

We think that they were dazed by their opportunity, as small boys might be who were invited — Oh, I know how fantastic my simile! — to eat their way out of a candy shop. Certainly they had a tranced air. When I came

out to see the play, thinking it to have just begun, they were making ready to leave in a kind of cautious silence, — a comparative silence, be it understood, — and in very much the spirit of a missionary who is dreaming of home, and fears to wake.

The headmen were in full dress. Two wore hats that were uncommonly grand, still being cased in those cylinders of pasteboard in which they had been packed; two wore green broadcloth coats, by the epaulets the uniform of some regiment and not originally intended for our friends, one of whom was too small for his coat, the other not small enough. They listened abstractedly to Dr. Lehman's caution that they were not to buy rum with their gains. They were in a hurry to be off, and presently they started, they and their wives and their friends, all laden with their goods. As a spectacle it was imposing, and of a kind to draw a head out of the door of every hut by the way. There were nests of zinc buckets, of iron pots, piles of hats, — perfect towers of hats, — sheaves of umbrellas and of cutlasses; there were tin trunks of a splendor unknown to you provincials but familiar to us of the West Coast, — very gay, preferably green with a lavish belt of red and no scrimping of gilt. In the trunks were yards and yards of trade cloth, bars of soap, pocket knives, padlocks, matches, and many other cherishable

articles that will change hands in numberless marriage palavers. With some such glitter of spoil must Tamerlane have returned from conquest.

Sometimes of a Friday I go to a town twelve miles from here. Half the way is by open road and the last happy half through the forest. It is lovely to go to Ipose; they do so much want a Minisi there. I am espied climbing the hill afar off, for this cluster of villages lies in a beautiful hill country. They rejoice at my coming. An ivory horn announces me, quite as Elsa is announced in the first act of *Lohengrin*. The hut where I put up is opened, and before I can make a cup of tea there are delegations from the country all about.

This will be four o'clock in the afternoon. At five we have a service, and again at half-past seven the next morning. There will be an audience of say fifty people, minded to know of the high things of God. Every other week Benzuli, the young elder, preaches to the people of Ipose; they say that his audiences are very large.

A year ago Africa as a spectacle was tremendously interesting: I saw continually the forests and the rivers, the interminable, melancholy file of carriers, the curiously tempered light, the curiously modified color. But more and more a missionary comes to have to do with individuals. His labor and his problems are with these. Mr. Nevins, in the August *Harper's*, very truly says that the African is not known to the white man. He is not. I have hardly a fixed conviction or an inference as fruit of this year's observation, but the missionary comes to feel that the African is known to God. He feels himself to be, he knows himself to be, one in an affair of three, and God is the third. And he knows himself to be necessary to that union. He is the friend of the Bridegroom.

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LOLODORF, KAMERUN,
December 3.

We have been down at our new site nearly a month, and begin of late to develop windows and doors, just as we begin to realize that these are effete luxuries. We live in tenement fashion, all in one house; but this is the result of necessity, not of a perverted taste, and we mean — as I suppose all tenement dwellers do — to reform when our circumstances improve. We are all very polite to one another, and that is a great help.

This is Saturday morning, when the schoolteacher does her odd jobs. To escape the sound of other odd jobs I have come down to the schoolhouse, which should be, on this day of the seven, neither schoolhouse nor church, but just a roof over a clearing in the forest.

From the dwelling-house to the schoolhouse is some eight hundred feet, and this is about the diameter of our present clearing. The forest stands charmed about this breach. Here the fallen trees measure their amazing barren stretch of fallen trunk, and the scant and withering crown of foliage that makes so small a display on the ground. Everywhere the logs burn. In these gray days of the rainy season the clearing is filled with a perpetual thin blue smoke. Here and there among the débris of the forest appears the corn in ragged companies of invasion, — the advance guard of that old army that served the Pilgrim Fathers. Everywhere in the incomplete clearing is activity: men rolling logs and chanting as they labor; men in single file carrying on their shoulders the house-posts and the long straight length of a roof-tree; chanting as they come, men bringing in rolls of the yellow bark which serves us for walls and which they spread out to dry, a bright pool of color under the sky; companies of lads

coming in at noon and at evening with loads of broad leaves, and singing the song of the roof-thatch.

From this island cast up, you would say, by the sea of forest and seized upon by man, the earth under its cover of green falls away. To the north between the thinning trees we see the blue of ranging hills, to the south we see a hill. There are hills, I am told, all about us, which will presently appear. Through our property, and a few hundred yards from our door, runs the government road to the interior.

Here in the schoolhouse where it was to have been quiet Mr. Hummel is making benches with desk attachments. He is most complacent about this furniture, which is indeed very grand. Here too are fires lit to dry out our mud floor. Of a week day there will be two hundred pupils, men, women, and children, under this roof. When you consider that we could not at the old station, with the best will in the world, accommodate more than fifty boarders and that we could not, under the most inventive system imaginable, provide on our twelve acres work to pay for the food of this number, you will realize how truly a new era has opened for us.

We do not yet have the boys properly housed; they sleep like forest creatures where they find shelter. Indeed they have in the mass, at work in the open, a uniform forest aspect. But under the school-roof, ranged on their rows of logs and to the eyes of their teachers, what thrilling individual differentiations! There is a little boy whom I shall remember always as he stood in line for registration, though he will, it is to be hoped, make some more brilliant showing in the future. He was a very small boy, with a fixed expression of panic and rather more than the average allotment of clothing. When his turn came, he was asked his name,

but he could not bring his mouth to answer.

'Have you paid your tuition?' asked Mr. Hummel,—for this was a day scholar who must pay the equivalent of one mark for the term of ten weeks.

Still not a ripple of response on that little frozen face; only a flicker of fear in the eyes.

'If you have not paid you must go to your town and find something, some food or a cutlass, something you must find.'

Still no answer.

'Move on,' said Mr. Hummel.

Then, coming to life, the little boy thrust his hand into the bosom of his upper garment, and brought out from where it had lodged over his stomach a little fat-bodied bottle of green fluid,—lavender water by superscription, and doubtless very potent to anoint the person. He was enrolled, and it doth not yet appear what he shall be.

Sometimes little boys go far in a short time. Yesterday, in that half hour before school opens and when the advanced pupils gather to study, I took note of a little boy who sat on the front bench of the senior division. He is, I suppose, eleven years old, an eager little chap, very careless and heedless, but clever, and quite able to teach the beginners in German. Mr. Hummel has put him in charge of the first German chart. Now as he sat dangling his feet, he covered his eyes with his mottled German primer and was still. I knew that he was praying about his lessons and his chart class and all his little difficult concerns.

Presently school begins. Mr. Hummel reads, and asks a Bulu boy to pray, which he does standing, calling down blessings in his sweet staccato voice on 'Mamma Foot and Miss Hummel and Mr. Matchenda.' Then these three worthies, girded for the task and doubtless blessed in spite of certain in-

discretions of address, set about clearing the forest of the African mind.

You can't think how sweet the women of this country are. We have just come out from a nine weeks' quarantine from smallpox, and in all those weeks I had no other occupation than to go about in the villages and acquire affable Ngumba manners. The time was happy for me because the women began to love me, to be very sweet and maternal toward me. It is beautiful to see their gentle ways with me, whom they take, in spite of every protestation, to be a little girl. They think that I am ashamed of my extreme youth and they have a little sly smiling way of agreeing to any age I may suggest. They begin now to tell me of their poor struggles to be good; their Waterloo is inevitably the seventh commandment. They are very pitiful about this. The more one cares for them, — and you must see that one comes to care very much, — the more one is grateful to Christ that He saw such things in the flesh.

LOLODORF, *February 19.*

I live in such a continual clamor, my dears. I make it my business not to mind the noise, except when it comes from the girls' quarters, when everybody objects to it. But it does make some sort of impression, as I discovered to-day. I went to hold a meeting in a village upon the crown of a hill, and when I got there the cupboard was bare, — all the inhabitants had gone into the bush to escape the soldiers, who are after carriers. Up and down the street I walked, peering into the empty houses. Only three women were to be found, and as few schoolboys. We went into the little palaver house on the brink of the hill. We sang a few songs, and then I asked, did any one have a question which he would like to ask, — for of course I can answer any question that can be evolved. So I sat

still while they thought, and they sat still too, embarrassed by their unusual occupation. Then, my dear, into that little palaver house, open every way to the afternoon, there flowed the quiet of the deserted town, of the green forest, of the blue hills, — the kind quiet of the unpopulated earth. I could have wept for gratitude. This may seem a little thing to you, just as leisure may seem a mild form of excitement, but it was as good as gold or spring water to me.

Many things are changing here. There is, first, the road, very unlike the road as I first knew it, and now the government hill. For days the long cry of a live tree as it falls, until now the hill is as bare as your hand. Almost no bush towns are left, for all have been called out to build upon the road, so there is an end of afternoons in the little ways of the forest. Soon the telephone will be established between here and Kribi — then, automobiles. This is bad, as the fish thinks when he is pulled out of the essential element. But there are always the people, living their mysterious lives under one's eye. There is life with its unstaled, infinite variety. Courtesy is a wonderful screen, is n't it? These people sit continually behind it. There is hardly a town within a mile but I have a friend there, who is glad of my coming; ready to lie to me, of course, and afraid of me, but glad and friendly. The names they call me, my dears, because I don't allow them to call me Mamma, which is the common form of address — Matchenzie, Tchensie, and Mr. Matchenzie!

LOLODORF, *February 22.*

There was a dwarf in my girls' school for a few days, and for all she was no more than forty-eight inches high, she was a woman. All morning she sat learning her letters and making little marks on her slate, which she thought

was writing. And in the afternoon she worked with the little girls to earn her food. She was just about as big as the rest of them, but she could do more work, — cut more firewood and mow more grass. Because she is a dwarf they think in her town that she must work harder than anybody else. That is the way they think about dwarfs. Her husband bought her long ago from her people, in the close leafy places of the forest, where her mother still lives, — a little, little old woman, I suppose, with a bit of a cloth about her middle, always cooking food in a kettle over a fire on the floor of her leaf shelter. Well, now here was her bit of a daughter learning her letters like any other lucky African, and learning other things besides. She was learning about God, which was a good deal. At least we could hope that if she were to stay a year, she would be quite another sort of a little dwarf. But to-day one of her husband's other wives came to take her away and she had to go. I put a needle through a card and wrapped some thread around it; then I gave her an aluminum thimble; and she was so pleased with so many possessions of so many kinds that she was not too sad when she went away. But I was.

LOLODORF, *April 1.*

The other day I was sitting in a hut on a bed, my elbows on my knees and my chin on my hands. A woman lay on the bed behind me; she was sick because her husband had beaten her. Suddenly she sat up and began to feel up and down my back with her hand, making out to her satisfaction that my anatomy resembled her own; dear knows how long she had wondered, and all her townspeople too. Presently I felt her hand on my head — stroking my hair, which I wear now tied at my neck, that the little bunch of it and the ribbon may cover the nape from the

sun. Then said she, in a voice very tender and caressing, '*Why* won't you wear your hair as we do?' 'Because I should have to cut some of it off.' 'And why do you hate to do that?' — still stroking my head. 'Because my father would ask, "What did they do to my child in the country beyond the sea — that they cut off her hair?"' She laughed at this.

But I was touched by this wish of hers that I should be like herself, and I knew by the feel of her hand on my head that she loved me. All the time of late I am hunting a way to tell you that things have changed for me, in a kind and degree which matter a great deal, but which cannot be handed out in order. I have at last, in measure, the passion of what I am doing. I never expected this. I feel like the mother of all these poor women.

April 7.

To-day I was in Manjuer Bian's house. Manjuer is a little woman, a Christian, who dresses like a man, — wears a man's jacket on dress occasions, — and who is comfortably rank of the soil. Often I meet her coming from her garden, her basket on her back full of roots and herbs, herself like some little brown root dug out of the ground. All her fingers are worn down; one forefinger is quite gone. This is not repulsive as it sounds, only perplexing sometimes when I am in duty bound — in following a narrative of her recounting — to call off the number indicated by her fingers. 'I have borne children — ugh!' says Manjuer Bian, holding up some fingers; and I must of course call the number, and not waste time either. The question is whether or not to count in the missing forefinger. You know how one wonders about a cross-eyed person, — as to whether one is addressed or another. Well, I was in her house to-day and there were other people, —

the old blind woman and a headman (in a small way) who has lost one eye, but who looked at me with humor and kindness out of the other.

'Is it a real word,' said he, 'that you are unmarried?' 'A real word,' said I. Whereat he laughed — irrepressibly and indulgently. 'I can arrange a marriage for you,' said he. 'That's exactly where you are mistaken,' said I; 'you cannot!'

'Don't bother the child,' said Manjuer Bian, who was securing her cloth about her waist and did not look up; more said she in Ngumba, of which I understood the word 'little.'

'She says,' said the headman, when I asked him, 'that you are just a little girl.'

'Manjuer Bian,' said I seriously, 'don't you know that I am a real woman, as old as Mamma Lehman? I am grown a long time, Manjuer Bian!'

Manjuer smiled very kindly, very discreetly; she sat on a little stool and fell to grinding seed on a large flat stone, her legs spread out on either side. Presently she looked up, still smiling. 'Yes, Matchenda, of course you are a grown woman!' said she, exactly as one answers a little girl.

April 12.

I wish you might just once see a caravan of young girls — Bene or Yaunde. You never saw the poignant charm of youth more perfectly expressed. I suppose that pang which is associated with our appreciation of the charm of youth — and which is not all pleasure — is a sort of nostalgia. And then, one has, about little carrier girls, other pangs of a more obvious nature. They are so timid, such pitiful little timidities. Yesterday I passed one who had turned aside to give me way. I stopped very close to her and said something friendly; but at my stopping and at sound of my voice she froze into a perfectly immobile terror; not a muscle moved

under her smooth skin; she did not so much as wink; all her bones melted within her, I suppose; and like a little forest creature that has no apparatus of defense, she trusted desperately and without reason to passivity. I have seen this extreme terror before and no compassion avails with it. So I did the only kind thing, which was to pass on. There was another little girl in the caravan. I walked a while behind her, and it was sweet to see that little buoyant body tread the earth. Her little bustle of leaves was fresh and green, gathered from a sweet-scented plant; it beat about her pretty thighs as she walked. Presently she turned her little merry face, and I made some kind of sign that I was an amiable, quite human person; at which she laughed and exclaimed in her adorable treble — chattering to her friends ahead — that the white woman had done thus and so. This caravan came from no very great distance with roof-mats for the governor; they were, I judged, all the available people from one neighborhood, and they had more than commonly the innocent aspect of country folk.

April 26.

I certainly must tell you that several new members have been admitted to the Nsamba — which is the class of instruction preparatory to church membership. Only earnest Christians are taken on this list. There were some fine lads, some men, Vunga (Benzhuli's wife), and some other women. The Nsamba must have thirty members now. Well, it is awfully hard for the old Ngumba women to learn the Commandments in Bulu, but that is a condition of membership and it is pitiful and funny to hear their examination. One old woman, Mpashima, fixed Mr. Fraser with a most earnest gaze and said, 'Thou shalt not kill another's — woman!' About then I wished I had as big a hat to cover my

mouth as Motefi held over his face — he spent most of this hour behind his hat and I was glad he had it.

It was fine to hear Nzonbui rehearse without a break and with calm intelligence. Poor, sweet little Vunga nearly fainted, though she knew them perfectly. You should have seen her when they stood in a row to agree to certain doctrines before admittance. One of these reads, 'Do you acknowledge that God made man and woman equal?' Very slowly went up the young Vunga's arm, and her eyes sought her husband, who sat behind her, with the prettiest air of deprecation. She certainly is a charmer. I was called in consultation when she had a misunderstanding with Benzhuli once. 'Don't let yourselves get angry with Benzhuli about your garden work,' said I sagely, 'for you know that he is very ignorant.' 'Ignorant!' says Vunga, in a passionate, scornful calm, 'very ignorant he certainly is!'

LOLODORF, *July 3.*

On Sunday Bekalli preached. It was great. The house was packed, which it has not been since our coming down here. Little boys hung about the platform and sat upon the ground. Manjuer Bian sat upon a chromo of the Kaiser which was waiting to be hung; she broke the glass and we led her gently off. Everywhere there was a pleasant happy stir.

Bekalli is a little man; he wears a white singlet and a dark cloth with a red border. I noticed when he stood up that he was immaculate. He stood for half a minute with his customary expression of quiet happiness; suddenly he smiled — and then he went off like a sky rocket. The house hummed in answer to him, and his images passed in procession. I am sure that I could n't tell you what it was all about, — he spoke in Ngumba, — but he held me for thirty minutes. Scotch blood is

so tyrannical; I thought — poor Scotch spinster thing — that I was his mother, the mother of the dear little minister. And I had this very same obsession on a gray Sunday three weeks ago, when Ngoi, long and dark in his overalls, preached to a rainy-day audience, his teeth clenched on his natural shyness and his poor sermon balking all the way.

July 27.

On Monday I went to Ipose. I took a hammock for as much of the way as was open road; in the forest I walked. It rained, and where the path ran through clear growths of cane or high grasses I enjoyed all the benefits of a box shower. I rather thought I would go to bed and so escape rheumatism and other ills. The people of Ipose, seeing me while I was yet afar off, blew the horn which calls to service and summons the people from their gardens and the neighboring villages. The costume of the preacher deserves to be described in detail: a dry dress over a night-dress, stockings made of a blue polka-dot handkerchief, and shoes made of bits of oilcloth. I promise never, never to dress so again, especially at home. I promise to take a complete wardrobe and a clothes-wringer when next I go to Ipose. But really, I was thought to be rather presentable there, and was not without honor. I spoke in the morning and evening to more people than I have yet spoken to — I'm sorry, but I have n't an idea as to how many, for I am always too much interested in what I am doing to count. But I had the nice cozy feeling which comes with a full house.

In the evening, after I have eaten, the women and children crowd into my hut and we talk, but not necessarily on serious subjects. I think that I shall manage to get out there every two or three weeks after things get under way.

August 10.

I did not tell you about the drinking at Ipose because I thought it would worry you. It was so much simpler than it sounds. I was sleeping there one night and had got to bed when I realized that the men in the palaver house were noisy — we have drinking enough in our forest for me to recognize the note. I got up, lit my lantern, and went to the palaver house. I agree that I was afraid. By the light of the fire they were laughing and chatting — perhaps ten of them. And sure enough they were drinking. They looked at me in their customary friendly way; no one was tipsy. I told them that it was taboo for the white woman to sleep in a town where the men were drinking; and that the white men would certainly have opposed my visit to Ipose had they supposed that the men of Ipose would drink while I was their guest, and that I must move on if they did not stop.

They said, why, so they were drinking; Mabiama had just returned from a journey and they were recounting adventures, but because of my word they would stop. And they stopped. It was as simple as that. I went back to my hut; and I could hear the talk thin out and die away as the men parted or fell asleep. Soon only the sheep stirred in the town of Ipose.

September 20.

Here is news for you and me and light upon the future. Mrs. Lehman and I, walking along the Mfaka, the government road, at dusk, met a woman with whom we stopped to talk. She had a huge fresh flourish of tattoo between her shoulder-blades, and Mrs. Lehman asked her why she submitted her body to such pain. 'Because,' said the woman, 'these marks will buy me food after death.'

Mrs. Lehman expounded the future to the confounding of such commerce.

The woman listened with growing wonder, until her emotions went beyond her discretion and she flung her arms about me, laughing. The African, you must know, is very social, and wants a friend against whom to lean in every moment of interest. We were very deeply interested. We had never heard this use of tattooing so much as whispered; but when we came to ask, all the boys, laughing and shamefaced, said it is commonly believed.

September 21.

It is pleased entirely father would have been these nights if he could have seen his daughter sitting in her room with her friends as close as herrings all over the floor — big lads and little ones, and women and girls, all come in

For to admire, for to see, for to behold this world so wide

that I let them into. Never a new-comer but said, 'I want to see your father,' when I always owned up to him on the wall, and to mother too. Expressions of admiration and astonishment were unfailingly offered before the shrines; after which and other introductory matter we would get down to business, which was of no less a matter than the accounting for and the justifying of all given conditions under heaven and beyond. No one who was not on the spot and in the heart of it can guess how busy and excited people are who engage in creating a universe. For myself, I have come to the end of a most vivid experience. I seem to have been so necessary to the process and so popular, and so successful, that I am really embarrassed in speaking of it, lest I loom too large.

The boys went home this noon for ten days, and it can hardly ever be the same again. I think back to its beginning, a small matter of a question or two, of an evening, and then suddenly, the Bible to be explained and the solar

system,—but most urgently, man to be explained! I was pretty weak on the solar system, I must say; but I made a fair showing on the Bible, and when it came to man I shone, and every one shone, and there was a perfect conflagration. We had about four nights of such joyous deliberations, and to-night I feel rather lonely.

The boys felt so happy to go home that I felt cravings on my own account, and wished that I might make up a little bundle of some odd things in a plantain leaf, and walk all day and all night till I saw the fires of home twinkling through the cracks of the hut on 78th Street. Then I would cry out, 'Me soya!' and mother would rise up and cook for me—something special of course, no matter what the time of night.

September 30.

I never have any time now except in the afternoon, when my energies run rather low from the exertions of the morning. In the evenings my room will be full of people—women and the school-boys—who come to talk with me or to sit quietly in the pleasant lighted room. I sit and sew in my steamer chair, and all the time, my dears, there is the effort to pass the barriers of kind. We were talking so last night—about the common uses of life—when a certain young fellow who had been listening with a sad attention, leaned his head on his hand with a kind of sad weariness and said directly to me, across the heads of the others and the current of our talk,—across my effort and his effort,—'How we differ!' I cannot tell you how much there was of balked endeavor and of relinquishment in his eyes; because, you see,—and he saw better than you can,—the difference is so much to his disadvantage.

But such a look is a challenge. How can you understand the necessity of

rousing the courage of self in such as these? Though maybe you do, my dears,—you seem to understand so much. I think you must understand why I am willing to give up my evenings to whoever comes. One comes to have such different methods and such different hopes as one comes to know—and such different illusions too, I suppose. Thank goodness the time has passed when—after a passionate appeal to a higher nature, as conceived by the appellant—the sordid answer broke the heart. I declare that I can pass from the subject of integrity to the subject of salt fish without any sense of eloquence gone to waste. And one comes to have trust in time, an optimistic attitude toward its processes. There is no little boy or big blunderer so unpromising but I can call up Time and turn over the case. 'Take care of him for a year.' There is a certain expression, common and very moving, a veil of softening over the passions of an African face, and that is the habit of self-control and of subjection to the spirit of God. There is not a member of the church but has this expression—which is quite a mystical blending of suffering and joy; and I never see the shade of it settle on a boy's face but I have to care for him.

LOLODORE, October 3.

Do you remember when Ze and Malinga had their little son, Simon? A year ago last February, and they were so happy. Last week the little boy died from eating poison mushrooms. This morning the word came from Elat, where Ze is studying for the ministry; and there was poor old Bunga, Ze's mother, who must know. Bunga loved the little boy so much, with that human passion of the old for the young of their blood. When I went into her hut this morning she lay with her face in the dust of the ground. Presently she

looked at me and raised herself ever so little. She shook her head, with her eyes on mine. It may sound simple, that she shook her head, but it was too much for me. She put her face in the dust again, and I cried. After a while she rose and brought a toy wringer which Mrs. Lehman had given Simon. This she contemplated with a kind of wonder, turning the silly little crank of it, and wiping the dust from it. Suddenly, out of this dry silence, she burst into the heart-racking wail of this country, and fell to gesturing with movements terribly tense and singularly angular, angular like the movements on an Egyptian inscription, and tense with tragic human protest. All the life of that little child was rehearsed in this new light of terror and pity: its birth, and its little career. People came and went in the hut, conjured up by the passion of that old woman. I saw myself stoop in at the door and heard myself say, 'It is a fine child.' And many other scenes I saw, until the past crowded in and filled the hut. Then it was gone; she dismissed it; all that play of gesture was put aside, and the old woman drooped on the ground.

Now she began to call ever so softly to her little grandson and to peer out of the door. Presently she was wiping the dust from the toy. On the wall there was a picture of Christ, out of a Sunday-school chart. Poor old Bunga got up and went to it, not like a grown woman, but like a child. With her fingers she touched the face of it, followed the lines of it, and turning to me she said, in a whisper, 'It is the Lord.' And she wept.

When I went back in the afternoon she was sitting quietly in the ashes. She said that she felt very ill, poor old woman, but she was calmer and more susceptible to the comfort of human contact. Her neighbors are making it pretty hard for her, especially since

Benzhuli's child died. It is quite clear that the children of Christians are doomed. But the old woman knows whom she has believed, and God looks after his own. Poor old woman!

October 10.

After supper I go to the quarters where the wives of the workmen sit at leisure in the short dusk. It will be dark when I get back to my room and the people begin to drift in. I never really want them to come; before they come I am always hoping that they won't come to-night; but by eight o'clock it is so interesting that I am glad; and when I go to bed I lie and wonder at the strange unformed world of which I have had glimpses. Little by little their fear of ridicule is slipping from them, and I come nearer and nearer to the place where they live. The African is exceedingly secret; his thoughts move under cover. There is an obscure sense of mental excitement in any vital intercourse with a people so secret. There is besides a mental excitement in ministering to such a passion for knowledge. I cannot hope to give you any complete sense of how they inarticulately clamor about me of an evening. Their very silences, when they wait with shining eyes, are clamorous. I realize this, of course: that I both pipe and pay the piper. I pay a certain steep price for their — well, their diversion, if diversion it can be called which is at once so intense and so utilitarian. I pay the price of never — under the most harassing of circumstances — turning a deaf ear. This is a price. I also never laugh, but that is a trick, and no trick at all. If I did laugh who would laugh with me? So it is easy not to laugh, but to lend the glad ear, when the grasshopper is a burden!

I enlarge so much upon this period of my life (as Santa Teresa says) because

it offers certain very interesting aspects and I can't seem to present them; I can't feel that I am making you feel them. Probably you must wonder sometimes, as I do often enough (but never with any sense of personal stake), as to the future of the African peoples. I don't know, my dears. I have not an idea. They wonder themselves; they have misgivings that haunt and shake them. They beg me to explain their low estate on any other ground, if I can, than their intrinsic inferiority. They see as clearly as you do that the normal man does not sleep away the thousand years, or all the ages. At least some of them see this and are weighed upon by heavy racial misgivings. Their ignorance is hateful to them; they suffer. They ask questions sometimes with all

the air of confessing sins. I am speaking of the men, the young lads. The women are not so mentally conscious; they proclaim their stupidity, but attribute it to their sex. They are very much less mentally active. The men and boys acquire very quickly the rudiments of such knowledge as we offer; they develop really wonderfully; their present is full of promise, but the shadow on their past lies over all their days.

I can't work it out. But this is perfectly evident: God does indeed accept them and befriend them. They seem capable of deep spiritual experience that is like a flame to refine them. You must take my word for this, who will never see the strange and subtle change that I see.

(To be continued.)

THE ROAD TO MOUNT TOM

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

THE blue hills loom through morning mist.
The wet road gleams like amethyst.

What color is the road to-day?
Thin amethyst with a silver soul,
Or lavender in a veil of gray,
Or crystal in a cloud's control?
From goldenrod to meadow-sweet
It takes the brief hill, running fleet
Between the morning-glory vines
And past the primrose hedge that shines

With clusters pale of gilded dew.
Where flowers of chicory bold and blue
Repeat the sky along the ground,
And black-eyed Susans golden-gowned
Lean shrewdly for the gossips' view.
It shrugs and nods with kindly smile,
And with the morning on its face
Slips down another silvery mile
Through bramble blossoms and queen's-lace.
It leaps to follow the clear river
And laughs to see the ripples shiver,
But there is depth in its gray eyes
Within the shade where birches quiver.
Now with wild roses in its hair
It springs along the mountain stair,
And climbs in sensitive surprise
Closer and closer to the skies.
The cool green tunnels of the wood,
The graybeard rocks in solitude,
Wonder to see the road go by
Like a swift spirit wild and shy.
For it has traveled fast and far
With the steep azure for a goal;
And yonder where great spaces are
Even a road may claim a soul
Wherein remembered flowers gleam,
Lest all its journey fade to dream.

PRICES ACCORDING TO LAW

BY ARTHUR A. BALLANTINE

I

'The king shall set the price for the purchase and sale of all commodities according to the place of origin and destination, the profit of the seller and the needs of the purchaser. Once in five days or a fortnight, the king shall publish the price of commodities in the market.'

THIS quotation is not from the laws of Utopia, but from the code of Manu, which appeared among the Hindus perhaps two hundred years before the birth of Christ. It was Thoreau who remarked that it is a strange result of civilization that we never find a man engaged in such a simple and natural occupation as building his own house. At first glance, it seems almost equally strange that we do not find the government of the United States engaged in the primitive practice of fixing prices. In courts and police the average citizen has only a remote and secondary interest, but in his household bills his interest is keen and constant. He would take real satisfaction in paying taxes to a government that spent some of the money in keeping down the daily levy by his butcher and his grocer. And if the weight, the quality, and now even the advertising of commodities is regulated, why not the price? To most buyers the price is the main point.

The idea of government regulation of prices has been gaining increasing support. Former President Roosevelt is advocating it, apparently as a disciple of President Van Hise of the University of Wisconsin, who in his book *Concentration and Control* takes the

position that such regulation might be a salutary check upon the power of monopolies. The suggestion does not seem to terrify the managers of great concerns, for Judge Gary of the United States Steel Corporation expressed himself before the Stanley Committee as not averse to it. A natural repository of power over prices would be the Interstate Trade Commission, although the act creating this very important new commission does not grant such authority.

What accounts for the absence of statutory law about prices is, of course, faith in economic law. Historically speaking, this widespread and deeply rooted belief in the efficacy of the law of supply and demand is of recent origin. In 1777 the legislature of Massachusetts, acting at the suggestion of the Federal Congress, passed a law fixing maximum prices for many commodities and authorizing the boards of selectmen to fix prices for other articles. Similar provisions were enacted in New York in 1778. These laws represented an attempt to continue a long-established policy of Parliament. When modern trade and industry began to develop, it was supposed that state or institutional control was necessary to direct the economic efforts of the individual to socially beneficial ends. Throughout the Middle Ages business was everywhere regulated in one way or another in minute detail. In England, when, owing to some sudden change of conditions, prices rose noticeably, statutes were likely to be passed to keep

them down. Thus in the middle of the fourteenth century, after the Black Death had decimated the population, the attempt was made to restrict wages to such rates as had formerly been customary; and perhaps in the hope of enabling laborers to live for their former wages, prices also were regulated. The first provisions in regard to prices were rather vague, but in 1363 a statute was enacted which provided among other things that the price of a young capon should not pass three pence, or of an old hen or a goose, four pence. Under a law of 1533 the price of cheese, of butter and fowl and other necessary victuals, was to be fixed from time to time by certain justices and other officers. As late as 1758 Parliament re-enacted the Assize of Bread, regulating the price and make-up of loaves — the law occupying some seventeen pages of the statute book.

The attainment of the economic freedom of the individual is doubtless one phase of the movement toward individual liberty which began with the Reformation. Religious liberty and political liberty were, however, sought before economic liberty. The principles of such liberty, while earlier proclaimed in France, had their first broadly effective exposition in England in Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, which was not published until 1776. The underlying and justifying idea of the economics of individualism therein expressed is that the individual, left free to direct his own activities, will conduct the economic process far more wisely and effectively than could any governmental or other controlling agency. He will produce the commodities which are most needed, because he can get the best prices for such commodities. He will always try to get the highest price for his wares; but his profit cannot for any considerable period be large, because large profits will attract other

self-directing producers into the field. This will result in a larger output of the commodity, and in order to create a demand for the whole of this output, the producers must make a lower price. This increase in the amount of the product will continue until prices are forced down so as to yield only a fair average return upon the investment required for production, such a return being a necessary element in the cost of production. Thus, when individuals are left industrially free, the play of the forces of demand and supply in the long run fixes the price at the cost of production, and that is the fair or 'natural' price.

No view could be more comforting to hold than this now classical view of spontaneous or automatic regulation of production and prices. But most of the comfortable views of our forbears have been abandoned. Must we not also discard their faith in competition?

The offhand answer is almost sure to be 'Yes.' And the reasoning of the advocate of the regulation of prices runs somewhat as follows. Fifty or a hundred years ago, when production was on a small scale, there may have been effective regulation of prices through competition. But the improvement of means of communication and transportation, and of methods of production, has ended that idyllic state. Instead of local markets supplied by small local firms, we have nation-wide markets supplied by colossal corporations. Competition between or with such industrial giants proved disastrous, and in order to turn losses into gains, producers inevitably combined. A combination of all producers could raise the price of the product without much regard for the cost of production. To prevent extortion through price-inflation, legislative bodies declared that there should not be combination or monopoly, or in other words, that com-

petition must continue. In spite of the anti-trust laws, combination went on, in obedience to the more imperative mandate of economic law. It would be far wiser now to recognize combination or monopoly than to attempt to restrain it or root it out. Competition, as the regulator of prices, having broken down, fair and just prices should be fixed by the government. This seemed to be the theory and policy of the Progressive party — this bit of progress dating back, as the introductory quotation shows, to early Hindu civilization.

If we are to-day quick to doubt the faith of the fathers, let us also be slow to embrace any new faith; otherwise we may simply substitute new error for old. Before giving ear to the benefits of regulation, is it not well to press an inquiry as to the terms and conditions under which it would be possible, — to be clear as to the price of this plausibly commended remedy? The price of commission regulation is monopoly — not partial monopoly, not monopoly in certain industries only, but complete and permanent monopoly in any field in which producers care to combine. Advocates of regulation seem inclined to emphasize only the restraints which they would impose upon monopoly. It is the primary purpose of this article to set forth the restraints which they would have to remove. A further purpose is to point out the difficulties of dealing with the organization of industry which would follow upon the removal of those restraints.

II

It is obvious that the regulation of monopoly in respect to price, or in any other respect, implies and involves the existence of monopoly. Regulation is totally different from prohibition; the regulation, for instance, of the sale of

intoxicating liquor involves the permitting of the traffic. What is not obvious at first glance, however, is that for economic reasons, the successful application of any principles of price-regulation would be impossible unless all producers of each commodity or class of commodities were brought into a single organization or group. The fact is that any commission-fixed price would operate upon some producers with ruinous injustice unless a system of production were adopted under which all producers operated at substantially the same cost of production, or under which each was assured of a proper share of the business. This condition would be possible only under a system of monopoly.

Mark Twain tells us that Adam, when he came to name the different animals in the Garden of Eden, hit upon the right names by a very simple process: 'That creature looks like a toad. It hops like a toad. By George, I am going to call it a toad!' It might be supposed that a commission could determine fair prices in the same straightforward fashion. 'Five cents a pound sounds like a fair price for sugar. It is what we used to pay; it is all that we ought to pay. Let us decree that sugar shall sell for five cents a pound!' Now, this is apparently what Parliament attempted to do in the fourteenth century with prices in England — to establish as the lawful maximum price the price that had been customary. There was no attempt to determine whether the customary price was just, or whether, even if it had formerly been just, conditions had not so changed that it had ceased to be adequate.

Under normal circumstances, there is but one test or measure of the justice of the price of a commodity, — namely, the cost of producing that commodity, — including in the term 'cost' all elements which have to be provided for

in order to continue the process of production, — such as reward for business management, and return upon the investment, as well as labor, operating, and maintenance costs. Market price is a mere ratio of exchange: it is an expression, put for convenience in terms of money, of the amount of other commodities which will be exchanged for any one commodity. Actual prices may be just or they may be entirely unjust. A great merit of the competitive process is that it tends to make the market, or actual, price, at least of articles whose value does not depend primarily on their rarity or style, conform in the long run to the cost of production. A regulating commission could not do otherwise than try to secure by its decrees correspondence between the cost of producing commodities and the price of the commodities. It would have in each case to ascertain this cost of production and to fix a price sufficient, and only sufficient, to repay that cost to the producer.

The cost of production is the only basis that public utility commissions have worked out for fixing the rates for the services of railroad, lighting, and other companies. It was at first supposed that the value of the service to the consumer ('the needs of the purchaser') would form a test for rate-fixing, but there is no way of standardizing needs and making them a definite basis for rates. In the great body of decisions as to rates, there is conflict upon many points, — conflict astonishing to those not familiar with the difficulties of the problems, — but as to the great object to be attained in fixing rates, all commissions now seem to agree. That object is to fix rates sufficient and only sufficient to pay the legitimate costs of rendering the service. In other words, they are fixed according to what the Hindu sage referred to as 'the profit of the seller.' And they

have to be so fixed if the service is to be continued.

For commissions dealing with railway and lighting properties, the task of adjusting rates to cost, while exceedingly difficult, is not ordinarily impossible. What makes it possible is the fact that as a rule each public service company has a monopoly of a certain kind of service in a particular territory, or upon some particular route. This enables the commission to consider all the circumstances of each company and so to adjust a schedule of rates for each company as to yield to the company a fair return and only a fair return for the service rendered. The commission can predict with substantial accuracy what revenue a given rate will actually yield to a company, for the reason that as most of the customers of the company are in effect forced to use its service, the total volume of business of the company from year to year is assured. In the instances in which the commission cannot consider the circumstances of a particular company, but has to fix flat rates applying to more than one company, — as in the case of the rates for competing railroads, or where the volume of business of a company fluctuates sharply, as recently in the case of some of the railroads, — rates fixed by commissions work injustice.

III

A trade commission would then have to establish rates upon the basis of the cost of producing commodities, but the conditions under which it would attempt this are in the main utterly different from the conditions under which public service commissions are acting. Indeed, a railroad commission confronted with the task of fixing the price for, say, shoes, might feel much like the driver of a well-broken team of work-horses who should be asked to move his

wagon with a herd of wild mustangs. The object to be attained is clear, — to get an even, steady, dirigible pull on the whiffletrees, — but how to get such a result from that varied assortment of undisciplined and independently operating animals is a wholly new and terrifying problem.

Perhaps the most striking difference between the manner of carrying on public utilities and the manner of producing and marketing commodities is that, while each utility company usually has a monopoly of a certain service, industrial concerns located in different places, and operating under very different circumstances, sell their wares in the same markets. The country's supply of shoes is said to be produced by some fourteen hundred establishments. This industry is, of course, highly individualized; but if we turn to the other extreme, — steel, — we find that even the vast United States Steel Corporation produces by no means all of the steel product in its own lines. It probably does not produce sixty per cent of the total product. The experience of the past two decades has not borne out the prediction that single concerns would eventually swallow up all the business. It has seemed rather that, if industrial conditions in respect of railroad-rate facilities, credit facilities, and the like, are kept fair for all producers, well-managed independent concerns can maintain and even increase their shares of the business. And every business man recognizes that different concerns in the same industry do not produce their goods at the same cost.

Under present conditions, therefore, a trade commission could not, like a public service commission, establish rates for individual companies, each rendering a distinctive service; it would have to establish flat prices for the total output of various commodities, portions of the output being produced by

a number of different companies. Obviously a rate which would yield one company or a group of companies only a fair return, might yield excessive returns to a second company or group of companies, and might mean ruin to a third company or group. Only a few companies would fit the Procrustean bed erected by the decrees of the commission. Even the company or group which might be supposed to receive the normal return under any rate, might at any moment find that owing to some change in the method of production or in the character of the trade, a large part of its business was being taken by competitors, and that under the commission prices it could not make both ends meet. If there had been no limitation of prices, its directors might properly believe that large profits might have been made when conditions were favorable, which would have served to offset the losses later sustained under adverse conditions.

It may be urged that under competition flat prices are established for all, just as they would be established by a commission, and that they operate among producers in just this unequal fashion. But the very object of resorting to commission regulation is to substitute a reasoned and just rule for the soulless grind of economic law. A commission could not limit prices upon the basis of the cost of goods to the more efficient producers without accepting responsibility for the ruin of many worthy enterprises.

No one, however, has seriously advocated the regulation of prices except for monopolies. The advocate of regulation always assumes that monopolies actually exist which would be fitting subjects for regulation. Such an assumption may suffice for popular political discussion, but only a few of the organizations which the public has come to regard as monopolies would be

found to have anything like that degree of control of an industry which would make possible the application of price-fixing principles. A concern controlling little over half the output of a commodity may be thought of as a trust or monopoly; yet if the prices of that concern alone were regulated, and its profits restricted, it might easily happen that some of its competitors not subject to regulation might cut deeply into its business. To prevent a company from making large profits and yet leave it subject to all the hazards of competition is to tie its hands and yet compel it to fight.

Mere large-scale production would by no means furnish an adequate basis for price-regulation. Actual monopolies would have to be legally assured. Concerns now merely dominant in their fields would have to be allowed to obtain, either through absorption or combination, substantially complete control. This would involve the active and continuous suppression of competition. In Massachusetts it is provided by law that when a regulated public service company is once established in a particular territory, it cannot be subjected to the competition of some new company unless the regulating commission deems the additional service of that new company necessary for the accommodation of the public. If price-regulation were undertaken, it would be necessary, not merely to bring all existing producers in every regulated industry into a unified group, but also to prohibit the entrance of new concerns into the field unless in the judgment of the commission the additional service was necessary.

Nor could the development of the monopoly be confined to the fields in which large concerns are already dominant. It is sometimes suggested that the production of some commodities can best be carried on by monopolies,

while the production of others can be at least equally well carried on by a number of concerns, no one of which controls the whole field. Even assuming that the truth of such a proposition were to-day demonstrated to the satisfaction of economists, the only self-justifying method of determining whether monopoly would for economic reasons become established in any industry, is to remove all legal obstacles to the establishment of monopoly and let the producers themselves decide the question. As a practical matter, if monopolistic combinations for the producers of some commodities are legalized, combinations of the producers of other commodities cannot be branded as criminal. Nor is it conceivable that any commission could be vested with the right to decree peace or war for an industry. To undertake at this time to legalize complete monopolies in fields in which large concerns have become dominant, would be to penalize producers in other fields for their compliance with the anti-trust laws.

Price-regulation involves the establishment of absolute monopolies in the fields in which control is already much concentrated, and also the permitting of monopolies in the fields where competition is now the rule. Let no advocate of such regulation describe himself as the foe of monopoly; he is in fact the staunchest friend and supporter of monopoly.

IV

To have industries in a form permitting the regulation of prices, it would then be necessary to permit or force the organization of industrial monopolies. The right to fix prices to be charged by these monopolies would be a stupendous power over them; yet the difficulties of successfully exercising that power would be very great. To simplify the problems and to lessen the

conflicts of interest, government ownership of the monopolies would seem an almost inevitable step.

A federal commission vested with power to fix prices would need to have jurisdiction over the entire business of the regulated corporations. The Interstate Commerce Commission and the courts have attempted to draw a line between interstate business and the intrastate business of the great carriers. The line, however, is not at all clear, and it is recognized that Congress may in effect regulate state commerce if it deems this necessary for the proper regulation of commerce which is interstate. To separate the interstate business from the state business of industrial concerns would be a hopeless task. At the outset, therefore, the control of the Federal government would have to be extended to cover all big business, and to cover it in all its phases. Indeed, this is what is advocated by believers in the policy of regulation.

Now the production and distribution of commodities, even by monopolies, is a far more complex process than the rendering of services in transportation or lighting. Public service companies, in the phrase of business, turn out a finished product, which is sold directly to the consumer. Many industrial concerns, however, like the steel companies, turn out products which are sold to other manufacturers, the finished product of one industry being the raw material of another. The producers of commodities are interdependent, and the fixing of rates for one would involve consideration of many others. An added complication is that price is only one term of the sale of goods, and this term could not be effectually fixed without fixing all other terms of sale. Some of these are the length of credit, discounts for purchases in quantities, method and time of delivery, and the right to return goods.

For business men themselves to determine the actual cost of past production, even for a single concern, is often most difficult. To determine in advance a cost which can be maintained over a considerable interval of time, during which many conditions may change in an unpredictable manner, they would regard as almost impossible. But the greatest difficulties in commission regulation would spring from the fact that the determination of theoretically just costs involves the fixing by the commission of all factors which enter into cost, — not merely the return upon investment, but wages and salaries, and all operating and maintenance charges.

In the earlier years of rate-regulation, the actual expenses of companies were generally accepted as constituting the necessary costs of operation. In recent years, the steadily increasing tendency has been to reject such figures and take instead theoretical figures based upon the commission's judgment of what costs ought to be. This tendency has been notably manifested in the recent decisions and opinions of the Interstate Commerce Commission. In accordance with this tendency, price-regulating commissions would sooner or later have to determine wages; indeed the increase of wages by boards acting independently of rate-fixing boards is intolerable, and for any long period, impracticable. Furthermore, commissions would have to determine operating methods and business policies, for costs of production depend upon such methods and policies.

It would then be for the commission ultimately to determine the tasks, the working conditions, and rewards of all those interested in any industry, and to lay out the methods to be pursued in that industry. And most important of all, the commission would have to determine the amount of the output of goods in every regulated industry. So

long as industries are in private hands, the amount of goods which will be produced depends directly upon the price; if the price is increased, more goods are produced; if the price is decreased, less will be offered. Consumers, therefore, would have to depend for their supply of goods, not upon the quick response of independent producers, but upon the judgment and action of the commission.

The questions most vitally affecting all those interested in any industry — investors, managers, employees, and consumers of the product — would then have to be settled by the price-regulating authorities. All this involves an infinite burden of detail, infinite argument, and also infinite delay, but what is most obvious is that there is so far little ground for even hoping that these problems could be theoretically solved in a manner satisfactory to the different groups interested. The actual outcome would be likely to be political, and politics would consist largely of a struggle for the control of the all-powerful regulating body. The contest would be a contest of wills rather than a contest of ideas or theories. Inevitably, the issue would be drawn between the control of the monopolies by the government and the control of the government by the monopolies. And there is but one probable outcome of such a conflict, and that outcome is the government acquisition of the industrial monopolies. This is precisely what was predicted by Karl Marx: first monopoly, then government ownership. Many acute students of the regulation of public service companies already believe that the complications of regulation even in this limited field will result in government ownership of these companies. The regulation of public service companies is very much simpler than the regulation of industrial companies, and so long as industry remains

in private hands, it may be possible to continue this great compromise as to the control of public service companies. If the regulation of monopoly is to be attempted in the complex and ever-changing field of general industry, the experience with public service companies affords little ground for challenging the prediction of the founder of modern Socialism.

V

To hold that commission-made prices necessitate monopoly and mean ultimate government ownership, is by no means to maintain that competition is all-sufficient. We cannot believe with the classical economists that industrial freedom necessarily results in commercial and industrial justice. While progress results principally from the spontaneous and free action of individuals, it is also true that civilization rests upon restraints upon the natural and selfish actions of individuals. Restraints are as necessary in the economic field as in every field in which the interests of individuals may conflict, and as conditions become more complex, the restraints must increase in number.

The Sherman law is of course, in one sense, a restraint, and in another sense a guaranty of freedom. In the interest of producers as a whole and of the public, this law prohibits the development of any one concern into a monopoly. Just what degree of growth in size and trade-control, short of monopoly, is prohibited by the act as now supplemented, we do not know. Certainly the act does not commit the country to mere small-scale production, and there is ground to believe that it does not prohibit such developments of size and scope as are necessary or advisable for the highest degree of productive efficiency. There are those who hold that the maintenance of economic freedom,

as this law is intended to maintain it, is all that is socially necessary. Experience shows, however, that it is not sufficient to preserve and protect competition; many conditions of competition must be prescribed.

In all civilized countries of to-day, the standards of living are such that enormous quantities of commodities are demanded for daily use. The production of the supply of these depends upon the efforts of countless individuals, efforts constant and laborious. Under an industrial system based on economic freedom, the individual, instead of having a set task at a fixed return, depends for his income upon the reward which others voluntarily make for his services. These services may take the passive form of permitting others to use in some manner something that he could use wholly for his own immediate benefit, or the active form of personal effort, mental or physical. But every individual has the most compelling of reasons for steadily rendering some form of service, and it is the lure of reward which supplies the motive force which operates the vast and complicated commodity-producing machinery. Unless the scale of living is radically changed, the calling out of industrial energy is indispensable. What we now see, however, is that, to call this energy into play, it may not be necessary to permit unlimited rewards for even the most useful producers, and that those engaged in the industrial conflict must submit to rules that minimize injury to others and that insure efforts which are genuinely contributive.

One class of these restraints has long been familiar: restraints from turning either into lower prices for the consumer or profits for the producer, funds which should go to insure proper working conditions for those engaged in labor. Of such character are the factory

acts and hours-of-labor acts. A more recent development of somewhat kindred nature takes the form of the acts placing upon industries the financial burdens of industrial accidents and diseases, and also minimum-wage acts. Another and later class of legal restraints seeks to secure through publicity adherence in business to sound financial methods. One of the evils of complete industrial freedom has been that over-eager or unscrupulous business men have dissipated capital of great social value in enterprises which were unsoundly planned or conducted. The loss from this source is comparable to loss from fire: wealth which might be kept in productive use is destroyed. Acts requiring statement to public authorities of the financial operations of businesses hitherto regarded as entirely private, are intended to reduce such loss. The framers of such acts do not, or should not, attempt to prescribe any business methods to be followed: they should rely upon the probability that actions and policies which are subject to report must be such as to stand scrutiny.

No practicable method has been suggested for imposing by law direct limitations upon the rewards of successful producers, although publicity of earnings will tend against excessive profits either through the inviting of competition or through creating fear of some other form of attack. Nor has any method been suggested for the legal establishment of a fairer division between workers in industries and those who manage them or supply the capital.

For the working out of limitations of this character, we must look to those engaged in industry rather than to any other group. As a matter of self-protection, business men must limit their own profits to returns which bear an intelligible and fair relation to the

services rendered, and must establish methods of compensation for their employees which adequately and fairly recognize their great part in the process. In recent years, there has been a striking effort among far-seeing business administrators to solve these and other business problems. Indeed, business management is being gradually transformed from a mere clever striving for immediate profits into a science of production which recognizes the relations of industry to the public and the relations of the different factors within each industrial organization, and attempts to deal with those relations and factors on a broad and firm basis of principle. The establishment by universities of schools of business administration is a recognition and an expression of this movement.

To a large extent reliance for economic justice must always be placed, not upon legal restraints, but upon the self-restraint of those carrying on the industry. Maintenance of civil order depends more upon the law-abiding disposition of the people than upon the strong arm of the police. Political parties have to offer legislative panaceas for all industrial ills, but whatever legal or industrial system may be adopted, we still have to trust largely for justice

to the development of a spirit of equity and forbearance among all those engaged in industry; without this there will be loss and hardship under any system. As sound methods and policies are worked out by the more progressive and earnest men who are devoting themselves to these problems, it may be advisable from time to time to enact laws which require the adherence of all producers to the standards made and tested out by the more enlightened.

The development of industrial justice will take time, but there is no short cut. Government control or government ownership of industry does not solve the problems of the relations of producers to consumers or of the suppliers of capital and administrative skill to those engaged in simple labor. Such a change would merely restrict us to political solutions of these problems as opposed to solutions which must be worked out by those engaged in industry and giving their whole thought to the process. And it would subject us to the very real danger of so diminishing the necessity for effort and the scope for ambition as to cause greater loss through failure to call reluctant human energy and inventiveness into play, than now occurs through misdirection of part of that energy.

THE PROFESSIONAL MINISTRY

BY EDWARD LEWIS

I

THE professional ministry has its problems, — for example, the scarcity of candidates presenting themselves for the office, or the imposition of theological tests, — but it is not commonly perceived that itself also is a problem. To reflect on the great army of bishops, clergy, ministers, missionaries; upon the enormous volume of preaching which is emitted week by week; upon the innumerable sacramental celebrations, ceremonial observances, to say nothing of the multifarious subsidiary organizations of which the professional minister is supposed to be the presiding, inspiring, sustaining genius; to ask what it all amounts to; and, in part answer to the question, to be confronted with a diminishing and decaying institution from which power and authority in the world are swiftly passing, — an institution which no longer leads the thought or wins the interest or directly influences the lives of the vast majority of the men and women of even western civilization, — is to conceive a suspicion that something is wrong, or wanting.

In a previous article, the present writer suggested certain fundamental considerations which might account in large measure for the 'failure of the Church'; the purpose of this article, which must be regarded as supplementary to that, is to examine in a general way the position of the professional ministry in order to see if something is lacking here, — some quality of spir-

ation and utterance, — which may act as a contributory cause of this failure.

Nothing will be said here to give any encouragement to those facile fault-finders who, in any particular instance of breakdown or non-success, lay the blame upon the paid official. Most often this is egregiously unjust and obviously untrue. It may safely be said that no institution is better served than is the Christian Church by the devotion, generosity, and enthusiasm of its salaried or beneficed leaders. The additional virtue of 'competence' might have been placed to the credit side of their account; but this is a complicated matter, for the elucidation of which this article is partly written. Competence is related to function; and before it can be said that a man is competent, it must be asked, What is he supposed to do?

The prophetic note is largely lacking in the professional ministry, — the prophetic note, not necessarily the prophetic spirit; that is to say, the latter may be present, but the right conditions for its utterance do not prevail. By the 'prophetic note' is meant, in simplest terms, the human voice as the organ of the God-consciousness. It would be absurd to say that this is altogether absent from the modern Church. It is not. It is to be heard in the Roman Catholic Communion, in which there are special preaching orders, 'schools of the prophets'; but the sacramentarian and institutional aspect of religion dominates, and he is something less than a prophet

who prophesies by sufferance under ecclesiastical license.

In the Anglican Communion the situation is similar; the importance of preaching is commonly regarded as secondary; the priest puts the prophet in the shade; the witness of the institution as such is accounted more valuable and effective than that of the living, spontaneous utterance of the God-inspired, God-saturated personality; here and there, parochial and diocesan duties are so arranged as to give opportunity to the man of prophetic gifts to concentrate upon his vocation, but these are confessedly special cases; in the Episcopal Church the prophet is sporadic, and since the institutional demand is weak, the supply is occasional, chanceful, uncertain.

It would be in accordance with expectation to find a prophetic ministry flourishing as a natural and a native growth in the nonconformist communions; for the prophet is essentially nonconformist in spirit, and the 'liberty of prophesying' was one of the resounding claims put forward by the first English Nonconformists; moreover, among these sects the pressure of institutionalism is less heavy, and consequently it would seem that there should be more scope here for the mystical, personal, spontaneous, creative elements of the religious life. As a matter of fact, however, it is here that the chief disappointment lies. Freedom from sacerdotalism, gained at considerable cost, has not been turned to advantage in the interests of the prophetic spirit; it has been made almost of none effect through sectarian rivalries, denominational propagandism, entanglement with political movements, the necessity of raising money, anxiety to attract adherents, concern for success. The exhausting effect of these centrifugal activities is felt particularly by the minister, upon whose shoulders the whole

burden and responsibility of the church organization presses. The emphasis has been withdrawn from the sacrament, the rite, the ceremony, and placed upon the preaching; but the situation as it stands does not afford the conditions of true preaching. A minister, occupied through the week in many varied labors, — most of them pleasant and useful in their way, — may go up into the pulpit on Sunday, and he may talk, expound, explain, theologize, argue, discourse, but rarely if ever will he preach. That unilluminated, uninspired, unoriginal, ineffective preaching should be common in Episcopal churches, where preaching is not looked for, does not matter much; that it should be common in Nonconformist churches, where preaching is regarded as the central and most vital part of public worship, is a defect so serious that nothing can counterbalance it.

II

It is no disrespect to those communions in which the institutional and sacramentarian elements predominate, to say that the crux of the problem lies outside their borders. The arising of a truly prophetic ministry might go far to redeem the Christian Church from the evil days that are upon her; but that arrival can be reasonably expected only where the bonds of creed, formula, dogma, sacrament, and ecclesiastical authority generally, are loose. The future of the religious institution may rest with the conformist; the future of religion as a progressive, creative, self-renewing thing rests with the nonconformist, — using the word in the broad Emersonian sense.

At this point, therefore, the examination of the situation may become more minute. The problem for the moment may be allowed to formulate itself in the question, — Is a prophetic minis-

try on any considerable scale possible?

It may be stated baldly and bluntly that it is not possible for a professional ministry to be a prophetic ministry. There are those who 'enter the Church' with precisely the same feelings and ambitions with which others enter the medical or the legal profession: they look forward, legitimately, to success, to promotion, and to occupying a higher and more useful position in society than would otherwise be possible to them; it is their chosen profession, and they prepare themselves for it studiously and at considerable expense; there are some who take Holy Orders under pressure of personal or family circumstances; some are born into benefices; some buy them. We may take for granted the good character of such men; that they are of 'clean hands and a pure heart'; and if all that is chiefly demanded of them be the administration of the sacraments, the performance of rites, the exposition of doctrine on authoritative lines, parish work, and the maintenance of the dignity of the office, it is indisputable that the Church may be as well served by them as by any other class or type of high-minded, industrious, loyal, presentable person. The duties which fall to them do not require necessarily any special quality of religious consciousness or high spiritual endowment. They make admirable priests, pastors, teachers, organizers. They belong to an exceedingly honorable profession; and are entitled to whatever emoluments and dignities such a career offers.

But here is a man (let us say) with whom — in the fine Old Testament phrase — the Spirit of God has clothed Himself. He is under immense inward pressure. It is as if vast areas of virgin power were upthrust to a breaking-point, an outcrop, in his soul. He realizes it as vision and enthusiasm. He knows both the joy and the terror of

the saints. It may be assumed that he will submit himself to a period of physical, emotional, mental discipline, that he may be a clean-lipped, finely framed, sensitive, vibrant instrument for the breath of God; but there will be no question of his choosing anything: he has been chosen. He can have no profession; he has a vocation. This man is, at least potentially, prophet and 'man of God.' He is by no means so rare a type as many may imagine. He is to be found in the churches, usually beating his wings against prison bars; more numerous he is to be found in the colleges which precede the churches; most numerous of all in that company of youthful eager souls whom the colleges and the churches, with much effort and patience, will fashion and train into professional ministers.

It is not difficult to determine, *a priori* as it were, the conditions under which the prophetic gift must be exercised and developed. They may be summed up in one word, — freedom. The Man of God must be free; and chiefly in several respects, the naming of which will go far to justify the suggestion already made, namely, that the conditions of a prophetic ministry do not prevail in the Church as at present constituted and organized.

He must be free from worldly ambitions, and from all the clinging apparel of worldly prosperity. He must have nothing to gain, and nothing to lose save his life. He must be poor. All poorly paid ministers are not prophets, but the prophet must be a poor man. He must be entirely above any chance of the suspicion of making personal profit or advantage out of his gift and the mission with which it entrusts him. He must have, of course, the necessities of decent living (physical and mental), — it is not essential to a prophet to be down-at-heels, insanitary, or an ignoramus, — but for these he should be

dependent upon the loving charity of friends, or upon the work of his own hands in the original apostolic fashion. A man with a vocation should have an avocation, and the nearer it places him to raw material and the earth the better. Luxury and affluence (within limits) may be incompatible with a professional ministry, but certainly not with the circumstance and errand of a prophet. Even if the intuition of the saints on this matter is discounted, the example of Jesus should be final. To say that 'times have changed' is not an argument, but a subterfuge.

The prophetic soul must be free, also, from domestic and social encumbrance. He must be celibate. It is not a question of a celibate community, but of a celibate man, — a man absolutely free to be at the disposal of the 'wind that bloweth where it listeth,' free even from the dear distractions and the beautiful engrossments of family life. To the argument that this is to cut him off from some of the deepest and most intimate of human experiences, it can only be answered that Jesus (and many others) did not seem to labor under this disadvantage. *A fortiori*, he must be free from engagement list and pocket-book. To think of this man's gift, his function, the solemnity of his call, the God-ferment in his soul; and then to imagine him paying rounds of visits, 'looking people up,' being dined here and entertained there, caught up in the respectable dissipation of social life, is to perceive a situation which would be ridiculous were it not treacherous. Further, he must be free to be often alone. The Man of God must live an essentially solitary, wild life. He must be 'girt about with silences.' He must be often at the upland wellsprings, which are as far removed from the commercial business, as they are from the intellectual talk, of the world. The continual supply and reinforcement of his

power requires deeply withdrawn communion, meditation, self-emptying, vacancy, divine idlesse; mirror-like stillness of soul, that he may see therein the image of the overbending God; the silencing of thought, that he may catch the veriest whisper of the Invisible Companion; passivity, so that he may feel not only the pressure, but the direction of the pressure, of the Spirit. The scene of his actual ministry may be a city, but he ought to live in the open country where a man has still the chance of natural, free companionship with God. He must be free to home himself where 'the great Visions and the great Voices' dwell. He need not always be mingling with people that he may know their private needs; his business is to mediate that Eternal Word which, when implanted in the heart, is the Grace which is sufficient and adaptable to every kind of need.

Still further, the Man of God must be free from the imposition of external authority, be it of Pope, Bishop, Synod, Conference, creed, dogma, or any such person or thing. He must be free to announce his Soul, which is God moving to manifestation and new creation in him. Who, or what, shall limit or canalize the Holy One in him? To whom shall he do obeisance? What license shall he require who is under divine necessity, and who shall license him without impiety? What institution shall dare to claim and brand as its propagandist him who is God's herald? Who shall put a hand to his mouth, or tune to another key the instrument which is already set to the lips of God? Quite clearly, the Man of God cannot put himself in such a position.

III

Do the conditions of such a ministry prevail even in the nonconforming section of the Church?

Before turning to examine the situation from the side of the Church, a parenthesis is necessary in order to avoid misunderstanding. Use has been made several times of the phrase 'Man of God.' It has been used in a specialized, narrow sense; the sense in which it could be used of John the Baptist, for example, and not of the Scribes; or of Jesus, and not of the doctors in the Temple. The phrase may be employed with a much wider reference; and since 'all service ranks the same with God,' the designation could not be refused to any faithful, sincere, pious man. Professors of theology, pastors of churches, class-leaders, parish priests, denominational secretaries, are all men of God in the broader sense. Yet none of them may be men of God in the narrower sense. Here is a professional minister who is so full of occupations, who is in such demand for lectures, speeches, articles, that it is necessary for him to use a dictaphone and employ a secretary; is he a man of God? In the broader sense, undoubtedly; in the narrower sense, no; the Man of God does not talk nearly so much as that. Here is another who to already onerous pastoral, institutional, denominational duties adds those of a member of the national legislature, and dies an untimely death from overwork; is he a man of God? In the broader sense, unquestionably; in the narrower sense, no; the Man of God never dies from overwork. Another, cultured, learned, literary, is a great teacher, and writes volumes which could not be absent from the library shelves of any self-respecting student of theology; his expository lectures are crowded; his apologetical arguments appear to be unanswerable; surely he is a man of God; and yet, as Whitman reminds us, there is another type and quality of man on whose appearance the argument about the soul stops; or, as Edward Carpenter has it in 'To-

wards Democracy,' this one comes, —

With just the whole look of himself in his eyes;
He will not at first make any reply to the eager
questions about death and immortality; he will
present no stainless perfection;

But he will do better; he will present something
absolute, primal, — the living rock, — some-
thing necessary and at first hand, and men will
cling to him therefor;

He will restore the true balance; he will not con-
demn, but he will be absolute in himself;

He will be the terrible judge to whom every one
will run;

He will be the lover and the judge in one.

Unlike the pastor, he will be aloof, strange, austere, almost unknown; unlike the minister or parish priest who is always on the spot, he will come and go, appearing out of the silence and vanishing back into it, as if he himself were the drawing-aside of the veil, — which he is; unlike the organizer, he will be a ferment, a challenge; unlike the teacher, he will announce himself; unlike the successful pulpiteer, he will be poor and without organized backing; unlike the missionary, he will come without observation, and will not be concerned about saving souls, — for it is a good thing to save souls, but not a good thing to be anxious about saving them.

The differentia of the Man of God is a certain quality of the religious consciousness, difficult to define, but immediately recognizable whenever and wherever it may be manifested; 'never man spake like this man'; 'with authority, and not as the scribes'; 'virtue is gone forth from me'; 'this is a hard saying, who can hear it?'; 'from that time many turned back and walked no more with him'; 'come, let us kill him.' He is a voice, not an echo. He is a revealer, not an interpreter. He creates, he does not reproduce. He does not hand on a gospel, himself is the gospel. He has life in himself. He is less a messenger than he is himself the message. He is so highly charged with spiritual vitalities, that his presence is electric,

his very body magnetic, his ideas are explosive, his passion is a consuming flame, his gestures are the thrusts or the caresses of the Eternal. He is filled with the Spirit to the point of saturation. There is something about him that suggests, makes palpable, that Bigger World which is the Other World, the Infinite Life, the Universal Soul, the All-embracing Harmony, the Reality of God, and the Rest which ever 'flows around our restlessness.'

This is the Man of God in the narrower sense of the phrase. To confine the title to him is not to derogate from others who are loyal servants of truth and goodness. To exalt Amos is not to despise the quiet and godly folk of the land. To praise the pioneer is not to detract from the recognized value of the road-maker or the bridge-builder. To acclaim the pathfinder is not to decry the organizer who brings civilization laboriously along in his wake, up to the discovered place. To cry aloud for a prophetic ministry is not to dismiss a professional ministry as futile. There are diversities of gifts, each of which signifies a certain differing measure and quality of the same Spirit. The complaint is, that the Church, mindful more of organization than of life, anxious to preserve itself rather than eager to create, has practically organized the prophetic gift out of existence so far as its ministry is concerned.

For let us now imagine a man with this prophetic possibility within him, an embryonic or just nascent Man of God, offering himself to the Church. He takes this course because it is the obvious one; it is natural for him to imagine that here is a ready, indeed anxiously waiting, platform for his self-announcements. Let us imagine that, under that demand for freedom which has already been indicated, he selects a nonconformist communion in which the institutional and credal bonds are

less heavy and exacting, in which therefore he thinks, — with some reason, — that he will find an ampler opportunity. Let us further imagine that he passes through the four or six years of collegiate seclusion and discipline with success, — that is to say (since any other kind of success apart from this is failure), with the inward flame still pure and bright and strong. He enters the ranks of the professional ministry, and, full of prophetic fervor, accepts the invitation of a church. His zeal, the strength of his desire, blinds him at first to the precise nature of the situation to which he has committed himself; or, if he is not altogether ignorant of the difficulties and risks, he believes in his ability to rise above them. Ultimately — not seldom too late — he discovers that he has become the paid servant of an organization. What does this involve?

Among the things which are chiefly required by an organization are an organizer and money. The latter is not the less important. Church organization centres on the treasury. It may not be true of churches which are endowed or which happen for the time being to be flourishing, but the majority of unendowed churches are not flourishing, and of these it is true that the treasury is, if not the centre of interest, the centre of concern. A minister's happy tenure of office is very largely determined by the seat-rents and collections. A minister is 'called' in the hope that he will 'fill the church'; other things are, of course, taken into consideration, but when a church committee is discussing an invitation to the pastorate the question of the possibility or otherwise of success in outward things looms very large. When the income begins to fall away, whispers soon arise as to whether 'he is quite the right man,' or, perhaps, that 'he has finished his work among us.' In deacons'

meetings finance occupies the major portion of the time. Anniversary services, and the like, are but thinly veiled methods of securing a handsome collection; the 'special preacher' is chosen almost entirely with this object in view. The subsidiary organizations of the church — and the more of these there are, and the more vigorously they are carried on, the healthier and the more prosperous is the church accounted to be — are a kind of net spread out to get as many persons as possible into attachment. Some churches go very near to touting for adherents; and that delicious bit of pungent criticism in the second chapter of the Epistle of St. James about the 'man with a gold ring' is by no means out of date. Still with a view to the treasury, advertisement in a cruder or more refined form is largely resorted to; a church has its private hoarding with its alluring posters, and the title of the preacher's sermon is frequently dangled as a bait.

If such efforts are successful, the phenomenon of a 'live church' appears. In the vast majority of cases, the largest single item on the debit side of church accounts, often itself exceeding all the rest put together, is the stipend of the minister. To the inquiry as to why this is so, the answer seems to be that he has a right to it so long as he is worth it; that is to say, so long as he can earn it, and as much more as is necessary to keep the organization going. The query is common enough, 'Will he come for what we can afford to pay?' and from this it is only a step to an illuminating question and reply made not long ago in the hearing of the writer: 'Can we afford to give him so much?' 'Oh, yes, he will soon make it up.' When church funds are low, a minister feels very uncomfortable; and he may be forgiven for feeling that he is not doing all that is expected of him, and that it is somehow up to him to improve matters, or take

less, or go. Few persons, perhaps, are so brutal or so undiscerning as to suggest that a minister's salary is a real *quid pro quo*; but any one familiar with the inside working of a 'free' church knows that the facts, stated here perhaps somewhat nakedly, are true.

Our Man of God, then, finds himself in the position of the leading responsible official of an organization which exists in a constant effort to raise money, the larger portion of which is paid to him.

He discovers a further fact, namely, that, — as is almost inevitable, — the church requires him as an organizer. This works in two directions, both of which militate against the development and expression of his prophetic gift. There is as much divergence between the peculiar gifts of a prophet and those of an organizer, as there is between a mystic and a machinist. A prophet will be much more likely to turn out a disorganizer. He represents the forward movement of the creative life rather than the *status quo*. He is the ferment, to which Jesus likened the Kingdom of Heaven 'which is among you.' The aim of an organizer is security and establishment; a prophet, on the other hand, is almost necessarily a dangerous, if not a violent, man. His objective is the kingdom of God, and conceivably that may be something other than the church as organized. All attractive preachers are not prophets, any more than all successful rhymesters are poets; but should it so happen that this Man of God draws the multitude, — as Jesus did to begin with, — all will go well; the treasurer will have nothing to do but to count the money and bank it; and the subsidiary organizations of the church will have all the workers and all the material they want. Should his preaching bring, however, not peace but a sword, should he utter hard, har-

assing, bewildering sayings, overturn tradition, shock respectability, make the foundations of moral and religious life shake so as to threaten the structure within which conventionally good people find shelter and refuge, announce new values, and so disturb, grieve, vex, alienate the people who invited him (not knowing what they did), then it will be clear whether the organization desired a prophet or no; the organization will have a possibly polite and sympathetic, but a very firm, word to say to him in its own way.

If this hazard lies in the more external circumstances of the situation, one more subtle and perilous lies within the man's own heart. There will be strain and conflict between the loyalties. He will feel the awful, austere, silent, unrelenting pressure of the Spirit; and he will recognize the natural, inevitable, understandable requirement on the part of the organization that it should be nursed and edified. He will feel the influence of the general expectation that his preaching should 'play up' to the organization. Why should he distress, shock, alienate the people whose invitation he has accepted, and who — pay him his living? Why should he announce himself in defiance of institutional tradition and authority, when he owes to the institution the platform on which he stands? Why not confine himself to the things commonly believed? Are not these people babes who want milk and not meat? How dare he be an offense to the least of the little ones? Can he not use equivocal language, placing his private interpretation on a word upon which the hearers are at liberty to place their own? Besides, if he loses this platform, what are his chances of finding another? And so Prudence hammers at the door, and Sympathy turns devil's advocate. Ideally, his choice is easy; practically, it is terribly hard.

The church's requirement that its minister shall further the interests of the organization militates in another direction against the mission of a Man of God. It embroils him in multitudinous activities which withdraw his energy from the centre and dissipate it. He must keep the people together, shepherd the flock, and originate new plans which will be likely to attract others from outside; he must visit the homes of his people and make himself pleasant; bring around the disaffected, stimulate the slack; stimulate the 'staff' by his example; attend upon the sick, comfort the dying; preside over all kinds of gatherings, from a prayer-meeting to a pipe-parliament; be able to speak out of hand on almost every subject under the sun; take several kinds of classes; initiate good works; run this and that, from a concert to a crèche; represent his congregation in denominational assemblies. He must be a preacher, a pastor, the secretary of a company, the managing director of a thriving business, and (as often as not) his own commercial traveler to boot. In addition to this, he must keep up a style consistent with his position, and suffer all the social entanglements connected therewith; whether he likes it or no. He must also be a credit to his church in local public affairs. This, which is here set down, is perhaps the minimum which is expected of the professional ministry. It is not to be wondered at that there are, in the ranks of such a profession, some in whom the prophetic spirit still pulses, — so tenacious is it, — who are beginning to feel that it is impossible to exercise the vocation of a Man of God and continue to be entangled in organization at all.

IV

'O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, that killest the prophets.' The Church is wilting,

withering, perishing for lack of a baptism of the Spirit. She herself confesses it; her ministers confess it by their periodical conventions for the deepening of the spiritual life; her congregations confess it by their call for the services of the evangelistic missionary; she confesses it by attempting to counterbalance her defect in real spiritual authority and prophetic power with a display of reforming zeal in the social order. In spite of all this, the weakening and decline continue; and will continue so long as she kills her prophets by making them subserve the organization. The baptism of the Spirit does not come out of the clouds, or the invisible heaven; it is mediated through souls God-sensitive, God-attuned, God-possessed, to a high degree; and these men, from whose uplifted hands and unbosomed hearts the waters of this baptism might copiously fall, the church keeps at committee-tables, and among the wheels of the machinery.

If it is asked, Where are such men? Are there any? — these are the questions of traitorous doubt and atheism. Did divine inspiration run into a *cul de sac* two thousand years ago? If it is asked, How can the Church discover them? — the practical reply is, by making possible the necessary conditions of their manifestation and functioning. The conclusion to be drawn from the facts as stated here is that the conditions of a prophetic ministry do not prevail in the Church as now ordered. Can she make room for a new order? Can she take the risk of the prophet? Can she take the tremendous hazard of a whole order of prophets?

It may be admitted that organization is necessary. So far as it is necessary, it should be thorough; it should be conducted with business acumen, professional skill, and by trained expert men; the leadership of this side of the church's life should not be intrust-

ed to a man trained for a different service, consecrated to a different end, a man who may be a mystic, a visionary, a recluse, a fool to the world. Let the Church get its organizer; let him be called pastor, minister, secretary, superintendent, overseer (bishop), or whatever title is most suitable; let him be the professional man; let him be paid for his services, — and it will scarcely be possible to pay him too highly. But the Man of God must be outside the organization; he must be as free and as independent as the spirit that moves him; he ought not to be 'attached' to one congregation, so that his particular church, — after our modern fashion, — becomes one of the 'show places' of a city; he might minister chiefly to several congregations, to a district of congregations; it would mean less preaching, — an excellent thing. Let him preach when he will and where he will. Let him issue out of the wilderness, and come to the people, gathered to meet him, with all the freshness, power, eternity of the wilderness upon him. It does not require much imagination to overhear a busy, careworn, weary, world-entangled people saying to each other in anticipation of such an assemblage of themselves together, 'The Man of God will be with us'; and they would say it with a strange throbbing expectation in the heart and a lighting up of the eyes which does not characterize the usual modern worshiper as he thinks of the Sunday morning service.

You smile at the idea of this. Your smile means a *non possumus*. There is no place for the prophet; he must take his chance in the organization. Then you had better get the chalk, and write 'Ichabod.'

If it has come to this, if the church does not, and cannot, provide the conditions necessary to a prophetic ministry, then it is time that those who find

the professional ministry incompatible with the vocation which still remains, though so long thwarted, the power, light, joy that is in them, should come out of the organized Church, give up all that they have, find the 'way of down-going,' pass from the notice of men, bury themselves in the secret places of

the land, fulfill their mission on the lines that Jesus, the Master, by his example showed them, die like seeds fallen into the earth, and make possible the resurrection of the Spirit whose Presence suffices to create the only Church that is, and the only ministry that truly serves and saves.

THE HEART OF A NEUTRAL

BY VERNON LEE

As may happen to the humblest of us, and not merely to princesses, the fairies came to my christening.

Those whom my parents invited were the different nations. And each brought me the gift of understanding her greatness and beauty, and enriching my life with such knowledge. England and Italy came with their poetry and humor and practical wisdom, the ripeness of modern times and the heritage of oldest civilizations; France came with her humane laughing lucidity; and Germany with her music and philosophy and the children's tales roosting in her Christmas tree. Even Russia and Poland, whose soil I was never to tread, came as the foster-mothers (unreconciled sisters!) of my father's boyhood. And all of them said, 'This child shall have the joy of loving us.'

Now my parents had forgotten to invite one fairy, who came to my christening to do me an ill turn.

'These gifts,' she said, 'I cannot indeed take away, for even a fairy and an angry one has no power to remove fairy gifts. But I will add mine, which

may spoil them all. For with the knowledge of the good of each nation, this child shall know in sadness the weakness and folly also of them all. And every nation shall say to her, "You are an alien, and though you love me, shall have no power over my heart."'

And as the unkind fairy willed, so it was to be.

But, even as in the story, one kind and helpful fairy had foreseen what would happen; and hiding behind the arras, kept the bestowal of her gift until that unkind one should have done her worst.

She too has come forward, not at my christening, but at least before the other and last sacrament.

And behold! I find her gift in my old and unworthy hands. For she had said:—

'When all the nations shall welter in the pollution of warfare, this child's eyes shall remain clear from its fratricide fumes; she shall drink deep of sorrow, but recognize and put away from her lips the sweetened and consecrated cup of hatred.'

THE ATTACK AT LOOS

FROM THE DIARY OF LIEUTENANT MALLET OF THE FRENCH ARMY

[THE following is an account of the attack on May 9, 1915, in the direction of Loos, South of Cerency, mentioned in the official *communiqué* simply as follows: 'We have taken, on a front of 7 kilometres, two, and in places three, lines of the enemy's trenches.' The young officer, aged twenty, from whose notebook this account is taken, is one of that band of heroes who joined the ranks on mobilization. His gallant conduct brought him rapid promotion. Since the first days of the war he had been fighting joyfully and with great determination, and was wounded in the battle described. — THE EDITORS.]

May 9, 1915 — 4.30 A.M. — I receive the order to form my men. A company of engineers joins us to dig the communication to the enemy's trench as soon as we have cleared them out. On our left — probably the British lines — a continuous deafening boom of heavy guns goes on without interruption.

5.15 A.M. — No orders to attack as yet. It is getting late. The guns on our left continue their war, but ours remain silent. I would give much to know . . .

7 A.M. — Here come the orders: 'The attack will begin at ten sharp.' No signal will be given; all watches are set. We are all to leave our trenches at the stated time. Our guns will first shell the enemy's trenches for an hour, then again from nine till ten. Big shells are thundering; they rise like shuttle-cocks and fall to earth as lightly; they look as if they would ricochet, but as

soon as they touch the ground it is like the eruption of a volcano.

I am extraordinarily calm. I cannot realize that in a few minutes (what are two hours?) there will be a mad rush, a hand-to-hand fight, hideous mutilated corpses, and perhaps, for me, death.

I have only one thought: that everything should go well and that I should make no mistakes. I am responsible before God for my fifty men.

At nine o'clock, while I complete final preparations, shot and shell seem to crush the enemy's lines; the noise of guns is deafening, the smoke stifling and blinding.

10 A.M. — At a quarter to ten my section is formed up, knapsacks on; the engineer sections keep close to me, back of the trench so as not to interfere with our movements.

I stand at the centre of my section looking at my watch. I call out, 'Five minutes — Two minutes, —' glancing sideways at the men. I see in their faces a fixed, intense expression almost that of men in a hypnotic trance.

I call out, 'Only half a minute!' and then see the left wing of my section starting. They get a few yards ahead of me. It is all important for us to keep in line. I shout, 'Forward!' and rush headlong for the first German lines, seeing nothing, hearing nothing.

I am vaguely conscious that the 75's have not yet slackened their fire, but we are no longer our own masters — thousands of determined men are racing blindly toward the same common goal.

I reach the first German entanglements and look back. All have followed; my men are close to me. In a second we leap over the parapet of the first German line. I shout to them, 'Do not enter the communication trench! This trench we are in is empty save for a man here and there; we must seize the second lines!' My bluecoats bound forward, their bayonets flashing. The sun is blazing, not a cloud is in the sky. We go heads down into the hellish zone.

No words, no coloring, no sound can give an idea of it.

To prevent our advance the Germans fire salvos; we have to penetrate into a suffocating mist where high explosive shells and bombs burst at such close intervals that the ground seems every moment to open at our feet. As in a dream I see glorious blue silhouettes, frenzied, charging madly in the midst of columns of smoke; also the outlines of terrified Germans caught between our bayonets and the fire of their own artillery. They emerge from everywhere. Some call, 'Mercy!' others circle round like madmen, others rush upon us to drive us back. The shells deal havoc in our ranks. I can see groups of five and six of our men mown down.

For one instant I see P., the section corporal, at the head of his group. Oblivious of everything I call out to him, 'Go it, P., bravo!' There he stands on a mound, coatless and bareheaded, his herculean figure clad in a black jersey; reckless of shells and bullets, he brandishes his rifle; a very God of War! His terrible bayonet is streaming; he seems possessed with a blind fury. All my life I shall see him thus — standing out against the blue sky, leading the others to carnage!

We are getting on, my section and I. We are a few metres from the last of the German trenches. At every step gray uniforms appear. I fire off my re-

volver right and left; groans and cries are drowned by the noise of shrapnel.

We have reached the farthest parapet; another second and we shall occupy their last positions. What remains of my section follows me blindly. I jump on to the parapet shouting, 'Forward, boys, here we are!'

A violent blow on my back — as if I were hit by the butt end of a rifle — makes me drop my revolver and the hand-grenade I hold in my left hand. I roll over wounded into the crater made by a shell. I remember hearing Y. say yesterday, 'If anything happens to the little lieutenant we won't leave him behind.' The next moment he is beside me with two or three others and carries me to the communication trench. Before us is nothing, no further defensive work: we have carried their position to the very last line. I have hardly reached the dugout when I hear some one say, 'Pass on Lieutenant M.'s morphia for Lieutenant D.' I realize that the poor fellow is badly hit. I pass on three opium pills to him; then we begin to organize the defense. I am up again.

The guns have ceased firing. The men who are not digging themselves in are looking out. We wonder from what side the Germans will try to overpower us, for we know nothing of the ground beyond those trenches. Suddenly I see two Germans escaping from a small dugout, crying, 'Mercy!' I shoot the first one straight off, suspecting a trap. The second, a boy of sixteen, has an expression of terror I shall never forget. He calls out: 'Pardon, mercy, comrade, prisoner!' and his shrill scream makes me shudder.

I detail a man to shoot at all who attempt to escape on that side; a little later he has killed three.

D. reports that the major has been killed by a bullet through the head. Of

officers only R. and I are left in our company, and R. takes over the command. Seated on the parapet of the trench he superintends preparations for the defense. The guns are silent; only the whistling of bullets is heard, and cries of alarm: 'Look out on the right!' — 'Look out on the left!' — 'They are coming through the further trench!' R. is shot in the head by a bullet; he falls at my feet, and I remain alone in command of the company. Wounded, I can feel blood trickling down my back and my muscles stiffening. My men want me to give up, but I brace myself with the energy of despair. Some one passes me a flask of ether, and I lean against the parapet, determined to die there if need be. I am alone in charge of the company, and my head is still clear; I will remain, whatever happens.

Till 12 o'clock parapets are being turned up with feverish haste; also traverses to protect the trench, which is partly enfiladed. All goes well as far as the road, but from that point touch is lost. The remainder of the company is behind in a trench parallel to mine; a few metres away, on the other side of the road to Lens, the Germans have retained their position. They are close by, though out of sight — dug in, ready to leap out on us.

Adjutant M.¹ and Sergeant-major D. are miracles of courage and energy. Lying helpless at the bottom of the trench, I gave them my instructions, and they have carried them out with remarkable ability and presence of mind.

The hours pass slowly; the tension is great. The sun burns fiercely in the trench, giving the corpses lying there a livid yellow color. The wounds are horrible.

The Germans are bombarding the

¹ In the French army, adjutant is a senior rank of non-commissioned officer. — THE AUTHOR.

zone behind us so as to stop our reinforcements from coming up. Bullets must be falling like hail into the trench where sappers and the other companies are massed. A few bombs drop into our trench and several of my men are killed. B.'s head is severed from his body.

12 o'clock. — We stop working and take a few minutes' rest; the men search among the helmets left by the Germans. P. brings me Egyptian cigarettes. M. dresses my wound, putting his hand through the hole in my cape, which is as large as my fist.

Then the sergeant-major and I explore the position. The communication trenches are destroyed by shells. In some places for as much as twenty metres we are entirely without cover; in other places the passage through the trench is obstructed by corpses. As we pass some German wounded lying on their backs in the sun, they open their eyes and complain of thirst. We have no time to stop; the bombardment may begin afresh at any moment, and it is vital for us to find some means of communicating with the colonel. In a shelter I find several of my men wounded. When we return to the trench nothing has changed. That good fellow M. is unceasingly on the alert. The trench which blocks the road has been strengthened, and a machine gun placed there.

1.30 P.M. — The whole company looks as if it had received an electric shock; a thrill passes from man to man, and yet there is not a sound, not a shot. Every one feels that the counter-attack is imminent. I marvel at the good nature and cheerfulness of my men. I try to speak to them but their spirits need no bracing up; they cry, 'Vive le lieutenant!' and I am too moved to answer.

Suddenly volleys of musketry burst upon us. They start with no hesitation,

deliberately, ruthlessly, with precision. We feel that it is not a case of random shooting due to nervousness, but that every man aims with care. I look through my glasses in the direction it comes from, about three hundred metres away. The Germans are masters of a position at right angles to ours. They emerge from it in close formation, four abreast, trying to force their way in on my left. They do not get on an inch; every section of fours is struck down as if by lightning. A whole company is mown down; not one goes back, not one survives.

The second counter-attack on my right takes place under the same conditions. The Germans are massed in the communication trench parallel to ours. A few minutes later, the enemy on our left takes advantage of a small wood to mass his men there and to attempt a sortie, but this is stopped short.

They resign themselves to wait as we are doing, and through our periscopes we can see them smoking and waiting. To show one's head is fatal and several of our men are shot through the forehead. The body of the major lies just outside the parapet, face down in the grass. I will have it brought in after dark.

3 P.M. — The colonel sends me as reinforcement the 7th company under Captain D. I tell him of my wish to remain where we are. It is my men and I who have captured the position, and it is ours to hold. The captain settles down on our right; I am now no longer unsupported.

The complete silence of our artillery puzzles me. There is a sound of heavy wheels on the height above; it must be the ammunition wagons.

Seated in the trench, I feel my head getting light and giddy. I am asked for orders, but though I rack my brains, I can find nothing to say. I try to joke with the men, but an unutterable sadness steals over me as I grasp that I am

no longer fit for anything. Adjutant M. must now take the command. What should I do without him?

7. P.M. — The order for the advance has come: 'The 3d battalion to attack the village, taking as its line of direction the church steeple, keeping touch on the left with the —th. Be ready to start at any moment, but await the order to advance.'

Night is falling fast and I hand over command to the adjutant. My wound is giving me horrible pain. I feel as if my left shoulder were being torn off. Yet I must find my colonel and speak to him. I doubt my being able to reach him but I know that in a case of necessity one can do a lot. (Alas! I was not to see my company again, or my colonel.)

I stagger on like a man drunk; from one side of the trench to the other. Now I have to scramble over mounds of corpses, now cross the open among whistling bullets and the crash of shells bursting on all sides. I think sadly of the stupidity of being killed there, all alone, after the battle is over!

I meet some of our engineers, some prisoners, and messengers. All hurry on, hustling one another, and I repeat automatically the same sentence, 'Take care, don't touch me; I am wounded!' I wonder whether it is possible to suffer more than I do. I can hardly see. Moaning ceaselessly, I walk as in a trance and turn several times round about the same spot, asking every one, 'Where is the colonel?' They say to me, 'Which colonel?' I don't know — then everything becomes very dim. I meet two men with fixed bayonets escorting three prisoners. They give me a drop of wine and lead me on. We pass a ruined factory and I notice the broken machinery silhouetted against the sky. Stretcher-bearers pick me up and carry me to safety.

The first-aid post sends me by ambulance to the divisional dressing-station,

where I spend the night. The dressing-station is in total darkness for fear of being fired at. Our heavy 120 m. guns are firing close by; at every shot the walls shake and windows rattle. It feels like being in mid-battle. The noise of the volleys seems to come from the garden.

The remembrance of the gruesome sight there haunts me. The wounded are just visible in the twilight, lying in long lines on straw on the ground. There are riflemen, artillerymen, Algerian sharpshooters. Their outlines are barely distinguishable; their dressings and bandages show up strongly as

white patches in the night. Through the thundering of the guns a long moan is heard — a moan broken by short, incoherent, delirious sentences. Officers and men live again through the day's fighting, and orders are issued which are infinitely painful to hear: 'Advance in open order!' — 'Look out on the right!' — 'Bring the machine gun!' — 'To arms!' . . . I take three opium pills and stretch myself on the straw in the least crowded corner.

The next day, at 10 A.M., we are taken to Voeux-les-Mines and from there entrained — destination unknown.

UNDER SHELL-FIRE AT DUNKIRK

BY ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

I

WE arrived in Dunkirk the evening of the twentieth of June, after a long ten-hour trip from Paris, — a journey which in normal times can be accomplished in three. Dunkirk is in the 'war zone' and ranks as a fortified town of the first class, and no one is permitted to enter it without a special military permit, an *autorisation spéciale* issued by the commander of that sector. However, as we were to join a field hospital 'somewhere in Belgium,' and our permits had been forwarded to us in Paris, we had no difficulty in getting there. On alighting from the train, we were not permitted to pass through the station till all our papers had been carefully examined, — our passports and our safe-conducts from the Paris police,

as well as our military passes; but all were in order, and after a careful scrutiny we were allowed to go through the gates. The first sensation on entering the war zone is that of being locked in. Only through the most rigid formalities had we been able to enter; only through the same formalities would we be permitted to leave. Individual liberty was gone; we were not free to come and go how and where we liked, but, under observation in the zone of the armies, we must share with the armies whatever fate had in store. It was a curious feeling, this sense of restriction, and one not altogether pleasant. The longer one stays in the military areas, the more this sense of being a prisoner at large weighs upon one.

B. met us at the station with a motor, and drove us rapidly through the town

to Malo, a small suburb lying just outside the fortifications. Here, at a clean little hotel, we found comfortable rooms overlooking the town, and were told that we should have to wait here several days till the hospital in Belgium was ready for us.

The next day we explored Dunkirk, anxious to see this seaport which during the winter had several times been bombarded by long-range German guns, — siege guns fired from beyond Dixmude, twenty-two miles away. These, the most formidable and powerful cannon that the enemy possesses, fire projectiles which rise seven miles in the air before they fall to earth, each shell a ton of devastating steel. Off somewhere in the German lines, these Dunkirk guns are buried in the ground, roofed over by concrete twelve feet thick, surmounted by armor plate; not yet have they been found and silenced. Yet, under the shadow of this constant menace, life in the little town seemed to go on unchanged. The streets were filled with soldiers, and in the roadways gray high-powered military motors and great rumbling transports were coming and going in incessant streams. Here and there were shattered houses, razed to their foundations, but only here and there.

Shops were open and business thriving; the streets were full of civilians going about their daily tasks, unheeding, apparently, the threatening danger. Confidence was restored; there had been no bombardment for six weeks — had not the great guns been found and silenced by the Allies? Yet apart from the few ruined houses — and not many at that — there were constant evidences of precaution. Across the panes of nearly every window strips of paper had been pasted, strips four inches wide, running diagonally from corner to corner across the glass, to reduce the shock of concussion. In

the centre of the town stood the Hôtel de Ville, the windows on two floors completely blocked by sandbags; and sandbags, or bags full of ashes, lay before many a cellar window. Here and there on the fronts of certain houses great notices were posted, printed in glaring letters of red upon white backgrounds, 'Refuge en cas d'alerte,' showing where cellars were available to which refugees might fly. Yet it was all over, the danger. Over long ago. The *affiches* were torn, flapping from the walls; many of the sandbags had holes in them, letting out streams of scattering sand or grimy ashes, which heedless pedestrians kicked along the footway. People strolled about unconcernedly, and normal life and normal interests were reasserting themselves, just as normal life in the individual reasserts itself after intense suffering and pain. Whatever the horror of six weeks ago, it was all over now. The Allies had found and silenced the great guns.

In the harbor, ships were coming and going; along the piers, dozens of fishermen had cast their nets, bringing in good catches of sardines, sole, and plaice, while knots of idle, amused soldiers loitered about each net, winding in the reels, and commenting volubly upon each haul. It was a day of glorious sunshine, of busy, homely occupation. As the afternoon advanced, we could hear guns rolling in the distance; the clear air, the absolute stillness, brought the thunder down from Nieuport, from that 'Front' off beyond on the vague horizon. Somewhere over there was 'war,' but here was harmony, tranquility, and peace. Later, we became aware that certain guns seemed to punctuate themselves upon our consciousness, certain deeper, more sinister *br-r-r-o-o-o-ms*, which, by the watch, came rolling to us at three-minute intervals, — but all so remote, so far away! We were conscious only of the golden,

fading sunlight, the sweet sea wind, the glittering, sparkling water. We tried to imagine submarines in this North Sea, but failed. After the fever, the rush, the gossip and intrigue of Paris, this war zone seemed restfulness and peace. So we went to bed that night, windburned and sleepy, wishing that the hospital might be ready for us soon. This comfort and idleness might soon become a bore.

II

Next morning, the twenty-second of June, we were awakened by a terrific explosion. An *avion Boche* had dropped a bomb just outside our windows! Instantly anti-aircraft guns began firing, and I sprang from my bed to see French and English aeroplanes rising, one by one, from the aerodrome in Dunkirk, and flying straight and menacing in pursuit. It was very light, although the sun had not yet risen; quarter to three by my watch. At the window next mine I saw a disheveled head where the English nurse, W., was peering out, her round blue eyes agog with interest and excitement. I shouted to her, 'Let's go out on the beach,' and in return came a cheery 'Right-O! Just as soon as I slip on my mac.'

A moment later we met in the corridor. She was clad in a yellow raincoat, beneath which appeared a copious expanse of blue pajamas, and bare feet shod in green slippers. Her curly hair hung in disordered braids down her back. I checked an instinctive remark about her looking the figure of fun, for I suddenly recollected my own costume — purple pajamas under a brown dressing-gown. Doors were opening all along the halls, and curious, half-dressed figures were emerging — after all, W. and I looked no different from the rest; it was merely a case of different arrangements of color schemes, that

was all. On the floor below we met Mrs. A., one of our unit. She called to us as we sped past, 'It's the beginning of a bombardment, is n't it?' but we flew on. It seems a bombardment is always preceded by the visit of a scouting Taube, which either by smoke-bomb or by wireless gives the range to these distant guns.

There were hundreds of people on the beach: French soldiers, who apparently slept in their clothes, for they were fully dressed and looked as crumpled as in the day time; English Tommies, who, like ourselves, wore bathgowns over pajamas and showed other signs of a hasty toilet. Bare feet and slippered feet were everywhere. Every moment the crowd increased, yet we excited no more attention in our scanty garments than we should have, fully dressed, in the Rue de la Paix! Mingling with these thousands upon the sands, we evoked neither surprise nor comment; all attention was centred upon the direction in which the Taube had disappeared, or upon the Allies' aeroplanes which sped low overhead in pursuit. Quite black the machines looked in that early light, for the sun had not yet risen to reflect itself upon the luminous wings.

Men, women, and children now began to flock out from the town, an ever-increasing stream, carrying bundles, leading mongrel dogs, pushing perambulators laden with household possessions: a silent, anxious, restless crowd, seeking safety on the wide sands. Our gowns flapped in the fresh dawn breeze, and we became suddenly conscious of the cold sand which trickled in over the tops of our slippers. There was nothing more to be seen, so we returned to the hotel.

At the head of the stairs Mrs. A. met us and asked us in for tea, strong tea, without milk or sugar, which she had prepared during our absence. She dis-

pensed it in great breakfast coffee bowls, an after-dinner coffee cup, and the sugar basin. A doctor from a neighboring hospital was also there, clad in informal garments like our own. We noticed that between gulps of tea he kept looking at his wrist-watch; he was an old campaigner and had seen bombardments before. Suddenly we were startled by a deafening explosion, an appalling, rending crash — the earth shook, the hotel rocked! We sprang to the balcony, and saw a dense column of smoke rising from the town, rising somewhere from the midst of those peaceful, red-tiled roofs that were just catching the first rays of the rising sun. A great seventeen-inch shell, fired by a gun twenty-two miles away, had burst somewhere among those homes. Slowly the smoke rose and spread into the sky, the glorious sky of a June dawn. Not a word was spoken. The doctor glanced at his watch — 3.15 A.M. We waited silently on the balcony. Five minutes later another shell plunged downwards with a roar. Another cloud of smoke marked its bursting. Then two ambulances, from the garage back of the hotel, dashed along the highroad into the town. Two more shells, and then a pause. In all, four shells at five-minute intervals, then a rest of forty minutes for the guns to cool.

Mrs. A. gave the orders. 'Go to bed,' she commanded. 'Get what sleep you can, till they begin again. After all, it's practically three o'clock in the morning and we shall have a whole day of this.' She, too, was an old campaigner, having been through a week's bombardment of Poperingue. So we went upstairs and back to bed.

This was my first experience of shell-fire, and as yet I did not know enough to be afraid. So far, it was only overwhelmingly interesting and exciting, and I was conscious of extreme regret that the light was not yet strong

enough for photographs. The shells were passing completely over us, and falling a mile away. There was nothing to fear.

I was just falling asleep in obedience to instructions, when at five o'clock there came another tremendous crash. I dashed to the window to see the dense smoke rising in the air, rolling upward in great black billows, which a moment later were succeeded by tongues of fire. The flames mounted higher and higher, sinking for a moment only to leap upwards again in fierce, increasing waves. We shouted to some Tommies passing below, to know what had been struck. Some said an oil-tank, others a tobacco factory, still others a jute works. One of them called up gayly, 'I say! This is part of their atrocities — waking us up so early in the morning!' As each shell struck, another ambulance dashed along the highroad in a cloud of dust. Never an instant's hesitation on the part of these young fellows, English and American. They drove at top speed into the heart of the stricken town, into the midst of falling walls and splintering steel. It was superb courage.

I dressed between shells: washing, somewhat superficially, between explosions, trying to arrange my hair and look out of the window at the same time. Then we all hurried down to the little open square in front of the hotel, and hailed the ambulance men as they returned, asking for news. Such a spirit of *camaraderie* as there was among us all, French and English soldiers, the ambulance men, townspeople, and ourselves! We leaned in at the window of a little café where a lot of the men were breakfasting, and they answered our questions willingly and readily, laying down their big bowls of coffee to give us details of the havoc. The first shell had pitched upon the Place Jean Bart, killing five people outright. It tore a great hole eight feet deep at the base of

the statue of the famous admiral, but Jean Bart himself is standing unscathed, still waving his sword aloft. The wounded were all taken to a hospital in Malo.

While we were talking, two boys approached, each carrying a large canvas sack, filled with the fragments of a shell that had pitched down on the sand dunes, a few hundred yards from the hotel. Someone shouted, 'Souvenirs! Souvenirs!' and in a moment the two youths were surrounded by a curious, lively group, intent on bartering cigarettes and *sous* for these pieces of jagged steel, with fierce cutting edges. They were still warm, these terrible trophies, and had been red hot when the thrifty lads had first gathered them in.

At eight o'clock, Mrs. A. called us in to breakfast, which she gave us in a little room adjoining the kitchen. She had closed the heavy outside wooden shutters, by way of precaution, and as she poured out the steaming coffee, she regaled us with the news. The second shell had burst five hundred yards to the rear of the hotel, injuring four men and a woman. It was *triste*, that, very *triste*, she remarked conversationally. Then for the first time we suddenly realized our position. Shells were pitching over and behind us; we were in the direct line of fire, although not the object of attack. The *sales Boches*, continued Mrs. A., had got the range exactly. Even yet, as we continued to drink our coffee in the semi-darkness of the little dining-room, we had no sense of fear. It was all merely an intensely interesting, an intensely exciting experience, but still, for all that, something quite apart from, something totally beyond, our hitherto sheltered lives.

III

The guns had been silent for an hour, and we were making plans for the day.

Y. had business in Calais, and had obtained her military permit to go there the evening before. I offered to accompany her to the station. Then Mrs. A. announced that she was going to the docks to bring some hospital supplies, just arrived from England, to a place of safety. She wished to remove them from the docks to a little village outside the danger zone, and offered to give Y. and me a lift into town. I was filled with an overwhelming curiosity to see the town, to know what damage had been caused by these tremendous shells. A huge *camion* or motor-truck drove up to the door; we climbed aboard, and then started at breakneck speed for the town. Mrs. A. and Y. were comfortably installed on the driver's seat, but I, bouncing about on the floor behind, saw no object in this frantic pace. At the gates a sentry stopped us and examined our papers, and we flew on again. Suddenly I realized, in a flash, that we were entering the town, not because the bombardment was over, but between intervals of bombardment! A sickening sense of fear, of nervous dread, passed over me.

We sped through the Place Jean Bart, so prosperous and busy the day before, now a scene of desolation and ruin. Not a whole pane of glass in any window of the square; there were jagged holes in many roofs, and the façades of many houses presented huge, jagged gashes in the masonry, where a cobblestone or piece of steel had torn a giant rent. The motor swerved down a side street, to avoid a street rendered impassable by a collapsed house that blocked the roadway. A few venturesome townsfolk gingerly picked their way through the litter of glass and debris, but, for the most part, the town seemed deserted. For the first time I saw war in the concrete, saw the havoc wrought by those awful guns, contrasted the peaceful workaday life of yester-

day with this sunlit, silent, stricken scene of to-day. A feeling of cold terror passed over me. We were in Dunkirk, not after a bombardment, but between intervals of a bombardment! We were in Dunkirk while the great guns were cooling! This long pause between periods of shelling did not indicate that they had been found and silenced — our nerves were merely being racked by this long pause, this long and irregular interval between shells!

Finally we arrived at the docks, after passing ruined houses that had been destroyed to their foundations, not one brick standing upon another. Where each shell had pitched, destruction utterly. Shells of smaller calibre tear holes in buildings. These monster *obus*, dropping from the sky, crush buildings to the earth. Mrs. A. left us at the docks, for we could not enter with her, having no military permits. She directed us to the station, and Y. and I made our way together along the rough, cobbled, sunny streets. Y. talked of what she would do in Calais, the train by which she would return. I tried to listen, but that horrible fear gripped my heart. They would begin again, those awful guns! They would begin again before I could make my way back to Malo! I should be alone in the midst of it. Alone, in the midst of a town under fire by the most fearful guns the Germans possessed! Y., ever cheerful, spoke as if it were all over, of the people in Calais she intended to see. So we walked along to the station under a sweltering June sun.

We were approaching the station, a bare, meagre little brick building, with a hot open square in front of it, and were making our way across this sunny *place*, when suddenly a terrible roar burst upon us. Just behind the station, three hundred yards away, a shell fell with appalling, rending crash! The bombardment had begun.

We stood still, looking in all directions for a place of safety, for one of those flapping signs, 'Refuge en cas d'alerte,' that we had passed in other parts of the town. None were to be seen. We had lost our bearings, and knew not where to turn. Y. indicated the station with a nod. 'Well, not *there*, at all events,' she remarked significantly. 'Railways are always a target.' As we paused, high-powered military motors shot past us, the occupants waving to us to fly. In the distance, men dashed along the streets at full speed, running for their lives. They had an objective: they knew where they were going, what shelter they were seeking, where to run. But we were helpless. The surrounding houses were shattered and blank, giving no signs of life, of aid, of assistance. We dared not run, we did not know where to run. Obviously not toward the little station, but where? Danger was everywhere, in the open spaces, under the walls of houses. There was no one to direct us. A donkey-cart trotted by in the distance, the owner frantically beating the little animal with a whip. Its tiny feet fairly twinkled over the cobblestones, yet for all that its progress seemed slow. Still, it was being lashed onward to some place of refuge, of security — driven in some definite direction.

Again a military motor flew by, and again the occupants waved to us to run. Yes, that was it, run — but where? The waving arms indicated the wide horizon — we saw before us only blank, deserted streets. We made our way down a narrow alley between shuttered houses, and presently found ourselves by the bank of a canal. There was a curious sense of safety in the proximity of water, yet a motor-boat sped along the canal, the men on it shouting to us to fly. To fly — where? And after all, where could our short flight carry us? Out of

range of those awful shells, that traveled twenty-two miles in a few seconds? As well wait here as a few hundred feet away. Why run?

And all the while the siren whistled — a long, wailing, melancholy moan, rising and falling in the summer air. It was the police warning of danger, the signal to the townspeople to hide. So we stood irresolute on the canal bank, waiting. I faced toward the guns. The horrible thing would pitch in front of me. I turned about, in the opposite direction — it would fall there. Never for a second was there any fear of death, but an agonizing fear of the concussion, of a jaw torn off, of a nose smashed in. A pile of new red tiles lay on the canal bank, and I heard Y. remark slowly, drawlingly, 'These will fly in every direction, fly in a thousand pieces; they are awful!' A million cutting fragments! I moved away from them toward a patch of glowing yellow weeds, — yellow flowers, golden, triumphant, unterrified. I wanted to sit down among them. It seemed a calm, sensible thing to do. One move was as good as another.

In that fearful moment, there was not one intellectual faculty I could call upon. There was nothing in past experience, nothing of will-power, of judgment, of intuition, that could serve me. I was beyond and outside and apart from the accumulated experience of a lifetime. My intelligence was worthless in this moment of supreme need. Every decision would be wrong, every movement would be in the wrong direction, and it was also wrong to stand still. Right, left, forward, backward, there was no intellectual power to direct my steps.

IV

We stood in a little open triangle — on one side the water, on the other two sides rows of closed, empty houses.

One of these houses had been destroyed during some previous bombardment; the upper part was blown away, and green canvas was stretched over the gaping, demolished roof. But as I looked at it, a woman suddenly ran into the square, rushed up to the door of this ruined house, beat upon it and was admitted. Sanctuary!

I shouted to Y. 'Quick! quick! That house! They've got a cellar!' We flew across to the door — all that was left standing of that crumpled building — and beat upon it, over and over again. Would they never answer, would they never let us in? The next shell must come any second now, any second now. We pounded frantically on the door. It opened suddenly and a man stood there.

'Let us in,' we cried. 'Let us in! Have you a cellar?'

'But yes,' he answered courteously. 'Enter quickly — there is not much time.'

He led the way down a narrow passage, across a shallow court, and raising a heavy door in the ground, preceded us down a flight of steep stone steps into the cool, sheltering darkness of a vaulted cellar. And as we descended, came the exploding roar of a rending shell.

The wonderful relief of that cellar! The feeling of security in the blessed darkness, the comfort of companionship — for as our eyes grew accustomed to the dim light, we discovered a score of people, refugees like ourselves, who like ourselves had fled from the terror without. A dim oil-lamp made a faint illumination, and an upward glance showed stout brick arches, supported by iron girders. Moreover, they say a shell never falls twice on exactly the same spot, and this strong vaulted ceiling had resisted a ton of steel two months ago. The man's wife welcomed us, and pushed forward a brok-

en chair, which Y. and I shared. Then we all waited in silence, broken by an occasional whisper. In the gloom, we gradually discerned beds in corners, a cookstove, cupboards. This cellar was all the home these people knew, and here they had been living for the past two months. Two ragged children rolled hoops, and a floppy puppy tumbled here and there. A ray of sunlight filtered in from a barred window giving on the street. So we whispered and waited — waited.

Presently another knock sounded on the street door above, and after an interval our host led down another woman, a refugee like ourselves. Intense calm prevailed; not a sound, not a sob or outcry of any sort, nothing but acceptance and resignation, stoical and fatalistic. I murmured, 'But this is terrible, is it not?' and a woman replied with a shrug, 'What would you? This is a fortified town.' That summed it up. This is war and Dunkirk is a fortified town. I recalled the hysterical sobbing of the London press, raving over 'baby-killers' and 'slayers of women,' and contrasted it with the attitude of these people under fire, their dignified acceptance of war.

Another rapping on the street door, and another refugee appeared, this time a man. He told us that a second shell had struck the Place Jean Bart, and that another had killed eight people just outside the walls. We drew near to hear the whispered news. The puppy flopped about, and some of us leaned over to pat it. No one cared for the puppy, but it was a distraction, a human recognition of the normal, our touch with homely ways of life. Once again the earth rocked with concussion, and the little beast sprawled on its fat feet.

We counted them as they struck — four. Now it was time for the guns to cool. A woman rose to her feet and

thanked our hosts for their hospitality, and we rose too, thanked them, and followed the woman into the street. Outside the sunlight was dazzling, but for the moment the danger was over, and we must make our way back to Malo as rapidly as possible. The little woman directed us on our way, and then left us, wishing us good luck.

Following her directions, we hastened along the deserted, sunbaked streets. Even in this brief respite, life was beginning again, reasserting itself. Soldiers hung about doorways; men walked in the middle of the roads. Through opening cellar doors and windows we had glimpses of living-rooms prepared for use during bombardment. People were raising their iron shutters, and protruding heads were stealing furtive glances into the sunlit, summer air.

That interminable walk through Dunkirk! In all directions we could see shattered houses; streets and sidewalks littered with broken glass, fallen bricks and rubbish; gaping walls open to the heavens. It was terrible to pass through those hot streets, wondering, as we walked, whether we should reach Malo before the guns began again. It was like walking in a nightmare, dragging leaden legs, with the terror that comes with dreams. A wrong turning, a false direction, and we should lose precious moments — those moments while the great guns cooled. And then, as turn after turn, street after street brought us nearer our destination, the awful tension relaxed. We were in action. Escaping, escaping! Approaching nearer and nearer, each moment, to a place of comparative safety. The battered houses, the desolation, the long length of the town under the glaring sun! Could we cross it in time?

A whirling motor sounded behind us — our truck returning from the docks! They took us aboard and dashed on.

The tremendous relief of motion, the tremendous joy of clinging to the sides of a bounding motor, racing at top speed for the city gates! No matter what the outcome, here at last was decision and action, plan and will; not the hesitating, halting, baffling indecision of an hour before, when all our intellectual faculties and intuition were in abeyance before a force that we could neither divine nor calculate upon.

At lunch we were all full of our different experiences. Mrs. A. and B. were on the docks when the bombardment began, but they continued about their work and loaded the *camion* unhesitatingly and unflinchingly. For them, action was clearly defined.

Shells began falling again during lunch, and we finished our meal in the twilight of the shuttered room. One struck the ground about a hundred yards to the side of, another in a field half a kilometre in front of, the hotel. Every ten or fifteen minutes they fell, and then we went upstairs to the balcony to watch them. Some passed directly over us; a few fell short, on one side or the other.

As the afternoon wanes, a high sea wind has sprung up, which seems to deflect them, and they are falling nearer and nearer. We have nothing to do but sit and watch them. So here we are, six of us, calm, smiling, apparently indifferent. Underneath, however, is a terrible tension as each shell falls, and the tension in the intervals of waiting is still more awful. We are in the direct line of fire, with no hospital, no work, no occupation of any sort. If we had, it would be different. Should we desert now, take refuge in any of the ambulances that are below, that would

so willingly carry us to a place of safety, the authorities would consider it an indication of how we would stand by our patients under fire. So here we all sit on the balcony of this flimsy little hotel, wondering where the next shot will fall. The hotel has no cellar; it is a cheap frame structure that would collapse like a house of cards. We smoke endless cigarettes, consume endless cups of tea and coffee, and eat the supply of chocolate that is to last a month. Never in my life have I drunk so much tea and coffee — we are at it incessantly, with never a pause! No human power can protect us or intervene. We are all quiet and motionless, and utterly calm. Yet we strain our ears for each shot — when we see the smoke we know where *that* has fallen, at least.

I am writing this to kill time; yet as each shell strikes I spring to the window, and my chair falls backwards, while the others laugh. I start at each explosion, strain my eyes for the cloud of smoke — who knows in what direction it will arrive, — before us, to right, to left? Are they carrying past our tinderbox of a hotel? Is the next one going to fall short and strike?

Beneath the balcony, restless townspeople wander up and down the beach, seeking shelter, and knowing that there is none. Old men, old women leading children, with dogs following, — up and down they wander, to and fro, backward and forward, in the open, back again to the streets, sometimes alone, sometimes seeking the companionship of others as helpless as themselves. Terror-stricken, wretched, restless, utterly calm.

And so we sit on the balcony and watch the bursting shells — and wait.

THE WINTER'S WAR

BY A BRITISH CAPTAIN

THE doctors have pronounced me fit again, and in seven days I go back to France — to summer, to sunshine, and, possibly, to dryness. That level country northwest of Armentières, — it never looked as though a hundred suns could dry it. For three months almost, ever since the day they carried me to hospital, my mind has been out there, picturing the mud, the new men come to take the places of the fallen, wondering what line we held, and whether the old billets, the old landmarks, still remained, or whether they were shoved behind us. A week from now I shall know.

We had stuck out the winter and seen the approach of spring; everything was looking easier — and then I was carried away. My main sensation was one of disappointment. I had felt so thoroughly acclimatized — 'salted,' our doctors call it. Under the circumstances there was nothing for it but to submit; and here I am in England, waiting for seven more days to pass, and enjoying my recovered strength.

I had had four months of crowded life, masculine, abrupt, and strenuous. Sometimes it seemed a severance from all I had known before, the beginning of a new life; at other times it seemed tedious beyond words and gray with all monotony. Soldiering has its moods and varying phases, I soon discovered, — these held in place by the automatic checks of discipline, discipline accepted and become a habit; discipline grown to a faith and a religion. By its aid I discovered that I could go without sleep,

rise at unearthly hours, hold on to my wits until no wits were needed, go hungry or thirsty as luck decreed, and accept the whole position without rebellion.

I had come new to war like most of us, and sometimes it was a matter of curiosity with me to watch how the human machine stood the sheer physical wear and tear of it. One saw men grow ten years older under one's eyes, so to speak; or one saw them tougher and tougher till they seemed unbreakable — a pathetic enough error when the shock came.

The newspapers have described the invisible qualities of this war: the seemingly empty fields, the disguised guns, the sheer blank that confronts the spectator with eyes searching the earth. Up in the air matters may be more lively. Shell-bursts make little clouds; the aeroplanes hum; sometimes you may see the flash of a heavy howitzer as well as hear the *boum* of its report. It was a dull business last winter — unseen and haphazard death, with little apparent method or objective. At night, however, it occasionally grew dramatic. Sounds that were like some dim performance in the day swelled up at night and rapidly became orchestral. The din of the motor-transport was hushed, one lay alone in the darkness with one's thoughts, and presently the rifle-fire would roar and ebb and flow like an angry sea. The voices of the guns seemed to draw closer. Yes, it was terrible if your imagination ran loose, peopling the darkness; but perhaps it

was your luck to be snug in your sleeping-bag, with boots actually off and your head on an air-cushion. Then, 'D—n it,' you would say, 'I'm going to sleep, I am. I don't care what happens so long as I get some sleep.' In the morning you would go out to the field where a couple of shells, mercifully short, had blown their craters in the mud. The young wheat was coming through, and you would stand entranced by the sunrise.

One of the most poignant memories, it may be, that I have brought back from the war is the unearthly beauty of the dawn in that low country. Morning after morning I watched it, and the wonder never ceased. Water, mirroring willows and the silvery sky, stood ever in the foreground; the low farmhouses lay mysterious; the battered church was whole again. With the full light and an awakened world the picture was commonplace; in the half light and the silence its beauty seemed the one spiritual element in a ravaged world.

That hour passes and the business of the day begins. Each day is like its fellow and there is no rest on the Sundays. Here, behind the firing line, you see this traffic at its densest; the roads are full of men and every form of traction. The horse-transport comes out and drives off to its rendezvous; the motor lorries roll up to empty the supply trains; the cavalymen — a useless arm just now — go winding down the roads to exercise the horses; away in the meadows you see men digging precautionary lines of trenches, in case the enemy break through. Outside the billets men come marching in, mud-stained, unshaven. They have been relieved and exchange greetings with a company drawn up previous to a close inspection. The well-greased rifles are speckless, while those of the returning men are muddied and often broken.

Well in the open again, you meet an artilleryman with a roving anti-aircraft gun. For three months, he will tell you, he has carried on his small command, and every one of his five hits has been a fluke. The weapon, painted red and green and yellow so as to look like nothing from above, is wearing out. For some unexplained reason he wears the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor; and he will not tell you why, nor do you ask him. A few minutes later you discover a kilted orderly shaving by the roadside. His lathered chin amuses you and you pass on. Here at the Front nothing surprises you; down at the Base men carry on as though they were at home.

One day, quite unexpectedly, I ran into three young men from my own village. I came to them as something familiar in a land full of strangeness and a life all new to them. It was pleasant to see how they brightened and quite forgot their homesickness. I lunched that day with a colonel fresh from the grave of his only son. He too was from my own country, so there was something else to speak about. We ran over a dozen friends, all members of this great brotherhood. For that is what our army has become at last. The social cant and class distinctions have all gone down before the test of war.

One spirit we have inherited from the old army: the fire of its traditions has never burned so brightly; we guard that flame as religiously as ever it was upheld before. All the old regiments are alive to-day, and some — the most splendid — have grown to brigades and overrun into divisions. It is no uncommon thing to find a twentieth battalion of a famous name, and the youngest recruit carries forward the old pride and wears his badges as a personal distinction. A queer thing, our army, with its individual choice and clan or territorial claims. I do not think the

French have ever understood that side of it. Their regiments of the line carry numbers, and one number is much the same as any other. I spent a lively half hour with an old French lady trying to explain the difference. She had wanted to know why our men were so spick and span and groomed themselves so assiduously. It was the regiment and not the man who counted, I tried to say, the regiment with two hundred years behind it. She caught the point at last, and said it was all very well in a small army. 'It will be all the same in a big one,' I ventured; 'our men join the Gordons or the Buffs, and they would make their choice with conscription.'

Somehow, here at home, one recalls mainly the things that touched one; the things against which one steeled one's self are left behind. I see the long hospital train at a certain station and the stretcher-bearers bringing in the wounded, gray-faced and prone, yet still, perhaps, content. Their quiet suffering always had an eloquence that was most noble. The worst cases are concealed by a blanket that is almost like a shroud. One passes these as though one were in church during a service. With this, one has a picture of the new men rolling in. They come in their thousands — fresh-faced lads from every quarter. There is something virginal about them at the start; they feel their inexperience, the strangeness of a foreign country; we whom they find here are treated as veterans. One stands on the sidewalk watching the long columns, a lump in one's throat, proud of the youth and health and pluck of them. 'Are there any men left in England?' asks a Frenchwoman who for months and months has seen the transports in the quay outside her shop. At Havre and the other landing-places they have evidence that Britain is doing her share unstintedly and well.

The French are a generous race.

Half a dozen times has a chance-met party volunteered the statement that without us all would have been over in the autumn of last year. A little watch-maker with whom I had some dealings began it; a Normandy farmwife who gave me some cider and bread and cheese repeated it. For a proud people this seemed a flattering admission. I think the French underestimated themselves and overestimated the enemy; but for all that, it is *triste*, as a small boy expressed it, with all the strong men away and only the women and children left in the villages. There are the old men too! I saw one such rush out to greet a party of the wounded. His hands were full of cigarettes, and to and fro he went like an eager bird. It was a joy to watch his pleasure and dancing activity.

And it is a pleasure, too, to see the ladies with their coffee-stalls at the stations, at all hours of the day and night and in all weathers. 'Êtes-vous blessé?' asked one such who had come to me passing through. 'Pas encore,' I answered smiling; but she did not smile. I am afraid we have a more primitive sense of humor than these serious Latin peoples. The educated French seem serious at heart, an old people, without illusions and full of knowledge. The working classes are gayer and not too different from our own. It was instructive to watch the British rank and file fraternize with the vast bulk of the population: where we officers found it difficult, they were immediately at home. What language they talked is still a mystery, but somehow they got the women to wash and dry their clothes, to pass on the baby, and to exchange information about the size and nature of their families. So many of our men are married and full of photographs of those at home. Often I saw these produced to a sympathetic audience.

Yet, even before I left, the old professional army had almost vanished. Gradually, one became aware of the change in officers and men; a certain stiffness had disappeared; in talk one could range a wider group of interests, and often one looked closely at a private, feeling that he was much the same type as his officers. I questioned two young sappers, to discover that they were Cambridge undergraduates; a hospital orderly, when asked, told me that before the war he had been an organist; while a driver in the artillery had been a professional reciter! The old-time soldier possessed the limitations as well as the virtues of a caste; the present army is the nation, and as varied as its origins. And we being rather a conservative nation on the whole, one found that the new army was in some respects more Catholic than the Pope — extra-keen, extra-zealous, and extra-proud to be in uniform. The last will explain the prosperity of any and every photographer.

In this war an officer is responsible for the private correspondence of his men, and I hardly know how many letters I have read, addressed to mothers, wives, and other dear ones. The men who run the greatest risks are the most sober, and the phrase, 'If I am spared,' is ever on their pens. In these tense times the simple language of the Book of Common Prayer comes home to them; it is the clerkly ones, sitting in offices and running few risks, who employ the stale idiom of the newspaper; while quite safe in the bases and supply depots are the heroes who prate most of shot and shell. These give their public what it wants, and depict themselves in the attitudes and situations of the sensational poster-artist. It was my luck to do a deal of censoring on one of the days immediately after Christmas. Our Royal Family had thought of every one of us, and it was a pleasure

to see how man after man regarded his gift and cards as a personal and individual attention. The card from the King and Queen was sent home in every letter, with strict injunctions to treat it carefully, and Princess Mary's box, pipe, tobacco, cigarettes, and card were described with an appreciation that was as charming as unaffected. Apart from this correspondence, one guessed that many a lonely fellow expecting nothing on that day had been surprised and in a way comforted. I remember my own zeal in opening the parcel from home and comparing it with those received by my comrades. Since one's schooldays one had been a stranger to this particular emotion; and later, after our Christmas dinner, the same idea came back, as one saw gray-headed field officers prancing round the dining-room. We were like boys that night, the oldest and the youngest of us. Beyond the English, and probably the American, I do not think there is any people that could have played the fool so heartily.

Another memory of those winter months — and of to-day and yesterday — are the letters written to the friends of fallen comrades, mere boys, so many of them, judged by their years, their candor, and their inexperience. One wrote — it was all one could do. The black-edged answers are the most touching letters I have ever opened. Not one mother who did not face her loss. 'I am glad that I had him to give,' one read, and never a word of repining. Often one had never seen these correspondents; and yet they wrote with freedom, and sometimes with an intimacy so moving that their words had all the force of the great masters. One hesitates to destroy such letters, and yet they must be as common in England to-day as were the thoughtless and hurried scrawls that so many of us posted a year ago.

Another feature of the winter's war, and one even more prominent in the new armies, was the presence of those roving and adventurous men who have streamed home from every quarter of the globe. In one day I met a man who had hastened back from Persian oil-fields, a second who had been ostrich-farming in Florida, a third from Portuguese East Africa, and two comrades who had sailed from China. There are ranchers from Texas and Wyoming, ex-officers of our mercantile marine, men whose last address was somewhere about the Andes, and gentlemen from Labuan and the Siberian wilds. Good soldiers they made as well as fascinating conversationalists; and though as a rule the Englishman is voted a dull dog when it comes to foreign languages, here was gathered the most amazing collection of linguists I have ever encountered. The motor-ambulance drivers and Red Cross men, too, were marked by qualities uncommon in the old army. Many of them were what the journalist calls 'intellectuals'; and I remember that one of the real talks about books, writing, and pictures I had out there was with an Oxford man whose present occupation is to drive the sick and wounded. A second equally delightful evening was spent with a French writer of some note who is acting as interpreter with one of our brigades. A gentle, sensitive creature, he was pleased to observe his indifference to shell-fire and other matters on which he had had doubts. The war had released in him a latent mysticism, a rare quality among the Latin French, with their passion and genius for logic and exactitude of form. He was pleased to come across some one with an interest in such matters, for, as he plaintively remarked, the bulk of his conversations had dealt entirely with requisitionings and billets; and so we mysticized till a late hour, and then

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to bed. At seven the next morning I received my own injury and first made acquaintance with the Sisters behind the firing line.

It is difficult to speak without emotion of the Sisters, those quiet figures in scarlet and gray whom one discerns with the renewal of consciousness. One comes to them out of a welter of mud and blood and din; the calm and quiet where they rule gains by the contrast. Not very young women as the years go, they are of the right age for their work. Serene, devoted, they come and go through the half-lights of awakening and return; selfless, untiring, they anticipate one's smallest needs through the dragging hours of the long night. Among them I recall faces whose beauty was three parts love and pity. I cannot write of them here; I can only salute in silence and pass on.

In hospital one feels, too, the kindness of the ordinary man. Placed together in wards of six or eight or even ten, it might be thought that the cases requiring quiet would be disturbed. They are not. One grew aware of consideration and thoughtfulness, natural, unostentatious; the patients who were fit and able went down to the smoke-room when they wanted to chat and play. Each morning the medical officer made his rounds, — cheery, buoyant, breathing optimism. He was accompanied by specialists who had sacrificed income and practice to be here. I got on the human side of such a one when things went better. He was elderly, spectacled, rather insignificant, and irreverent subalterns had named him 'Crippen.' He had renounced a good practice and most of his income; and yet, 'I would n't have missed this for a thousand pounds,' he said; and he meant it.

One passes from one's personal memories to record the main impression generated by this struggle. Everywhere

one feels the strong hand of organization; war has become a business, and its leaders and captains require more than anything the qualities of the arch-industrialist. The men on the firing-line are important; but viewed objectively and coldly, even more important are the men who feed man, horse, and gun. It is the supply officer and the ordnance officer who stoke the vast engine and maintain its power, and their business is one whose ramifications are as extensive as the world. The farms of every continent are called upon for the food and forage which keep these mammoth armies alive; and sometimes it seemed to me that North American oats and South American beef must be more common in France than across the Atlantic. The same with the raw material of projectiles and explosives, of aircraft and field kitchen, motor lorry and limber.

I conclude these random memories in a tent lit by a hurricane lamp. My table is an empty bacon-box and the rain is beating on the canvas. I go back

to France as an officer of one of the new armies. I have read much of late of the horror and sacrifice of war, yet the men I see round me prove that there are compensations. We may have lost a couple of hundred thousand men and we may lose half a million more, but against this must be balanced those three million new men who twelve months ago were living the life of cities and the rural life of selfish idleness or ill-paid toil. Some were clerks, others were shopmen, others were rustics not far removed from serfs. For close on a year they have lived a man's life in the open, and anybody seeing them would recognize at a glance that they are twice the men to-day that they were at this time last year.

Striking a balance, it seems to me that with all our losses, past or to be, we British are something to the good, and that in losing we have gained immeasurably, and that out of these present sorrows we may emerge stronger, saner, and healthier than we have ever been before.

THE BITTER EXPERIENCE OF LORRAINE

BY LÉON MIRMAN

UPON Lorraine two scourges have swooped down — the scourge of war and the scourge of crime.

War — which France did her utmost to avoid. The proof of these efforts of France to maintain peace is written in more than one of our Lorraine villages. Let none forget this: in the first days of August, 1914, while the situation was strained, all hope of preserving peace

was not abandoned; there was electricity in the air; a spark might cause an explosion. The government of the Republic desired to avert that disaster; it ordered that, so long as the irreparable had not happened, our troops should remain in the positions they then occupied, and should at need fall back ten kilometres from our frontier. Our army, quivering with excitement, ob-

served these instructions scrupulously. Meanwhile, German troops made their way into more than one Lorraine commune of this district, and performed acts of war before war was declared. This was the first violation of those 'laws of war' which the civilized nations had slowly worked out, and which had been reduced to a code in solemn conventions. It proved to be but the prelude.

Many Lorraine communes have been 'victims of war.' They found themselves in the midst of the fighting. The tempest rushed headlong upon them. Shells — German or French according to the fluctuations of the battle — rained down upon their houses and annihilated them. There was nothing to be said. It is the stern law of war. The inevitable passed that way. Let us not be angry with the hand that struck; let us exhale our wrath only against the responsible author of the crime, who, intoxicated by his mad dream of world-domination, let loose the scourge.

But there are ruins of another kind. Gerbeviller, Nomeny, Badonviller, Parux, Nonhigny, Domevre, Crevic — alas! the complete list would be a long one. These towns have not been *destroyed* by the war; I bear witness that they have been *assassinated*! There they slew old men, women, and children. I saw the dead bodies.

I shall never forget my sensation of horror, the first time that I succeeded in finding my way into Gerbeviller, at sight of a group of fifteen civilians lying in a meadow on the edge of a stream. They were in three groups of five. The men in each group, as they stood, had evidently drawn close together before dying. The groups were about a yard apart. They had fallen on their backs before a volley, like a section of wall. The clenched hand of one still held an old pipe. Their suspenders had been cut and their trousers had fallen

down to their knees. We can but think that the young German warriors were afraid that those old men (for old men they really were) would run away from death. The fifteen martyrs had white hair; they still retained a venerable aspect; their brows reflected an august serenity; through their closed eyes they looked toward heaven, as if to call it to witness.

Nor shall I ever forget the thrill of pride with which I pressed the hand of the Mayor of Badonviller. His wife, with many others, had been shot point-blank, and his house burned with many other houses. The next day the enemy fell back and a French patrol brought in a prisoner. The bodies of the civilian victims had not been buried; the burned houses were still smoking. The prisoner was one of the soldiers who had been guilty of the double crime. He was taken to the Mayor's office. A crowd surrounded him and threatened him. The mayor intervened, and imposed silence upon all. He did not try to find out whether the man was a murderer, whether he had killed his wife, or burned his house: he was a prisoner and his person must be respected; so he took him under his own protection.

This incident teaches a two-fold lesson: it shows the sort of warfare which the French in Lorraine have had to undergo, and the other totally different sort of warfare which they have waged.

But let us put aside the recollection of these crimes against persons. After the murders (who will ever be able to make a complete list of them?) the — temporary — conqueror burned the houses. They were burned one after another, methodically — I would say scientifically, were I not afraid of dishonoring that noblest of noble terms. There is no possibility of mistake about it: it was not shells that destroyed those houses during the fighting, as the chance of battle decreed: it was the

hand of man which brought to the spot the special machines prepared for that purpose. We have found elsewhere in the district a number of these machines for setting fires; they form a part of the regular impedimenta of the German soldiers. There is no possibility of mistake, I say: the crime is not simply attested by the witnesses who still exist; it is *signed*. Those who, like myself, have had the painful duty of inspecting the devastated communes after their liberation, distinguish at the first glance the houses destroyed by the deliberate incendiarism of the savages from those which were simply subjected to bombardment.

It is like this: these houses have not crumbled, nor are they riddled with holes; the four walls are generally intact, and so are the chimneys, hollow masses of brick adhering to the walls, whose draft quickened the flame. The photograph of a street, taken along its length, would give a false impression of the actual condition of the town: apparently not a building is injured; and yet each house is a mere skeleton, without floors or roof; the walls alone remain, all blackened with smoke inside; not one has been demolished by shells. (The aspect of these villages has naturally changed with time: the winter has passed with its accompaniment of rain and snow; a number of walls have fallen in; others, which had become dangerous, have been pulled down.) If, therefore, bombardment was the cause of the damage, it must have been that the shells fell from the zenith, and only a god could have discharged such a volley. But no, the thing came to pass more simply: the 'old German God' did not send down a vertical rain of shells upon those peaceful little homes; it was the German army that deliberately set fire to them, in obedience to the definite orders of its leaders.

What was the motive of the crime?

The pretext we all know. It was everywhere the same. The Germans declared that the civilians fired on them. I stamp upon that false pretence; I declare that in no commune in Lorraine was a civilian guilty of that utterly useless and provocative act. I have described above the conduct of the Mayor of Badonviller, and that conduct, which every one hereabouts approved, is evidence enough of how France understands the laws of war. I cannot say whether it was weakness on his part, but I know very well that it was to his honor.

No! *They* burned as they murdered, without motive, without the shadow of an excuse. They acted with method, under strict discipline, with a very clearly defined object in view. What was the object? No honest man, however far removed from the seat of war, can at this day fail to know, and I have only to mention it. Many masters of German thought have written, in ponderous treatises, that the most efficient method of shortening a war, of making sure of victory and hastening its arrival, is *to terrorize the civil population*. All German officers do not accept this doctrine, but some of them make it their own, and when the occasion arises, turn it into action. Thus are explained the widely different fates of our Lorraine communes: here, the officer of the old school brought into the task of war the scruples with which to-day all those make it their pride and glory to comply whose minds are unacquainted with the divagations of *Kultur*; there, the officer who is neither embarrassed nor honored by such scruples applied literally the doctrine of the masters; he played the game of crime to the limit: he burned the houses, he killed the old men, he shot the women and children at random; he did his utmost to terrorize, and sometimes smoked out the poor creatures who had taken refuge in

cellars; he gave rein within himself, and, so far as he could, in the hearts of his subordinates, to a sort of epileptic outburst of violence and brutality.

But once again 'Herr Professor' took the wrong road. His reckoning went astray. These scenes of terror did not, as he hoped, crush the soul of France. France is very easily moved, but not frightened. You can soften her, lead her away from her duty, and conceal her true interest from her, through arousing her ready emotion by some act, some suggestion, some utopian vision of greatness of heart and love. You can allure her by nobility of conduct. Manifestly, too, you can crush her by brute force, — but you cannot reduce her to helplessness by terror. These crimes have taught us to hate, not to cringe.

Victims of the war or of crime, the devastated communes are numerous in Lorraine. What will become of them, and what has become of their people?

The people, who did not desert their villages until the last extremity, have had various experiences. Those who lived near the boundary of the department and crossed that boundary, have scattered through France — to the Centre and the South, where they have been welcomed like brothers. I have done all that I possibly could do to retain on Lorraine soil the largest possible number; here they are not so uprooted, as it were; they live in a neighborhood to which they are more accustomed; the tie that binds them to the consecrated ground where they were born and where their ancestors repose, the ground which they will make fruitful by their toil of to-morrow, is not broken; they are encompassed by a more active affection; and more, and above all, being near to their villages, they will return to them as soon as it is humanly possible to do so — that is, as soon as the military operations permit,

and also, as soon as they can find in the ruined villages a semblance of shelter.

There are still twenty thousand refugees in the department, awaiting the blessed hour of their return to their homes. The majority are in Nancy itself; several thousands of women, children, and old men are quartered in huge barracks. It was in these barracks that the glorious troops of the 20th Corps were in garrison before the war. The heroes marched away; hens and newly hatched chickens took shelter in the eagle's nest. Our barracks have been transformed into hospital cities. Take the Molitor barrack, with its twenty-five hundred guests. We have set up there twenty schools for children — boys and girls — of less than thirteen years; classes in housekeeping for girls of thirteen to eighteen; trade schools for boys above thirteen; workshops for adults; a church in a shed, a hospital, shower-baths, and so forth.

Go into one of the workshops: our women are working for the army, making bags which, being filled with earth, are used in building parapets in the trenches; their wages are modest, but they know that these bags are essential for the national defense, that bags of earth are the modern bucklers, and the coarse needles fly to and fro in the silence. Look into the housekeeping class: our girls are making dresses from the material we give them; they are learning cooking, mending, domestic economy.

And now take the trade school — say, for example, the carpenter's shop: our boys, who never held a plane until yesterday, are already making benches, ladders, kitchen buffets, — articles, all of them, the making of which affords an opportunity for them to learn to work, and which will be distributed through the villages when our unhappy people are able to return thither.

Go into our ordinary schools: every

one is hard at work, as if, by doing his problem without an error, or his page of writing, he hoped to save his country. Inspect staircases, dining-rooms, bedrooms — everything is scrupulously clean. Here good order, toil, and discipline reign; here, confidence in the destiny of the Fatherland can be felt in the air.

Nancy, an open city, — Nancy, which since the war began has not had within its walls a single gun, a single regiment, a single depot of munitions, — Nancy, which no fortification defends, — was bombarded in September. Being but a few kilometres from the frontier, it is an easy prey for the Zeppelins and Taubes, from which it receives frequent noisy visits. The day is radiantly fine, the air is fresh, a gentle breeze is blowing; Nature gives to man counsels of peace and love. Suddenly a huge sinister bird appears over the city; the guns open fire upon it; it drops a few bombs at random, and hurries away in terror as soon as a French airship appears and gives chase. It has disappeared. Calm is restored. Two or three women and children lie dead in the streets. Silently we bury our dead and every one goes back to work.

And in yonder devastated villages life will begin anew; it is already stirring in some of them. As soon as a village is freed from the German occupation, our Lorrainers rush back to it. In the few houses still standing they crowd together, to be near the fields where they used formerly to raise their fair crops, and where they must raise them again to-morrow. They plough to the roar of the cannon, sometimes amid falling shells.

The rebuilding of the ruined houses presents a serious problem. At the present moment we can think of solving it only partially. Our first care is to repair those houses that are simply *wounded*: here a roof is replaced, there

the holes made by shells are filled up. Alas! the burned houses are not wounded merely — they are dead; the charred and tottering walls must be pulled down, the ruins cleared away, and a new house built on the cleared space. That will be the work of to-morrow. I dare not calculate the money, the material, the labor, the time that it will require! Meanwhile, we must turn our attention to the most urgent needs. We are building temporary shelters, in small houses of brick or fibro-cement, which we assign, in order of priority, to the families of farmers whose return to the commune is necessary for the exploitation of the fields; and among these families, first of all, those — and they are very frequent in Lorraine — in which there are large numbers of children.

Poor creatures! They are happy to find a roof-tree, a home; and yet they are a little like shipwrecked sailors. They have lost everything in the upheaval. They fled from the fire, from the shells that fell like hail, or from the assassins — having no time to take anything with them. They went on foot, by muddy roads, pushing the children's perambulators before them. Everything in the old ancestral home was destroyed. They found there on their return naught but heaps of stone and ashes. Even where the house was only damaged, the interior was downright chaos; the shell which did not destroy all the walls, penetrated them, and when it burst shattered all the furniture.

We do our best to supply these unfortunates with the essential things, but how scanty the essentials are! Our patched-up houses, our temporary shelters, are *baré*. The bedding is insufficient, the kitchen outfit rudimentary, and furniture properly so-called almost non-existent. What joy would lighten the poor home if I could carry thither

a cradle for the new-born child, or a few pieces of bedding or household articles for the whole family!

But you will not hear a word suggestive of discouragement, weariness, or even impatience. The trial is long and severe; but their souls will be able to endure it, without a moment of weakening, until the end — until the day of liberation. Every one realizes what is at stake in the conflict which is shaking the whole earth, and that it is not, as in so many wars, a simple contest between two nations. The simplest minds feel that if German Imperialism should triumph, not France alone, not Europe alone, but the whole world would be made subject to the most hypocritical, the most brutal, and the most arrogant domination; and that under that new régime all that civilization has won in the domain of thought, of art, and of individual liberty; all that embellishes modern society with grace, elegance, and attractiveness; all that ennobles it in the way of kindness, respect for conventions, sincerity, truth — all this would be endangered, debased, dishonored.

On the other hand they perceive that if German Imperialism shall be crushed, a new era will begin, and that, in the independence and harmonious diversity of the nations, great and small, delivered from the degrading nightmare of

Kultur, — *Kultur* which, not by accident, but by a strictly logical sequence of events, falling lower and lower, descending from one moral backsliding to another, was destined to come at last to the unforgettable crime of the Lusitania, — mankind will resume light-heartedly its upward progress toward the True, the Beautiful, and the Good.

Every one in France, and with peculiar reason in Lorraine, understands this. Never, therefore, in any land, at any time, was the determination to conquer or to die more vigorously formed. And as the struggle to lay the Monster low must necessarily be a long one, as the magnificent efforts of our troops are not enough, as the whole nation must show itself deserving of the Victory, we civilians too are doing our utmost to prove ourselves worthy of our gallant defenders. We have learned from them the value of discipline, of unwavering resistance, of good-humor in danger, of toil in silence. And, like them, we are united in a deep-rooted, sacred union: Bishop and Prefect, priests and laymen, Catholics and Protestants, workmen and masters, Conservatives and Socialists, have clasped hands; they communicate in the same love of the Fatherland and of Civilization, menaced by the barbarians; they have a single heart to suffer, a single soul to hope — a single determination to act.

The ATLANTIC desires its readers to know that funds, in large or small amounts, sent personally to M. MIRMAN, Préfet du Département de Meurthe-et-Moselle, Nancy, France, will be immediately applied to the relief of urgent necessities among a population which, during the past year, has endured with extraordinary fortitude peculiar intensity of suffering, and with the French genius for self-help has already made marked progress in rebuilding a civilization laid flat with the ground. Destitution, however, exists in many quarters and pressing need is still general. The ATLANTIC is in a position to assure its readers that M. Mirman may be trusted to dispense relief with the discretion and economy that come from long training, and without the delays which are the chronic curse of committees. As Prefect in a highly centralized system of government, M. Mirman is an official of great importance. In corroboration of his record, private and accurate information concerning him comes from sources in which the ATLANTIC has complete confidence. — THE EDITORS.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON AUTHORS

I WRITE myself; therefore I feel free to say what I please about authors; but if you, sir, or madam, who read, but do not write, were to give voice to the reflections that are even now beginning to distill from my pencil, I should doubtless resent them. And here, indeed, I am faced by the sudden reflection that much of what I say myself I might resent in the mouths of others. This leads to a whole new train of thought, which, however, I refuse to take, and board instead the one I set out for, — The Authors' Unlimited. There are many things to be remarked about authors, but in so short a paper it is possible to touch upon only a very few. One of the first facts that strikes the investigator in this field is that members of my profession do not always appear to endear themselves to those with whom they have dealings.

'What do you think of authors?' I once asked an editor.

'I hate 'em!' he answered without a moment's hesitation.

Another editor assured me, with a weary sigh, that authors were 'kittle cattle.' This affords a writer a little leap of amusement. So editors suffer from authors, even as authors from editors! Well, yes, we *are* kittle cattle! But some of this is due, no doubt, to what people expect of us. I was presented once to a lady who immediately fixed me with an eager eye.

'I am making a study of the habits of authors,' she announced. (Here a dreadful sinking of the heart assailed me.) 'Kindly tell me at what hour you retire.'

'Usually at half-past ten,' I answered wretchedly.

At that, as I had expected, her eyebrows went up. 'The author of *When All Was Dark*,' she informed me, 'sits up all night. She says she cannot sleep until she has savored the dawn.' However, she was kind enough to give me another chance. 'What do you eat?' she asked.

'Three hearty meals a day,' I answered.

'Not *breakfast!*' she pleaded. 'Why, St. George Dreamer *never* takes more than three drops of brandy on a lump of sugar in the morning. Just the sight of a coffee cup will upset his work for a week.'

And then she left me, sure, I have no doubt, that no real author could confess to such distressingly normal habits as mine.

Doubtless she is an eager reader of all those little paragraphs informing us how authors write. How this one has to have his black mammy rub his head for an hour before he can even think of work; and that one confesses that to write a love scene she must have the odor of decayed bananas in the room. Well, the world would be a sadder place without these little paragraphs. Would that I had something of a like nature to offer! But alas! I have no black mammy, and the smell of over-ripe fruit leaves my hero cold. Also, to give forth such gems of information one must be able to observe a certain rule. It is, Don't laugh or you might wake up. This rule is always sacredly in force at literary gatherings. The fact of being an author, and of being at an authors' meeting, induces, it appears, an

intense seriousness. In my younger days I did not realize this, and once at a gathering of this nature, I asked a care-free question. 'Do you think,' I inquired of the author next me, 'that it is possible for an unmusical person to write verse?'

I confess now that I put the question somewhat in the spirit of the Irishman, who, asking after his friend's health, added, 'Not that I care a damn, but it makes conversation.' Heaven defend me from ever again making so much conversation! A gleam shot up in my author's eye. 'Let us go over and ask Professor ——,' he cried. 'He wrote *What Poets Cannot Do*. He's just the man to tell us!' And before I could escape, he dragged me through the press of authors, and flung me before the professor, with the tag, 'Unmusical, but aspires to write verse, — is this possible?'

I know now how the beetle feels beneath the microscope. Seeing the little group we made, two young authors 'hurried up, and more, and more, and more.' They surrounded me to listen, to inspect, to comment; they asked one another eager questions about me, they compared notes, they appealed to the author of *What Poets Cannot Do*, and always their dreadful eyes were fixed upon me. Never, never again will I dare the dreadful seriousness of an authors' meeting with an idle question!

I have also learned another lesson. It is how to converse with authors. I shudder now to think of my early and crude attempts in this matter. The remembrance of one particular occasion stands out with dreadful vividness. I had been introduced to a distinguished writer. She raised her eyes to mine for a wan instant, a pale flicker of recognition passed over her face, and then — silence. Readers, — nay, let me call you friends while I make this terrible confession, — *I broke that silence!* I was

young; I did not understand. I do now. I have never been able since to read 'The Ancient Mariner' — I know too well the awfulness of having shot an albatross. 'The lady,' I said to my inexperienced self, 'does not care to converse; she expects you to do so.' Accordingly, I broke into light and cheerful talk, something in conversation corresponding, I fear, to what in dry goods the clerk recommends as 'a nice line of spring styles.' I realize that only a series of illustrations can make the situation clear. Imagine then, if you please, a tinkling cymbal serenading a smouldering volcano; a puppy trying to woo the Sphinx to a game of tag; sunlit waves breaking upon a 'stern and rock-bound coast,' and you may get a faint idea of the situation. I began almost immediately to experience that far-from-home sensation of which Humpty-Dumpty speaks with so much feeling. As I beheld one after another of my little remarks dash itself to nothingness against that stern and rock-bound coast, only the time and the place kept me from bursting into tears. Fortunately it did not last too long. In another minute one or the other of us would have shattered into the maniac's wild laughter. And I have every reason to fear that I should have been that one. Others, however, realizing the awful thing I was doing, rushed up and separated us. Sympathetic hands were stretched to her; low words were murmured, and she was drawn into a secluded corner where her silence might be preserved from any further onslaughts of a like sacrilegious nature. But no one stretched a hand to *me*; no sympathetic words were murmured in *my* ear!

I now know that in conversations with authors there should be long pauses. This is because every remark, after being received by the ear, must be submitted to a strict brain analysis,

and then given a soul-bath before it is proper to venture a reply. I have found, also, that in answering too quickly, I myself lose caste. I now make it a point never to respond to a question addressed to me by an author until I have counted twenty. If the author is very distinguished, I make it fifty for good measure.

Much more remains to be said about authors. I realize that I have, as it were, merely scraped the surface of the subject. Space, however, allows me only room to add one last anecdote. But this one may indeed prove more illuminating than all that has gone before. Once, then, in a certain city where I was visiting, I was invited to attend a meeting of its authors' club. 'Now at this meeting,' I instructed myself before going, 'you will probably encounter the most serious species of author native to this climate.' Accordingly I set forth with a light and expectant heart. As I entered the hall I was aware of another person entering from an opposite door, — a serious, awkward person, with just that peculiar, vague, and almost feeble-minded expression that I have come to associate with writers in general. 'Behold, my child, the SERIOUS AUTHOR,' I commented happily to myself. I looked again, and saw it was *myself in a mirror!*

VASSAR'S FIFTIETH

A FEW years ago, revisiting Vassar, I saw the Maypole dance of the seniors. The whole class was there — between two and three hundred. In the clear sunset light they swept over the green-sward of the campus, singing their best-loved songs, until they reached the broad green space before the library. Here they flowed out in a great white ring of intertwining dancers. In its midst was an inner ring of dancers, in

pale colors, — blue and pink and lavender and green and yellow, — circling about the Maypole, winding and unwinding its rainbow ribbons, while outside these, but still within the white ring, were smaller circlets of dancers, eddying and swirling to the music of the songs. It was a lovely vision, — Chaucer might have dreamed it, — but what impressed me, more even than its beauty, was its wholeness: here was something in which many had united to make up a multitudinous One.

I thought of this again when I happened to see the sophomore tree ceremonies. This time it was evening; the campus lights had been put out, and in the warm darkness of the spring night we waited for what might happen. At last, out of the blackness, flared an altar fire, illuminating the chosen tree. Slow music sounded, and two bands were dimly seen, white-robed youths and maidens of Greece. They marched in slow and rhythmic waves of motion; slowly they approached the tree, their columns parted, they surrounded it, and suddenly broke out into a chorus of invocation. There was a pause, and once more out of the blackness came scurrying bands of green and pink creatures weaving their way in swift and mysterious dances about the tree, floating nearer into the light, vanishing again into the darkness. At length the white-robed throng about the tree took up their song again, formed once more into two bands, and slowly, as they had come, passed into the night. The altar flame flickered lower, sank to a soft glow, and went out.

And again, what I pondered on was the astonishing capacity of these young women to work together for big results, — this, and one other thing: the fact that the college, in its half century of life, had been gaining a more and more real unity, and a richer and richer background of tradition.

But if one of the early critics of Vassar Female College could have witnessed these things with me, his reactions would not have been like mine. He would first of all have said, 'Ah! This is indeed cheering! I now see that the female sex can still be lovely, even though so mistakenly bent on scaling the heights of knowledge — an ascent for which her delicate nature never intended her.'

For this question, whether the scaling of the heights was incompatible with 'female loveliness,' was much in men's minds in '65 and for many years after. It was debated in every wide-awake newspaper and periodical, and the answer was usually that such loveliness was, if not destroyed, at least endangered.

If one of these critics could witness a Vassar Field Day, he would undoubtedly indorse the opinion of a former visitor who, in the early seventies, ended her comment on the college, in a climax of restrained astonishment, with the statement, 'And we must admit that they have superior health — it is most extraordinary!'

Vassar has come a long way since '65 — a long way from the early Vassar, which was occupied, first in proving that the 'female mind' was susceptible of education, next in proving that the female body would not go to pieces under the strain, and — most difficult of all — in proving that if the female mind and the female body came through the strange ordeal, female loveliness and charm would not have altogether vanished during the process.

These were serious issues in the sixties, when Vassar started, and in the seventies, when she was beginning to send out into 'the great world' her educated 'females,' to prove or disprove all the theories of all the theorists. Since that time things have changed. The fifty years of life which the college cele-

brates this October have seen a complete revolution in the higher education — and derivatively in the lower education — of women. So complete is it, indeed, that it is only by some such deliberate effort of the imagination as this of the old-time visitor, that we can get a really fresh sense of it. So much that he doubted or denied we now take for granted; so many problems that we are now concerned with had not even appeared on his horizon.

For the newer questions which confront Vassar, and all the other women's colleges which have joined her, are no longer those of the early days. Neither female intellect, female health, nor female loveliness is giving educators today any deep concern. The intellect has proved equal to all demands made upon it, the health has amazingly improved, and female loveliness appears to be able, in this age as in every other, to take care of itself.

It has often happened that the by-products of a process have proved ultimately to be as important as the main product. This may be the case with women's colleges. Founded with three things in mind, — scholarship, health, and 'loveliness,' — they have indeed gained these, but certain other things are also being attained not specifically contemplated by the founders. Not the least among these is the development of a quite unexpected capacity for organized effort, a capacity for teamwork in the largest sense, as great as any shown by bodies of young men. Class demonstrations like those we have touched upon are as deeply significant of student life as any classroom achievement. They imply a power of practical effectiveness, through the proper use and the proper subordination of individual talent, which has hardly yet been generally recognized, of which even the students themselves are not fully conscious, and for

which full scope has not yet been found in the academic scheme of things.

Women's colleges have thus definitely passed beyond the period when, standing by themselves in a small and much criticized group, they worked out the difficult and dangerous problems of 'female education' as such. They have swung into line with the men's colleges, and are known to be concerned, as these are concerned, with all the large problems of education. New things are being demanded of them, as of boys' colleges, — chiefly along the line of a more complete adjustment of the academic life to the life of the 'great world.' Where earlier emphasis was on the scholastic atmosphere, present emphasis is increasingly on the solidarity of college and community. The academic years are more and more regarded, by the students themselves as well as by educators generally, as being, not primarily years of retirement, but years of active apprenticeship.

Obviously, this change brings with it an entirely new set of problems, so new that they have hardly yet been clearly stated. The stating of them and the solving of them will be the business of the students and educators of the next fifty years. As we look forward, it is interesting also to look back, as this fiftieth anniversary of Vassar invites us to do, to the time when, it is not too sweeping to say, nothing in women's higher education was taken for granted.

CADORNA IN CADORE

ALONG with Generals Ruzsky, Brusilov, Von Woyrtz and Von Hoetzen-dorf struggling over the fields and walls of Przemyśl, Przasnysz, Szczecbrzeszyn (this place is real, and figured in the fighting in South Poland), and Krasny-slav, we have had and have — glory be! — General Cadorna fighting bravely

and, at this writing, quite successfully, in Cadore. Paradoxical as it may seem, the horrors of war were considerably reduced by Italy's entrance into the conflict, if we take into account the suffering inflicted on the alphabet.

Though we sigh to think of the waters of Garda stained with blood, the ear is at least soothed by the recurrence of the lake's name in the dispatches. Udine, Isonzo, Palmanova, Roveredo — there is balm in the very words. In this war of languages as well as of nations, the speech of Italy plays the part of the soothing Red Cross nurse.

But now here we have General Cadorna. Why is he called Cadorna, and Von Hoetzen-dorf called Von Hoetzen-dorf? By the same token, why Szczecbrzeszyn and why Cadore? We say that these words belong to different languages, and represent the verbal preferences of two very different peoples. But what is the influence, impulse, or composition of soul which leads Poland to produce *Przasnysz*, and which results in *Udine* and *Palmanova* on the sunny side of the Alps?

The Pole, the Russian, and — well, the Englishman with his *Twickenham* Court and the American with *Schenectady* and *Skaneateles*, says that the tendency to soft sounds in speech results from inbred vocal indolence. The Italian softens everything because his mind is soft. So the prickly-tongued Northerner says. But the old Romans were not a soft race. They were a thoroughly hard lot. Yet *Roma*, *Umbria*, *Volaterræ*, *Lucania* — they are surely soft and pleasing words. Some of our savagest western Indians had the softest and most musical names, but those rather tame fellows of the *Maine* woods left their part of the map corrugated with jawbreakers.

The mystery is unsolved; but we at least have a proof in the Italians, and a no less marked proof in the Poles, Rus-

sians, Magyars, and Czechs, that a tendency of speech one way or the other emphasizes itself as the generations go on. The inhabitants of Italy have been softening things a little more and a little more since the days of the Romans. The French softened their speech too until it became the fashion to nasalize; and then nothing would do but that every sound should come through the nose, until all the rest of the world was in despair.

We have the softening tendency in our own speech. We have cut out the *gh*'s, and the *ch*'s; *through* is *thru*, and *tough* is *tuff*, and *cough* is *coff*. The Englishman says Chumley for Cholmondeley, and even we Yankees say Wooster for Worcester. If the English had Szczebreszyn, they would undoubtedly call it Sebbs. But in all this we have not yet the courage of our indolence. Suppressing the superfluous or refractory letters in the mouth, we still leave them on the printed page.

Herein the Italians are braver than we. The courage of writing Cadorna instead of Caddornaugh, and coming out honestly with Cadore, instead of trying to sophisticate the place with some such orthography as Keaydogh-reay, augurs well for a heroic prosecution of their campaigns.

A COLLEGE OF POETS

THE Romans, like the Americans, were a nation of practical idealists, if you will forgive the use of Mr. Roosevelt's favorite slang. Like us in another respect, they were much fonder of ideals than of ideas. Any idea that they went in for is likely to be hard and monumental rather than humanitarian and beautiful, for destiny had called them to be, not the saviors, but the governors of the world. In fact, they were much more practical than we are; they had no Middle Ages to cloud their minds

with chivalry and romance, nor could they have been fooled, as we were last century, into believing that the millennium was clinging to the skirts of science. They made laws, not as our legislators do, because they enjoy the sport, but because they believed in organization; they built roads, not for the sake of the scenery or even for the greater glory of commerce, but to move their armies; their attitude toward the powers above and below varied from businesslike satisfaction, when the gods fulfilled their end of the contract, to extreme and irreverent anger when the gods relaxed their efforts.

Yet in the third century B.C., long before they had finished their career of conquest, they had established a semi-official College of Poets. The college had its home in the Temple of Minerva on the Aventine; they took in actors and scribes as well as poets; in later years, when their club life and class-consciousness had grown stronger, we have amusing evidence that a professional poet occasionally administered the Snub Salutory to some young noble, on the ground that his verse at any rate was not of high rank. Yet we might suppose that this national recognition of poetry was a freak, an accident, if it were not for the mass of witness borne in other ways. I am afraid we have a tendency to regard the 'patronage' of poets in Rome as a sort of Associated Charities movement; to think that Scipio, Mæcenæ, Augustus kept poets as a woman keeps a toy dog, to lend *éclat* to her movements in public. No error could be more atrocious. The Romans were never more practical or better statesmen than they showed themselves in their official maintenance of men like Ennius and Virgil.

For by saving poets they saved the nation. The moment that Rome began to grow, to reach beyond the valley of the Tiber in that amazing career of

world-conquest which stopped only because they cared to go no further, that very moment they began to disintegrate, and they knew it.

They saw the splitting wedge of external power and external gold that was being driven between Rome, the goddess-city, and the devoted patriotism of her citizens; their little state might easily become mistress of the world only to lose her own soul. Therefore, businesslike as ever, they set about erecting spiritual bulwarks to guard against the floods of immigration and of imported luxury; and as the walls of ancient Thebes (said the myth) had been built, not to music but by music, so the city of Greater Rome was built, not of brick or of marble upon the Seven Hills, but of the songs and doctrines of Roman poets, in the hearts of Roman men.

I have referred to the doctrines of their poets, not to their imaginative power or emotional sensitiveness. For the Roman distinctly regarded a poet as a teacher and not as the equivalent in human shape of a suffused sunset glow; if he desired to praise a poet, nine times out of ten he called him 'learned.' Tennyson (for a modern example), when he called Catullus 'tenderest of Roman poets,' would then have been held to utter, not praise, but a scarcely veiled insult. The consequences of this point of view were tremendous. In school, a Roman boy learned to do a little arithmetic, to read, to write; and thereafter spent nearly all his time in the learning and understanding of poetry, both Latin and Greek.

Here is the crucial point, the thing which we can hardly comprehend — so far have we gone from the days when poetry was a real power in education. To the Roman, poetry not only taught the history of his own people, their glories and their heroism, but it also

opened the gates of the world of men, and gave him the key to human character. By this means they attained a spiritual end; for men trained after this fashion owned in common the substance of their souls. The poet was the cement of the state.

For the Romans were practical. In comparison with them we are a sentimental people, and we suffer from the obscured mental vision that plagues sentimentalists. By sentimental I mean that our human feelings have been falsified; we constantly commit the unforgivable crime of confounding human nature, which is incalculable, with natural science, which is calculable. There lies the essential contrast between ourselves and the Romans. We need training in human nature, if we purpose to run our state successfully. They never forgot that a state is made up of men, and that the welfare of a state depends primarily upon the relations of its citizens one to another; whereas we have remembered that truth but twice in our career, in the Revolution and in the Civil War. We have built colleges, but we have never felt our bitter need of a College of Poets.

UTOPIAN FACES

THE European war is causing an enormous rise of ground-rents in Utopia. That 'place in the sun' which the spirit of every one of us demands can be secured in these depressing days only by the knocking out of a few walls from our ordinary dwelling-places, so that we may step freely into some land of the ideal.

The country appears to be inhabited by peaceful folk; most of us agree on this point. My neighbor Miss Pember-ton says that each one of them wears a cheerful smile. I don't see them so. Our school superintendent remarks a look of high endeavor upon their faces.

'In battling against the world's great social problems and in overcoming the adverse forces of nature they have developed a finer heroism,' says he with a quotatious air, 'than ever the armies of warring nations have attained.' I can't find that my Utopians look that way, though I'm inclined to think that they know how to manage maximum and minimum wages, and domestic service, and that they run both railroads and aeroplanes without disaster.

My Utopians look *rested*.

In that far country which seems to me, in an occasional fortunate moment, nearer even than Belgium, a high regard is felt for the decencies of life. To look tired is stigmatized as indecent. The tribunal of public opinion exonerates only those weary-looking persons who have been obliged in great emergency and for a worthy purpose to undergo special strain. Even they are not expected to move about in general society until they have so far as possible removed the marks of exhaustion.

No limitation is placed upon tired feelings. That is an individual matter. Faces are regarded as affecting the public weal, however, and the moment weariness becomes apparent it concerns the comfort of the whole community.

My insight into Utopian methods varies somewhat, according to the occupations which engross my American attention from day to day. After returning from a lecture in the town hall last evening I seemed to see, in Utopia over the way, a public committee working to raise the standard of looks by offering suggestions regarding the management of difficult faces — a sort of municipal art commission, working on people instead of statues. This was a mistake, I now believe. Utopia aims, after all, to leave its citizens as free as is consistent with the general comfort. The belief is held that people who nev-

er look tired cannot be wholly unattractive; and this is the one restriction, enforced not by law but by a unanimous public sentiment, upon members of the commonwealth.

Utopians can always give a reason for their arrangements, though they are not obtrusively argumentative. One who answered my inquiries about the status of weariness in civilization put it thus: —

'Every sane person feels an instinctive revolt against becoming pitiable even in your social organization. And yet the man or woman who presents fatigue to the eye of another person seems not to realize that he inspires pity, though we all know that we "feel sorry" for tired-looking people, however casually we may meet them, in cars or on the street. They ought, logically, to be ashamed of themselves unless the work in which they have been engaged is important enough to justify this slight but definite tax that they impose upon the sensibilities of all who see them. To look tired as a consequence of amusing one's self would seem to be preposterous. Yet it is not un-American, I think.'

The young woman who comforts herself through a year of semi-invalidism with the thought that it would have been 'cowardly' to give up her settlement work before she had to, — though her friends had worried for weeks about her look of exhaustion, — would find herself regarded as an unsocial egotist in Utopia. The teacher who renders the life of scholarship pitiful in the eyes of his pupils by a greater devotion to study than the human frame can cheerfully endure would soon learn better manners in Utopia. The 'tired business man' would find himself unpopular there.

But indeed the business man in American cities is already learning that he and his wife can afford some sacrifices

in order to look rested and healthy. An appearance of fatigue is far less admissible on Fifth Avenue than on a village street. In the country we are accustomed to seeing prosperous men and women looking worried and weary as they go about the duties of life. In New York and Chicago people are too wise to seem worried or weary if they can help it. They already know something about the psychological reactions of the public.

I mentioned to my friend from Utopia the cheerful smiles of which Miss Pemberton so often speaks. 'We are seldom glum,' said he, 'but we really are n't fatuous. In a place where overwork is never required for the attainment of comfortable living conditions people tend to be cheerful. We never talk about cheerfulness as a virtue. We don't pretend to have escaped all the difficulties of human existence, but we try to recognize them. Of course our list of virtues includes intelligence.'

'And heroism?' I mentioned it timidly. Our school superintendent would never expect to find heroism among a people that refused to look tired. 'Do your countrymen value heroism?'

'All the more highly because we don't mix it up with small feats of endurance in everyday life. We save our forces for great affairs. The engineer, the diplomat, the inventor, the scholar, give their lives sometimes in a great cause; or more often they give their strength. Whether they succeed or fail we respect their exhaustion, we gladly pay tribute to their effort, if only the goal they set themselves was high

enough. We do not even require that they work directly for society. All great work is far-reaching in its consequences. The man who looks worn out makes a claim on society which only a record of noble effort can support.'

'But some people look tired because their faces are shaped that way. Is n't your scheme a little hard on them?'

'I dare say. But in any society people have to do the best they can with their own looks, in accordance with whatever standard of taste prevails. We're keener than you, through long practice, in discerning the signs of personal health and well-being. How do I look, for instance?'

At the moment I hesitated between setting him down as a hero who was suffering a little from exploration in a barbarous country, and calling him a candidate for the all-Utopia golf championship. I have since found that all my friends consider his face rather whimsical and baffling. 'Because I look simple and consistent,' he says when I tell him our difficulty, 'and you are not trained to recognize those qualities.'

Simple and consistent. Yes: they have refused to fight, and the need for fighting has disappeared. They have seen the capabilities of souls and of bodies, and have refrained from confusing the two or sacrificing either in unworthy enterprises. Each morning after my half-hour with the newspaper, and each evening after I have greeted a procession of my neighbors coming up the hill from the six-thirty train, I take a far look, I rest my eyes upon Utopia.